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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Magazine for Canada's Women

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JUNE
1918

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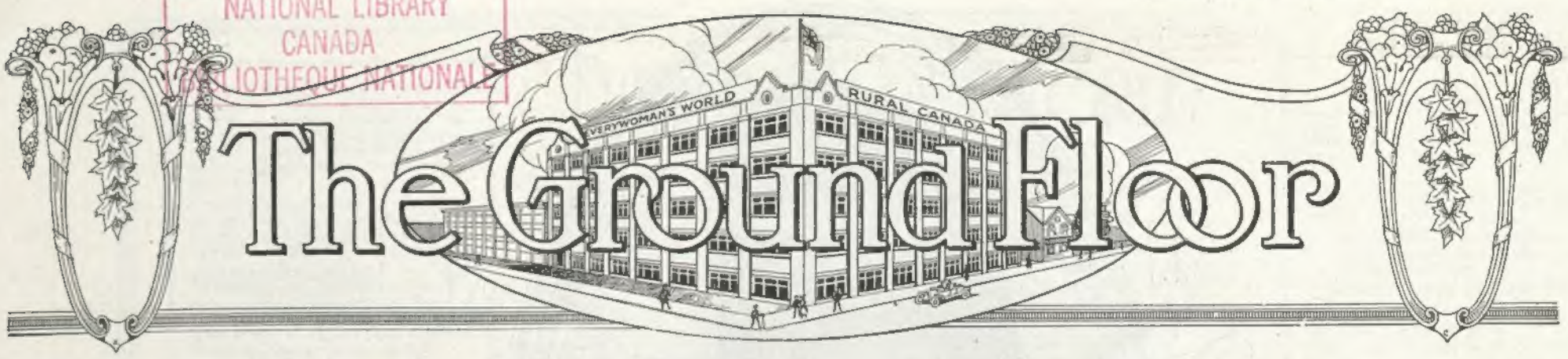

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MANY people perish because of the lack of knowledge.

Boys destroy themselves because they do not know themselves.

Girls go wrong because they have been kept in ignorance.

Parents do not, and apparently cannot inform their children because they themselves have not been informed on how properly to teach another about the truths of life.

One of the greatest Canadian personal workers among boys cites the case of a boy who confided: "Say, I am awfully glad to have had this talk with you. It seems too bad that a fellow hasn't any one to tell him how easy it is to lose his own best manhood, honor, life and everything else."

"My mother never told me," was the plea of a girl not in her twenties, caught in a raid by the police. She was asked by the magistrate to explain why she was a frequenter of such a place, and that was her answer.

The most loathsome and terrible of all diseases that may inflict mankind are all about us. No girl or woman, boy or man—or child even—is safe from the dangers of innocently contracting one or other of these, and yet—until just lately—they have not been made known to the people.

So there is great need for people in Canadian homes to have information, to know themselves and thus be safeguarded.

To meet this need, the Home Library Association of Canada has been formed, made up of members all over Canada, to provide and distribute at lowest possible prices, the good books that should be in every Canadian home.

The Association needs your help, needs your interest and good-will, and your active co-operation in helping to further its good work in bringing in light, and sunshine and happiness in place of darkness, misery and even death, which abound through ignorance.

To carry on this necessary educational work the Home Library Association has published several books and pamphlets for the mothers, fathers, boys and girls in our Canadian homes. These books contain the much needed, vital information that so many parents need, and want, but which is so difficult to obtain, handled in the nicest, purest way possible.

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PLAIN facts about the "pestilence that stalketh in darkness." Four chapters in this book tell of the social scourges. The mother's part is most beautifully and ably handled by Mrs. Jean Blewett. Dr. C. K. Clarke gives the plain facts on the prevalence of social diseases in Canada, and Dr. W. S. Plewes gives a few typical cases of innocent infection that come under the family physician's eye. This remarkable book has received the endorsation of leading clergymen and social workers throughout the country. Price 25c.

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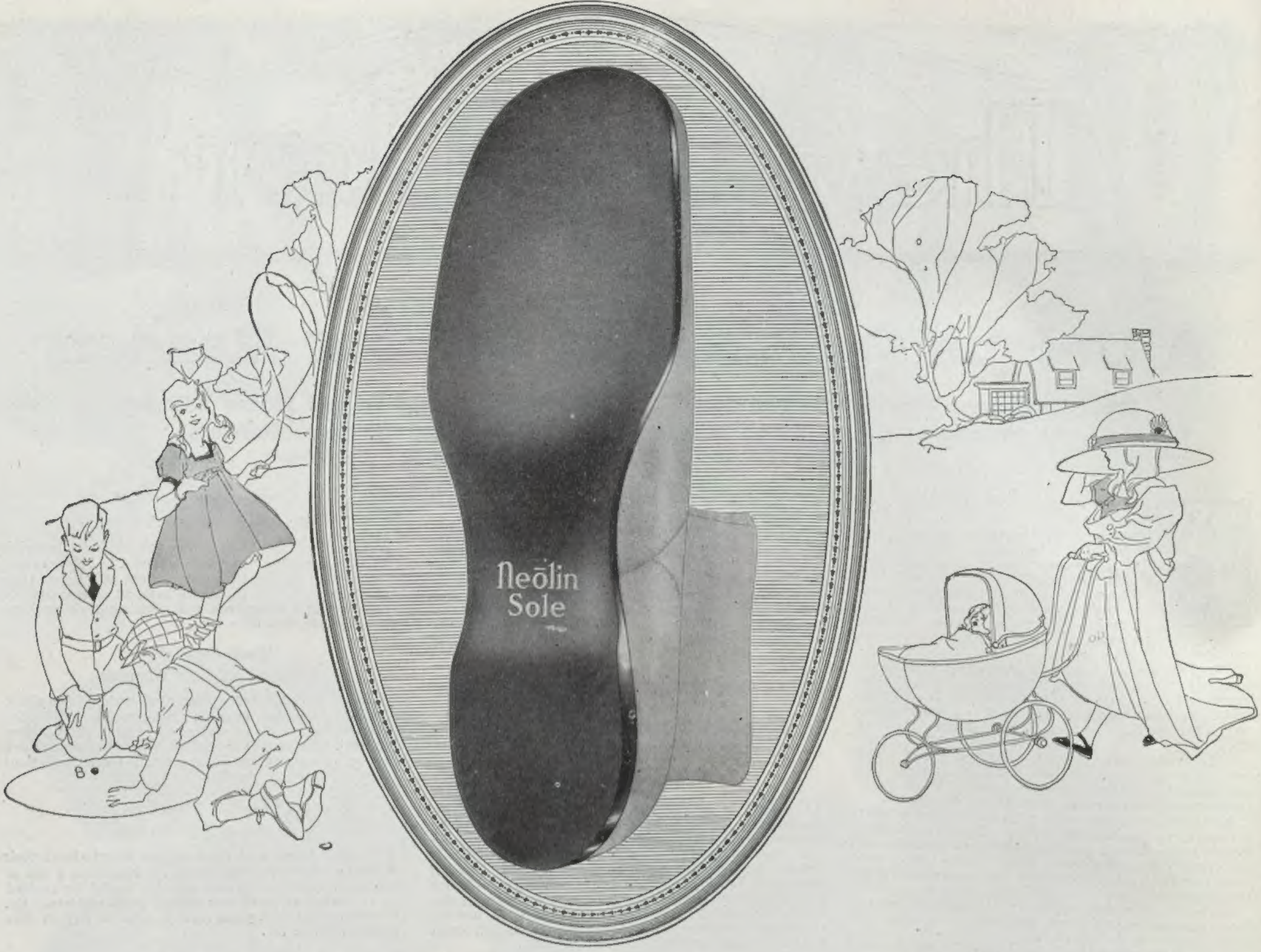

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
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Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor

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Vol. VIII., No. 12 **EDITORIAL** **June, 1918**

A New System of Education Needed

JUNE is a month of no little importance to mothers. It is a time of big issues for the young folks. It brings with it the conclusion of the scholastic year and all that that portends. For the more advanced student it often means the parting of the ways. They have passed the formative period and stand ready for the decisive step. It is in June, not September, that parents should assist them to formulate their plans for the future.

It is *assistance* they require, *not* the announcement on the part of their parents of a pre-arrangement that takes into consideration not at all, any desire or ambition the young folks may have been cherishing.

It is more than remarkable that under the present system, the children of to-day are achieving anything at all in the way of a practical education. They—the vast majority of them—go through public school under the "specialize in everything" system, struggle through high school on practically the same plan, and face university with a problem before them bigger than any of us imagine. They have given equal attention to nearly every subject,and the result is that each seems either equally attractive or distasteful to them. But they are far too old then, to reconstruct, too old to do anything but make the best of a bad job and blunder on.

At certain periods in the school life of a child its parent could do much to guide its particular genius—just, for instance when it passes out of the lower school. But, for the most part the remdy lies with the Government.

"I COULDN'T draw a straight line without a ruler, if I were to try for a year," a child confided to his parent recently. "I got only 20 per cent. in drawing, and that will pull down my percentage on the whole. It isn't fair, mother."

It most certainly is *not!*

An older child added: "And I just *can't* write the way they want me to. I can write so that it can be understood, and you can just bet I can get things down faster than a good many of the *good* writers. They gave me 24 out of 50 marks on my last exam., and only for being low in that subject I'd have come first in the class."

No one would be so radical as to demand that no attention be given writing, or drawing or other such subjects. A child must be taught these things for obvious reasons. But no child should be barred from distinction because he cannot attain a high standard of excellence. How many leaders among men in the past and at the present, can be commended for their writing?

The same argument applies in a more restricted sense to every other subject. It is almost safe to say that no two children come into this world with the same ability for the same study. Where would be our individualism, were that the case?

Some children revel in history, in literature, in English generally; others find these subjects distasteful. Some excel in mathematics; others abhor them.

Every child must, for his own good, and future use, have a general knowledge of every subject, but it should not be required of every student that equal prowess be attained in all.

A STEP in advance has been made in larger centres by the establishment of Technical Schools. At these institutions students may choose a variety of subjects and studies that particularly appeal to them, and specialize in these. The results achieved constitute a telling argument in favor of a wider adoption of this system.

The problem is a big one and an important one. It may involve a total re-organization of our provincial departments of education, a total overthrow of the present system. But the war has demonstrated that it is only necessary to get a grasp of weighty problems, in order to solve them.

Many thousand of the soldiers will return with the intention of continuing their education from the point at which they interrupted it, to enlist. It is a sad fact that a great many of them will not have the same physical ability to make this possible. Special courses —ideas that have had no precedents—must, of necessity, be worked out.

If a partial reconstruction of our educational system will be necessary then, is it not consistent and feasible, that the Government should plan *now* for a more practical and practicable organization that will affect *all* our schools—low and high—as well as the universities?

THE cause of truancy, of the utter disregard on the part of many children, for school and study of all kinds, lies in the fact that they are given no encouragement in the subjects they prefer, and for which they are best suited, but, instead are censored for their inability to grasp, with the same degree of efficiency, *every* subject.

A teacher can always decide whether a pupil is weak in one particular subject through inattention, laziness, or through a lack of fitness that is no fault of his own. The first two reasons can be corrected or dealt with as special cases direct. But the last is beyond the average teacher. The departmental regulations call for a certain percentage in that subject, and that percentage *must be* obtained before the pupil can be declared successful. What is the result? Absolute discouragement on the part of the child.

"Only for being low in that subject, I'd have come first," said the child. And because he conscientiously knows he can never hope to improve in that study, he often drifts into a general carelessness.

A new system of education in Canada would solve many a mother's problem, and produce many a clever citizen.

Kitty O'Neil

O a bit of a dance in an Irish street,
Hogan was there and Hennessy,
Many a colleen fair and sweet,
And Kitty O'Neil, she danced with me.
Kitty O'Neil, with eyes of brown
And feet as light as the flakes of snow;
Was it last year, O Kitty aroon,
Or was it a hundred years ago?

Hogan is out on a Texan plain,
Hennessy fell in Manila fight,
And I—I am back in New York again
In my old armchair at the Club to-night.
And Kitty O'Neil—the snow lies white
On the turf above her across the sea,
And stranger colleens are dancing light
Where Kitty O'Neil once danced with me.

O the Antrim glens, and the thrush's song,
And the hedges white with the blossoming may!
Many a colleen tripping along,
But none so fair as the one away.
"Musha, God save you," I to them say,
"God save you kindly," they answer me—
I shiver and wake in the dawning grey,
And Kitty O'Neil lies over the sea.

O a bit of a dance in an Irish street,
Hogan was there and Hennessy,
Many a colleen, fair and sweet,
And Kitty O'Neil she danced with me.
Kitty O'Neil with eyes of brown,
And feet as light as the flakes of snow—
Was it last year, O Kitty aroon,
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Get a cake today. You will have the same experience that all others do—when you once use Woodbury's you will always use it. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2606 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

You will find the special treatment for keeping your skin free from blackheads in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's

Try the famous treatment for rousing a sallow, sluggish skin. Directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Red Feather Rides To The Sea

By W. H. OGILVIE

Illustrated by Elsie Deane

THE west wind shook the grass-blade on which Red Feather was sitting. There sounded a murmur as of far-off waters tumbling on a shore of dreams, and the West Wind spoke.

"Oh! drowsy little Red Feather, why do you waste your time rocking here, low down in the meadow grass, when all the wide world is calling. Don't you want to glide with the birds, and run with the field-mice, and climb with the brown squirrels? What is the use of setting a bright red feather in your cap when never a soul can see it? Listen to me, little Red Feather, while I sing you the song of the sea!"

And the West Wind sang the Atlantic song. He sang it right through, and there are a hundred and fourteen verses—no less! He sang of the wild water and the smooth, of the wheeling, crying gulls, of the seaweed and the pebbles and the shells, and the ships and their pathways—the silver road running out to the moon, and the golden track leading to sunset; and Red Feather listened spell-bound, tapping time upon the grass-blade with his fairy foot, for like all the little people, he was passionately fond of music, and the West Wind was singing him a new song.

Slowly the music faded and died and the West Wind tucked his harp under his arm and said:

"They are waiting for me in the East, and I have a love-tryst with the morning star. Good-night, little Red Feather!"

And the fairy slipped down from his grass-blade, and curled himself up under a clover-leaf and slept on the edge of the moonlight, and the tumbling tides made music in his dream.

He woke early and washed his face in the morning dew. The blue-bells were ringing all round him, but he shook his head rather sadly, for the finer sea-music was still in his ears.

"Good-morning, Little Red Feather!" It was the West Wind going back. Of course, wise people would have called him the East Wind now, but wise people are very often quite wrong, and, of course, he was still the West Wind, though he was going home.

"Why don't you bid a good-bye to the heather?
Why don't you climb from the lap of the lea?
Why don't you saddle your pony, Red Feather,
And why don't you ride to the sea?

The grey gull's abroad with a wing to the weather,
The spindrift flies jolly and free,
Oh! Why don't you saddle your pony, Red Feather,
And why don't you ride to the sea?"

RED FEATHER listened intently as the wind's song died in the West.

"Why don't you saddle your pony, Red Feather?"

. . . He climbed slowly down from his perch and strolled under a convenient mushroom, for a light rain had begun to fall and the fairies always prefer to keep dry if possible. He sat down and gazed meditatively, chin on hand, at the raindrops as they quivered in the grass.

"The grey gull's abroad with a wing to the weather," . . . "I think I would like to see a grey gull," thought the fairy, "and what's a 'spindrift,' I wonder! I must ask the West Wind when he comes back, but he is always in such a hurry. I never knew him to stay so long as he did last night. What a beautiful song that was! Yes! I must certainly see the sea!"

"Why don't you saddle your pony, Red Feather?" . . . He looked across to the open space where Gliding Petal tugged at his picket-rope, silken and spun by the spiders, and he said: "I will ride to-night, this very night as soon as the moonbeams come out of the purple; to-night, I will ride to the sea!"

And though the West Wind was far out of hearing, he sang a song that came into his head, and he shouted it so loudly, that the mushroom rafters rang and the bluebell chimes were dumb.

Tired am I of rocking in the heath-bells and the grasses,
Tired am I of dancing in the starlit woodland rings!
Had I only half the freedom of the West Wind as he passes
And only half the speed and half the splendor of his wings,
I would flutter down the moonbeams to the sea of which he sings!

Tired am I of envy when the building birds fly over,
Tired am I of longing when the busy bees go by,
Tired am I of dreaming and of drowsing in the clover,
Of the grasses round about me and the patch of summer sky;
Has the West Wind guessed, I wonder, how so very tired am I?

Red Feather stopped singing, and in every blue belfry, the bells rocked again and clanged at the bidding of unseen hands. And when the night came, he put his gossamer saddle on Gliding Petal, and rode swiftly up the nearest moonbeam. He had ridden quite a long way before he met anybody, then he nearly rode into the Late Bat, who was hurrying home.

"Is this the road to the sea?" he asked politely.

"Not much!" said the Late Bat, rather rudely, "if you follow it far enough, you will hit the moon; you've taken a wrong turning somewhere, you ought to be much lower down!"

So Red Feather turned Gliding Petal round and hurried back, rather disappointed. But it was all downhill, fortunately, and before very long, he could hear the wind singing to the tree-tops; he woke up a spider who was sleeping on a larch stem, and asked: "Which road shall I take to the sea?" and the spider, who was angry at being awakened, said, very roughly: "Go away, go away, you are mad, you red-feathered clown. The sea is long miles from here, and what would you do if you found it?" But already Gliding Petal's hoofs were tap-tapping through the dead beech-leaves of last year, as he travelled westward through the wood. In the doorway of his house a little red squirrel lay dozing. Every squirrel is a fairy's friend, so Red Feather touched him on the shoulder, "Will you tell me, Sir Squirrel, if this is the way to the sea?"

"First turning to the right and go on till you're tired; but it's a very long way," said the squirrel, "at least, the West Wind told me so."

RED FEATHER felt a little jealous that the West Wind had been telling other people, but he also felt proud because he was going to the sea and the squirrel wasn't. So he drew himself up a little haughtily and said: "I shall be there in the morning! Good-night!"

Then he rode on for many hours till even the tireless Gliding Petal began to droop his head and stumble in the leaves. There was a grey light in the East when he met the Water Rat, who is the wisest of all the meadow creatures, who live by their wits. The Water Rat listened to his story with head on one side, then he dropped the stalk he was nibbling, and said:

"It is a very long way to the sea; you will be very frightened when you get there; you will have no friends, and the foam fairies are very fierce and dislike strangers. You had better turn back!"

Red Feather said: "I will not go back, but my pony is tired, and I don't know what to do."

"Take the saddle and bridle off your horse," said the Water Rat, "and let him go, and then come with me and I will show you how to get to the sea!"

So Red Feather unbuckled the gossamer girths, and let Gliding Petal go free, and he trotted home to the beechwood. And the Water Rat led his fairy friend through grassy tunnels and through tall buttercup forests, until the sound of water tinkling over stones broke upon their ears.

Then the Water Rat said, "This is the river, and every day it passes my door as it goes to the sea. I will find you a boat and you shall sail to the sea without any trouble, and much quicker than Gliding Petal could carry you; but I think you are very foolish to go, and you will meet danger when you meet the Foam Fairies!"

But Red Feather said he would go; so the Water Rat nibbled an inch of bark from the birch tree and put his friend upon it and shoved it out into the stream, and Red Feather whirled away westward in his tiny boat.

And this is the song that the river sang as it rocked the fairy shallop on its breast:—

Where the foam-white crests are falling
On the golden sands in glee,
Where the wildfowl gather, calling,
There's a home for you and me;
Far beyond all bond and tether;
Where the four winds meet together
And the West Wind rules the three,
There's a home for you, Red Feather,
In the wide arms of the sea!

When the skies are dark and leaden,
When the rain drives home the bee,
In your woods the leaves shall redden,
From your fields the bloom shall flee;
In the wild October weather
Broken boughs are grief to gather
At the foot of every tree,
But the foam is white, Red Feather,
In the gardens of the sea!

AND so singing, the river bore its burden swiftly to the West, and the dying sun threw a blood-red bar across the water, and the heart of Red Feather was full of gladness because he knew that at last, he should see the sea. And always the river grew wider, till the last flower waved him farewell.

Three times the sun rose upon the water, and three times it dipped and died, and on the fourth day, Red Feather heard the thunder of the surf and the harsh crying (*Continued on page 15*)

A positively delicious foot, small and shapely, swung audaciously to and fro.

Second Instalment of Our Gripping New Serial Story

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SYNOPSIS

SIX months' respite is demanded by Aunt Agatha before Dick Brent shall declare his love for Lisbeth. Aunt Agatha, meanwhile, exiles the girl to Fane Court in the hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the goodwill of her small nephew, the Imp.

MR. SELWYN remained staring down at me for a moment, and I saw the points of his moustache positively curling with indignation. Then, without deigning a reply, he turned on his heel and strode away. He had not gone more than thirty or forty paces, however, when I heard him stop and swear savagely—I did not need to look to learn the reason—I admit I chuckled. But my merriment was short-lived, for a moment later came the feeble squeak of a horn followed by a shout and the Imp's voice upraised in dire distress.

"Little-John! Little-John! to the rescue!" it called.

I hesitated, for I will freely confess that when I had made that promise to the Imp it was with small expectation that I should be called upon to fulfill it. Still, a promise is a promise; so I sighed, and picking up the joint of my fishing rod, clambered up the bank. Glancing in the direction of the cries, I beheld Robin Hood struggling in the foe's indignant grasp.

Now, there were but two methods of procedure open to me that I could see—the serious or the frankly grotesque. Naturally I chose the latter, and quarterstaff on shoulder, I swaggered down the path with an air that Little-John himself might well have envied.

"Beshrew me!" I cried, confronting the amazed Mr. Selwyn, "who dares lay hands on bold Robin Hood? —away, base rogue, hie thee hence or I am like to fetch thee a dour ding on that pate o' thine!"

Mr. Selwyn loosed the Imp and stared at me in speechless astonishment, as well he might.

"Look ye, master," I continued, entering into the spirit of the thing, "no man lays hand on Robin Hood whiles Little-John can twirl a staff or draw a bow-string —no, by St. Cuthbert!"

The Imp, retiring to a safe distance, stood hearkening in a transport till, bethinking him of his part, he fished out the tattered book and began surreptitiously turning over the pages; as for Mr. Selwyn, he only fumbled at his moustache and stared.

"Aye, but I know thee," I went on again, "by thy sly and crafty look, by thy scalloped cape and chain of office. I know thee for that same Sheriff of Nottingham that hath sworn to our undoing. Go to! didst think to take Robin—in the greenwood? Out upon thee! Thy years should have taught thee better wisdom. Out upon thee!"

"Now will I feed"—began the Imp, with the book carefully held behind him, "now will I feed fat my vengeance—to thy knees for a scurvy rascal!"

"Aye, by St. Benedict!" I nodded, "It were well he should do penance on his marrow-bones from hither to Nottingham Town; but as thou art strong—be merciful, Robin."

Mr. Selwyn still curled the point of his moustache.

"Are you mad," he inquired, "or only drunk?"

"As to that, good master Sheriff, it doth concern thee nothing—but mark you! 'tis an ill thing to venture within the greenwood while Robin Hood and Little-John be abroad."

Mr. Selwyn shrugged his shoulders and turned to the Imp.

"I am on my way to see your Aunt Elizabeth, and shall make it my particular care to inform her of your conduct, and to see that you are properly punished. As for you, sir," he continued, addressing me, "I shall inform the police that there is a madman at large."

At this double-barrelled threat the Imp was plainly much dismayed and coming up beside me, slipped his hand into mine, and I promptly pocketed it.

"Sweet master Sheriff," I said, sweeping off my cap in true outlaw fashion, "the way is long and something lonely; methinks—we will therefore e'en accompany you, and may perchance lighten the tedium with quip and quirk and a merry stave or so."

Seeing the angry rejoinder upon Mr. Selwyn's lips, I burst forth incontinent into the following ditty, the words extemporized to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee":—

There lived a sheriff in Nottinghamshire,
With a hey derry down and a down;
He was fond of good beef, but was fonder of beer,
With a hey derry down and a down.

By the time we reached the Shrubbery gate the Imp was in an ecstasy and Mr. Selwyn once more reduced to speechless indignation and astonishment. Here our ways diverged, Mr. Selwyn turning towards the house, while the Imp and I made our way to the orchard at the rear.

"Uncle Dick," he said, halting suddenly, "do you think he will tell—really?"

"My dear Imp," I answered, "a man who wears points on his moustache is capable of anything"

"Then I shall be sent to bed for it, I know I shall!"

"To run into a thread tied across the path must have been very annoying," I said, shaking my head thoughtfully, "especially with a brand-new hat!"

"They were only 'ambushes,' you know, Uncle Dick."

"To be sure," I nodded. "Now, observe, my Imp, here is a shilling; go and buy that spring-pistol you were speaking of, and take your time about it; I'll see what can be done in the meanwhile."

The Imp was reduced to incoherent thanks.

"That's all right," I said, "but you'd better hurry off."

He obeyed with alacrity, disappearing in the direction of the village, while I went on toward the orchard to find Lisbeth. And presently, sure enough, I did find her —that is to say, part of her, for the foliage of that particular tree happened to be very thick and I could see nothing of her but a foot.

A positively delicious foot it was, too, small and shapely, that swung audaciously to and fro; a foot in a ridiculously out-of-place little patent-leather shoe, with a sheen of slender silken ankle above.

I APPROACHED softly, with the soul of me in my eyes, so to speak, yet, despite my caution, she seemed to become aware of my presence in some way—the foot faltered in its swing and vanished as the leaves were parted and Lisbeth looked down at me.

"Oh, it's you?" she said, and I fancied she seemed quite pleased. "You'll find a step-ladder somewhere about—it can't be very far."

"Thanks," I answered, "but I don't want one."

"No, but I do; I want to get down. That little wretched Imp hid the ladder, and I've been here all the afternoon," she wailed.

"But then you refused to be an elephant, you know," I reminded her.

"He shall go to bed for it—directly after tea!" she said.

"Lisbeth," I returned, "I firmly believe your nature to be altogether too sweet and forgiving—"

"I want to come down!"

"Certainly," I said; "put your left foot in my right hand, take firm hold of the branch above and let yourself sink gently into my arms."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "here's Mr. Selwyn coming," and following her glance, I saw a distant Panama approaching.

"Lisbeth," said I, "are you anxious to see him?"

"In this ridiculous situation—of course not!"

"Very well then, hide—just sit there and leave matters to me and—"

"Hush," she whispered, and at that moment Selwyn emerged into full view. Catching sight of me he stopped in evident surprise.

"I was told I should find Miss Elizabeth here," he said stiffly.

"It would almost appear that you had been misinformed," I answered. For a moment he seemed undecided what to do. Would he go away? I wondered. Evidently not, for after glancing about him he sat himself down upon a rustic seat nearby with a certain resolute air that I did not like. I must get rid of him at all hazards.

"Sir," said I, "can I trespass on your generosity to the extent of a match—or say a couple?" After a brief hesitation he drew out a very neat silver match-box, which he handed to me.

"A fine day, sir?" I said, puffing at my pipe.

Mr. Selwyn made no reply.

"I hear that the crops are looking particularly healthy this year," I went on.

Mr. Selwyn appeared to be utterly lost in the contemplation of an adjacent tree.

"To my mind an old apple tree is singularly picturesque," I began again, "nice nobbly branches, don't you know."

Mr. Selwyn began to fidget.

"And then, "I pursued, "they tell me that apples are so good for the blood.

Mr. Selwyn shifted his gaze to the toe of his riding boot, and for a space there was silence, so much so, indeed that an inquisitive rabbit crept up and sat down to watch us with much interest, until—evidently remembering some pressing engagement—he disappeared with a flash of his white tail.

"Talking of rabbits," said I, "they are quite a pest in Australia, I believe, and are exterminated by the thousand. I have often wondered if a syndicate could not be formed to acquire the skins—this idea, so far as I know, is original, but you are quite welcome to it if—"

Mr. Selwyn rose abruptly to his feet.

"I once in my boyhood possessed a rabbit—of the lop-eared variety," I continued, "which overate itself and died. I remember I attempted to skin it with dire results—"

"Sir," said Mr. Selwyn, "I beg to inform you that I am not interested in rabbits, lop-eared or otherwise, nor do I propose to become so; furthermore—"

But at this moment of my triumph, even as he turned to depart, something small and white fluttered down from the branches above, and the next moment Selwyn had stooped and picked up a lace handkerchief. Then, while he stared at it and I at him, there came a ripple of laughter and Lisbeth peered down at us through the leaves."

"My handkerchief—thank you," she said, as Selwyn stood somewhat taken aback by her sudden appearance.

"The trees hereabouts certainly bear very remarkable, not to say delightful fruit," he said.

"And as you will remember, I was always particularly fond of apple trees," I interpolated.

'Mr. Selwyn," smiled Lisbeth, "let me introduce you to Mr. Brent."

"Sir," said I, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance; have heard Her Grace of Chelsea speak of you—her friends are mine, I trust?"

Mr. Selwyn's bow was rather more than distant.

"I have already had the pleasure of meeting this—this very original gentleman before, and under rather peculiar circumstances, Miss Elizabeth," he said, and forthwith

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

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plunged into an account of the whole affair of the "ambushes," while Lisbeth, perched upon her lofty throne, surveyed us with an ever-growing astonishment.

"Whatever does it all mean?" she inquired as Mr. Selwyn made an end.

"You must know, then," I explained, leaning upon my quarterstaff, "the Imp took it into his head to become Robin Hood; I was Little-John, and Mr. Selwyn here was so very obliging as to enact the role of Sheriff of Nottingham—"

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Selwyn indignantly, turning upon me with a fiery eye.

"Every one recollects the immortal exploits of Robin and his 'merrie men," I continued, "and you will, of course, remember that they had a habit of capturing the Sheriff and tying him up to trees and things. Naturally the Imp did not proceed to that extreme. He contented himself with merely capturing the Sheriff's hat—I think you will agree that those 'ambushes' worked like a charm, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Miss Elizabeth," he said, disdaining any reply, "I am aware of the affection you lavish upon your nephew; I hope that you will take measures to restrain him from such pranks—such very disgraceful pranks—in the future. I myself should suggest a change of companionship (here he glanced at me) as the most salutary method. Good-afternoon, Miss Elizabeth." So saying, Mr. Selwyn raised his hat, bowed stiffly to me, and turning upon an indignant heel, strode haughtily away.

"WELL!" exclaimed Lisbeth, with a look of very real concern.

"Very well, indeed!" I nodded; "we are alone at last."

"Oh, Dick! but to have offended him like this!"

"A highly estimable young gentleman," I said, "though deplorably lacking in that saving sense of humor which—"

"Aunt Agatha seems to think a great deal of him."

"So I understand," I nodded.

"Only this morning I received a letter from her, in which, among other things, she pointed out what a very excellent match he would be."

"And what do you think?"

"Oh, I agree with her, of course; his family dates back ages and ages before the Conqueror, and he has two or three estates besides Selwyn Park and one in Scotland."

"Do you know, Lisbeth, that reminds me of another house—not at all big or splendid, but of great age; a house which stands not far from the village of Down, in Kent; a house which is going to rack and ruin for want of a mistress. Sometimes just as evening comes on, I think it must dream of the light feet and gentle hands it has known so many years ago, and feels its loneliness more than ever."

"Poor old house!" said Lisbeth softly.

"Yes, a house is very human, Lisbeth, especially an old one, and feels the need of that loving care which only a woman can bestow, just as we do ourselves."

"Dear old house!" said Lisbeth, more softly than before.

"How much longer must it wait—when will you come and care for it, Lisbeth?"

She started, and I thought her cheeks seemed a trifle pinker than usual as her eyes met mine.

"Dick," she said wistfully, "I do wish you would get the ladder; it's horribly uncomfortable to sit in a tree for hours and—"

"First of all, Lisbeth, you will forgive the Imp—full and freely, won't you?"

"He shall go to bed without any tea whatever."

"That will be rank cruelty, Lisbeth, remember he is a growing boy."

"And I have been perched up here—between heaven and earth—all the afternoon."

"Then why not come down?" I inquired.

"If you will only get the ladder—"

"If you will just put your right foot in my—"

"I won't!" said Lisbeth.

"As you please," I nodded, and sitting down, mechanically took out my pipe and began to fill it, while she opened her book, frowning. And after she had read very studiously for perhaps two minutes, she drew out and consulted her watch. I did the same.

"A quarter to five!" I said.

Lisbeth glanced down at me with the air of one who is deliberating upon two courses of action, and when at length she spoke, every trace of irritation had vanished completely.

"Dick, I'm awfully hungry."

"So am I," I nodded.

"It would be nice to have tea here under the trees, wouldn't it?"

"It would be positively idyllic!" I said.

"Then if you will please find that ladder—"

"If you will promise to forgive the Imp—"

"Certainly not!" she retorted.

"So be it!" I sighed, and sat down again. As I did so she launched her book at me.

"Beast!" she exclaimed.

"Which means that you are ready to descend?" I inquired, rising and depositing the maltreated volume side by side with my pipe on a rustic table nearby; "very good. Place your right foot in—"

"Oh, all right," she said quite pettishly, and next moment I had her in my arms.

"Dick! put me down—at once!"

"One moment, Lisbeth; that boy is a growing boy—"

"And shall go to bed without any tea!" she broke in.

"Very well, then," I said, and reading the purpose in my eyes, she attempted quite vainly, to turn her head aside.

"You will find it quite useless to struggle, Lisbeth," I warned. "Your only course is to remember that he is a growing boy."

"And you are a brute!" she cried.

"Undoubtedly," I answered, bending my head nearer her petulant lips. "But think of the Imp in bed, lying there, sleepless, tealess, and growing all the while as fast as he can."

Lisbeth surrendered, of course, but my triumph was greatly tempered with disappointment.

"You will then forgive him for the 'ambushes' and cherish him with much tea?" I stipulated, winking away a tress of hair that tickled most provokingly.

"Yes," said Lisbeth.

"And no bed until the usual hour?"

"No," she answered, quite subdued; "and now please do put me down." So I sighed and perforce obeyed.

She stood for a moment patting her rebellious hair into order with deft, white fingers, looking up at me meanwhile with a laugh in her eyes that seemed almost a challenge. I took a hasty step toward her, but as I did so the Imp hove into view, and the opportunity was lost.

"Hallo, Auntie Lisbeth!" he exclaimed, eyeing her wonderingly; then his glance wandered round as if in quest of something.

"How did she do it, Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Do what, my Imp?"

"Why, get out of the tree?" I smiled and looked at Lisbeth.

"Did she climb down?"

"No," said I, shaking my head.

"Did she—jump down?"

"No, she didn't jump down, my Imp."

"Well, did she—did she fly down?"

"No, nor fly down—she just came down."

"Yes, but how did she—"

"Reginald," said Lisbeth, "run and tell the maids to bring tea out here—for three."

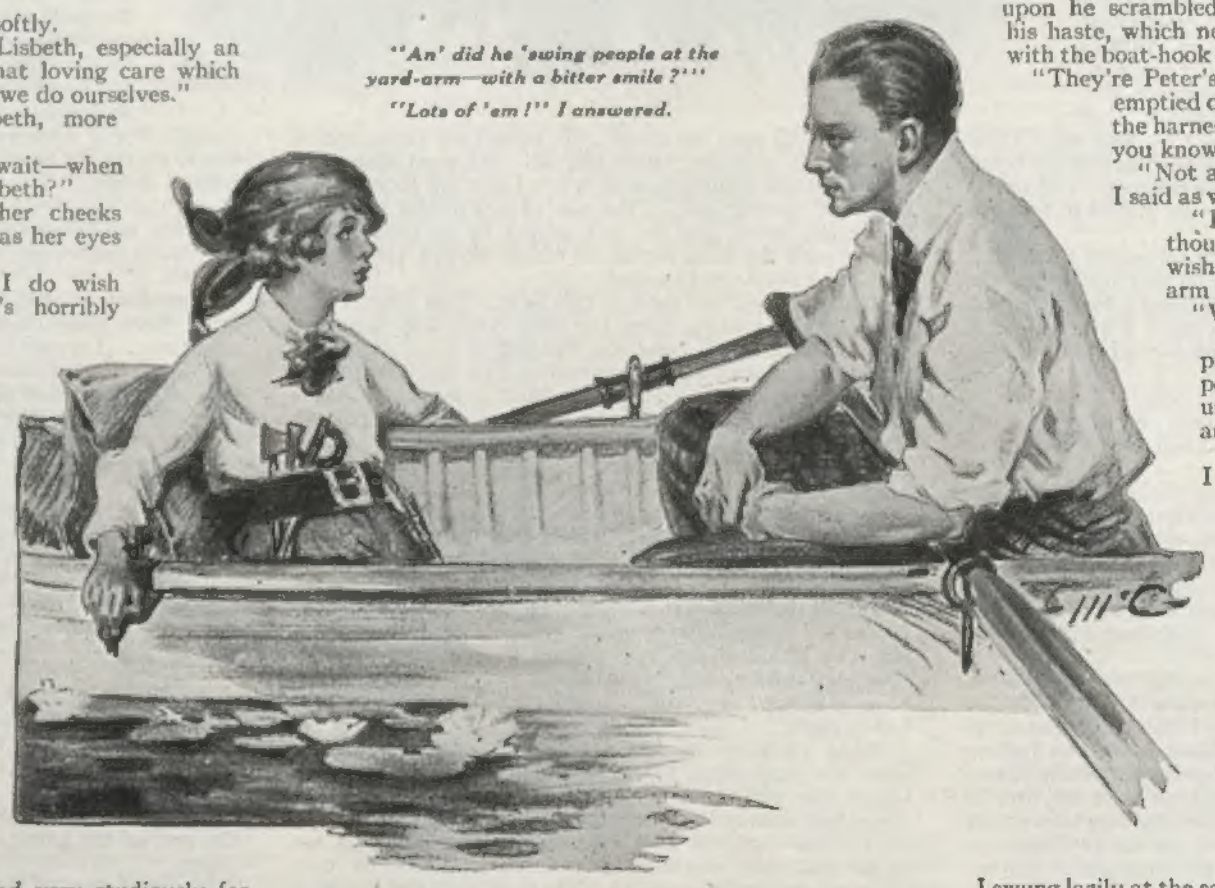
"Three?" echoed the Imp. "But Dorothy has gone out to tea, you know—is Uncle Dick going to—"

"To be sure, Imp," I nodded.

"Oh, that is fine—hurrah, Little-John!" he cried, and darted off toward the house.

"An' did he 'swing people at the yard-arm—with a bitter smile?'"

"Lots of 'em!" I answered.



"And you, Lisbeth?" I said, imprisoning her hands, "are you glad also?"

Lisbeth did not speak, yet I was satisfied nevertheless.

CHAPTER III.

The Desperadoes

FANE COURT stands bowered in trees, with a wide stretch of the greenest of green lawns sloping down to the river stairs.

They are quaint old stairs, with a marble rail and carved balusters, worn and crumbling, yet whose decay is half hid by the kindly green of lichens and mosses; stairs indeed for an idle fellow to dream over on a hot summer's afternoon—and they were, moreover, a favorite haunt of Lisbeth. It was here that I moored my boat, therefore, and now lay back, pipe in mouth and with a cushion beneath my head, in that blissful state between sleeping and waking.

Now, as I lay, from the blue wreaths of my pipe I wove me fair fancies:—

And lo! the stairs were no longer deserted; there were fine gentlemen, patched and powdered, in silks and satins, with shoe-buckles that flashed in the sun; there were dainty ladies in quilted petticoats and flowered gowns, with most wonderful coiffures; and there was Lisbeth, fairer and daintier than them all, and there, too, was I. And behold how demurely she curtseyed and smiled behind her ivory fan! With what a grace I took a pinch of snuff! With what an air I ogled and bowed with hand on heart! Then, somehow, it seemed we were alone, she on the top stair, I on the lower. And standing thus I raised my arms to her with an appealing gesture. Her eyes looked down into mine, the patch quivered at the corner of her scarlet mouth, and there beside it was the dimple. Beneath her petticoat I saw her foot in a little pink satin shoe come slowly toward me and stop again. I watched, scarce breathing, for it seemed my fate hung in the balance. Would she come down to love and me, or—

"Ship ahoy!" cried a voice, and in that moment my dream vanished. I sighed, and looking around, beheld a head peering at me over the balustrade; a head bound in a bandanna handkerchief of large pattern and vivid coloring.

"Why, Imp!" I exclaimed. But my surprise abated when he emerged into full view.

About his waist was a broad-buckled belt, which supported a wooden cutlass, two or three murderous wooden daggers and a brace of toy pistols; while upon his legs were a pair of top-boots many sizes too large for him, so that walking required no little care. Yet on the whole his appearance was decidedly effective. There could be no mistake—he was a bloodthirsty pirate!

The Imp is an artist to his grimy finger-tips.

"Avast, shipmate!" I cried. "How's the wind?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, falling over his boots with eagerness, "do take me in your boat, an' let's be pirates, will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, that depends. Where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Mr. Selwyn is going to row her and Dorothy up the river."

"The deuce he is!"

"Yes, an' they won't take me."

"Why not, my Imp?"

"'Cause they're 'fraid I should upset the boat. So I thought I'd come an' ask you to be a pirate, you know. I'll lend you my best dagger an' one of my pistols. Will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Come aboard, shipmate, if you are for Hispaniola, the Tortugas, and the Spanish Main," said I, whereupon he scrambled in, losing a boot overboard in his haste, which necessitated much intricate angling with the boat-hook ere it was recovered.

"They're Peter's, you know," he explained, as he emptied out the water. "I took them out of the harness-room; a pirate must have boots, you know, but I'm afraid Peter'll swear."

"Not a doubt of it when he sees them," I said as we pushed off.

"I wish," he began, looking round thoughtfully after a minute or so, "I wish we could get a plank or a yard-arm from somewhere."

"What for, my Imp?"

"Why, don't you remember, pirates always had a plank for people to 'walk,' you know, an' used to 'swing them up to the yard-arm.'"

"You seem to know all about it," I said as I pulled slowly down stream.

"Oh, yes; I read it all in 'Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas.' Scarlet Sam was fine. He used to stride up and down the quarterdeck an' flourish his cutlass, an' his eyes would roll, an' he'd foam at the mouth, and—"

"Knock everybody into 'the lee scuppers,'" I put in.

"Yes," cried the Imp in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "How did you know that, Uncle Dick?"

"Once upon a time," I said, as I swung lazily at the sculls, "I was a boy myself, and read a lot about a gentleman named 'Beetle-browed Ben.' I tell you, Imp, he was a terror for foaming and stamping, if you like, and used to kill three or four people every morning, just to get an appetite for breakfast." The Imp regarded me with round eyes.

"How fine!" he breathed, hugging himself in an ecstasy.

"It was," I nodded; "and then he was a very wonderful man in other ways. You see, he was always getting himself shot through the head, or run through the body, but it never hurt Beetle-browed Ben—not a bit of it."

"An' did he 'swing people at the yard-arm—with a bitter smile?'"

"Lots of 'em!" I answered.

"An' make them 'walk the plank—with a horrid laugh?'"

"By the hundred!"

"An' 'maroon them on a desolate island—with a low chuckle?'"

(*Continued on page 52*)

A Beastly Bit of Bother

D.S.O.'s Can be Won in Many Ways—The Rescue of the Honorable Freddie Won One for George: A Delightful Bit of Comedy

By VIRGINIA COYNE

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

DEAR OLD PATER,

Well, here I am, you see, able to sit up, and all that. Of course, you have had official notice of my being wounded. It was an awfully silly affair. And I hear the papers have written up some rotten drivel or other about it. Sentimental chumps! Really, Pater, I'm frightfully cut up over the whole performance.

It was all a beastly bit of bother, and I'm not proud of my part in it. When you have read this, you will sympathise with my feelings. Please, Pater, hush it up as soon as you can.

I don't know what the bally papers have said about me, but I heard that they called me a "hero-lord," and that sort of rot. Some of the nurses here are rather gone on me, too. I'm about fed up with it all. And I feel I don't deserve it.

For it really happened like this:—

You remember the Honorable Freddie, don't you—a bit of an ass, you know? Was at Oxford when I was? Well, Freddie was drafted into my battalion two months ago, and what do you think was his rank? Why he was simply a bally Tommy! Now I maintain that, if a chap of decent family hasn't the brains or the ambition to serve his country in the capacity of an officer, he should stay at home, and let his sisters have a try at it, don't you know. Of course, a good many benighted members of the British aristocracy are enlisting as privates and non.-coms. I confess their attitude puzzles me. You know, Pater, a Tommy is hardly respectable, really now! And it sets a deucedly bad example to those beneath us. To be sure, I believe in democracy, and all that sort of thing—in moderation—but still I can't help perceiving that, though all men are born equal, we English aristocrats are most certainly a cut above those beneath us. Jove! What a sentence! But I always was a muff at a pen.

Well, Freddie was drafted into my battalion, as I stated. The first suspicion I had of his presence was when I fell over his legs as I was hurrying along the trench. He is an awfully long sort of chap.

"Here, you!" I snapped, "Pick your feet up!" And I choked down my heart and a few other of my interior fittings, which seemed to have joggled into my mouth. (It was really indigestion I had—margarine, you know—but Freddie's legs aggravated it).

Then I recognized Freddie's legs. I had seen them in hunting togs many a time, and could never forget them. One couldn't, you know. They are unique. Sort of long, and graceful, and what lady novelists used to call "shapely." Even in the beastly outfit a Tommy wears, they looked aristocratic. They rose above their surroundings, as it were. Possibly that was why I fell over them, for Freddie was lying on the back of his head, with his legs cocked up against the parapet. His upper half—or, in this case, lower half—was buried in an aged newspaper.

Of course, it didn't take this long for me to know that it was Freddie. I knew him as soon as I had overcome the beastly nausea caused by my taking a header across him. "Here, you! Pick your feet up!" I snarled—as if he could pick his feet up much higher—and then, presto! I recognized his legs.

Freddie didn't look up from his paper.

"Shall I wrap 'em round my neck, or put 'em in my pocket?" he enquired politely. Then he peered over the top of the sheet and saw me.

"Mornin', George," he drawled, jumping to his feet and saluting, "Beg pardon. I didn't know my officer was doin' me the honor of addressin' me—Where's your eyeglass, old top?"

Of course, I couldn't give him a jolly good rowing, as I would have liked, because, after all, he is an Honorable, and we are both Oxford men. Noblesse oblige, you understand.

Freddie didn't intrude on my eyesight a great deal. I think he was ashamed of being only a Tommy. As for me, I tried not to see him at all. I don't like the chap. I consider him an ass. And I have reason to believe that he considers me an ass. He used to at Oxford, you know. But, even if I do know that he is an ass, and he imagines that I am one, I couldn't see my way to ordering him around as if he were one of the other Tommies. My word, Pater! If we English aristocrats don't respect Family, who will?

Freddie didn't, at any rate. I used to hear him actually talking and singing with the men, and making no end of a row. They were always laughing—at him, I suppose, for forgetting his rank so completely. Pon my word, it sickened me! Personally, I would just as soon associate with my men as with a bally lot of little germs.

My conscience rather hurt me about Freddie, and I undertook to remonstrate with him one day about his behavior. I pointed out to him what his defunct Aunt Clarabel would think of him. (She, you recollect, had a very proper appreciation of the duties of Position.) I regret to say that Freddie consigned that most respectable old lady to a region she most certainly will never visit. She was far too good a Churchwoman to go there.

I found that Freddie was hopeless, and gave him up. And he continued to sing foolish and vulgar songs with the other Tommies.

On the day in question, we charged the German trench. It was only a hundred yards from us, and the beggars had been showing marked ill-breeding for days. Frankly, I was in a beastly temper. I don't mind decent, clean bullets, but when it comes to red-hot, dirty fluid—well, it's not cricket, by Jove it isn't! It's not being done by us. Accordingly, we decided to visit the beasts and remonstrate with them, as it were.

WE fixed bayonets, and climbed out. The men were singing "We'll never let the old flag fall," as we charged. It sounded awfully jolly. Personally, I have no need of songs like that, because, of course, the old flag is set pretty firmly on its legs. There is no danger of its tumbling. That's a pretty rotten metaphor, but I haven't time to change it. Fancy flags having legs! I say, you know! That's rather good!

Still, though the song was quite unnecessary, it made us feel our oats, as the vulgar put it. We plunged on gaily. Several of us were dropped at the start. One young chap leaped high in the air and fell back against

"I blindly snatched up a rifle and ran towards Freddie"

me, dying all over my chest. He ruined my tunic, which was a fairly new one—poor beggar. We went sprawling to the ground together, and, when I got up, most of my men had passed me. That ass of a Freddie was well up at the head, and he was urging us to present the enemy with the same region to which he had previously consigned his Aunt Clarabel.

I had rather hard luck in this fight. Just after I saw Freddie, there came from the hills what the Tommies call a Black Maria, and she howled at us, and buried herself in the ground not more than five yards from me. She dug a hole you could have built a fair-sized natatorium in, and killed about ten of my finest men. It was my first engagement in the open, and I felt deucedly uncomfortable for a moment. Rather sick, too. Black Marias kill in such a beastly fashion.

People have asked me my sensations when under fire—how I felt when the shell burst so close to me, and more silly-ass questions of that sort, don't you know. Well, I'm no end sorry to say this, but, really Pater, I didn't feel at all like a chap in a book. I only tasted margarine. It was my confounded stomach again. Upset, you know, and the Black Maria aggravated it. As the Dean of Theology used to say, "One cannot suppress the yelpings of an outraged Nature." I said that I was rather sick. Let it pass.

When I rose to my feet again, my men had got away from me, and were being badly beaten. To be brief about the rotten affair, the Germans had fooled us. They had sneaked reinforcements into their trench—the sly devils!—and, as they poured over the parapets, we could see that we were outnumbered three to one. We were ordered to retreat. There was no use in losing more good men in a forlorn hope; so we beat our way back in splendid order to the trench, leaving over one-quarter of our number dead or dying in No-Man's Land.

I can't talk about that, Pater. But I'll never forget it as long as I live—if I do live long. Tommies may be low and not our style, but to see men that were singing "We'll never let the old flag fall" just half an hour before lying so quiet, and mutilated—oh, it's horrible!

In revenge for that sight, I'm going to fight, fight, fight, until either Germany or myself haven't a leg to stand on. So help me God.

This is a simply rotten pen. Look at that beastly blot. And I have no knife or eraser.

LATER.

I haven't touched this letter for three days. Had a slight relapse—cold or something, you know. However, I'm feeling like a fighting-cock to-day.

I left off at our retreat to our trench. And that is really where my troubles started.

Our machine guns drove the Germans back. We began to breathe again, send off our wounded, and account for the missing. Then I spied that silly ass, Freddie. He was away over near the enemy's lines, punching and struggling with a big, strapping German in a most undignified fashion.

They were both unarmed, and were pummelling each other in such an energetic style that they were completely mixed up together, don't you know. One could hardly determine which was which; so of course we didn't dare to fire for fear of hitting Freddie—the silly ass. He was getting the worst of it, too. He never could fight worth a penny. He always used to lose his head, wave his arms like Don Quixote's windmill, and all that sort of thing at school. If Freddie hit his opponent as hard as he stirred the atmosphere, he would be a world's champion by now. The German chap he was fanning was a bit of an adept. We could see that, and he was driving Freddie steadily towards the enemy.

I suppose the Huns were too busy picking themselves up inside their trench to examine the outside scenery just then, for it wasn't until I had blindly snatched up a rifle with a broken bayonet, and had run half way to Freddie that they began to pot at me. Then they missed me—or practically did. A bullet scratched my forehead, and another went through the fleshy part of my leg, but I hardly felt it at the time.

Still, though they made a fairly decent try at loading me with lead, they didn't fire at Freddie. Afraid of killing their own man, I suppose, as we were. But presently a little fat beggar stole from their lines, and wormed his way towards Freddie with a big, devilish-looking knife between his teeth, like Don Jose, the chap in Carmen, don't you know. I saw carmine myself then, I can tell you. An Englishman doesn't object to being finished off by a bullet, or even blown off by a shell, if necessary, but to be polished off by a bally knife, as if he were a sort of silly sheep—it's a bit thin. 'Pon honor, Pater! It is a bit thin. What?

I declare I was in such a rage that the blood rushed to my eyes, and the earth, the sky, and even a few dinky little clouds near the zenith turned quite red for a moment. The bullets were fairly caressing the air about me now. I ran as fast as I could, and made myself as small as possible. Once, I stumbled and nearly fell over the body of Sergeant Leslie. He was a Canadian, and well-liked. He had been bayonetted ,and lay there staring up at the sky, with a tired, sort of enquiring look on his face.

Then came the last straw—if one may give so insignificant a name to so serious an occurrence. For I recognized Freddie's opponent. And he was a waiter—a beastly waiter, who used to sell me bad beer at Leipsic! I even remembered his name. It was Hans.

Fancy an Honorable fighting with a common waiter, and being beaten by him at that! Frightfully bad form. What?

Something clicked in my head, and I went mad. I must have gone mad. I can't account for it in any other way. I seemed to be two men; one of me was cool and level headed, and rather disgusted with the other chap, who frothed at the mouth, and screamed oaths, and, when he came to the end of his vocabulary, made up a few, and screamed them all over again.

"George! George!" said the level-headed one, "Be calm."

I'm horribly ashamed of all this, and I can't account for it at all, but whenever I look back at that day, I always see two of me, out there in No-Man's Land.

The level-headed chap had the wicket first. He took careful aim at Don Jose, the beggar with the knife, you know, and let fly. But the rifle just clicked at him. It was empty! — — — — —

I PUT this bally lot of little lines here because I can't find words to express my feelings past, present, and, I fear, to come. The English language is infernally inadequate at times.

The cool Johnny was bowled out, and stood aside for the rest of the game, sneering a little, and coaching me along.

The mad part of me howled outrageously, threw down the rifle, jumped on it, and spied a Tommy's knife lying on the ground.

It wasn't much of a knife—not quite as large as a small hunting knife; but it was jolly sharp, with a decently long blade. When I shut my eyes, I can see the beastly thing hanging in the air, like Damocles' sword or Macbeth's dagger.

I think either my guardian angel or someone else left that knife gleaming on the ground. I pounced on it, howling steadily, and started in.

"Don Jose first," sneered the level-headed one.

I made for the chap with the knife. He had reached Freddie by now, and, in the most unconcerned sort of way, was selecting a good spot in the poor beggar's back. Freddie was terribly pale. He was just about finished. The German waiter was turned away from me, and didn't know I was coming at all. Don Jose was too interested to notice me, even

(*Continued on page 38*)

What Will Our Music Prophesy?

Canada's Answer Rests With Her Young Folks

Germany's Productions of the Past Thirty Years Betrayed Her "Kultur"

By KATHERINE HALE

If a country is made by thinking musically, it is sometimes saved by its power of listening musically. To-day, the sweetest music of life is stilled. The violins, the harps, the gentle spring-like pastoral flute, they have been hurled to earth under the call to arms of the fife, the drum, the trumpet, the instruments of wind and fury. The world is rocking and swaying in a great reverberating noise. And you may say that the country that began the noise was supposedly the most music-loving on the earth. Truly, one of Germany's finest mental exercises was the exact study of the science of music, and out of Bach and Handel and Mozart came the great Beethoven, who was indeed a god, for his work signified the triumph of spiritual power over physical limitation. And after Beethoven came Wagner, who expressed the pinnacle of German culture; music, drama, and poetry combined, all covering the starkness of brutal Sagas with the mantle of heroism.

But after Wagner, in the last thirty years, has come a great change. It was as though, after the Franco-Prussian War, the character of the two nations reversed, the Germans getting farther and farther away from any spiritual vision in their music, and the French, whose earlier composers were merely frivolous, learning through suffering the tremendous meaning of music. As long ago as 1905 the well known novelist, Romain Rolland, said "In the old tranquil spirit of Bach we get Christ's speech unadorned and in all its living force, but the Germans of to-day have little in common with the Germans of yesterday who loved pure musical thought. While they applaud Wagner and encore Brahms, they are, in their hearts, not only frivolous but sentimental and gross. The most striking thing about the public is their cult of power since Wagner's death. When listening to the end of the Meistersinger, I felt how the haughty music of the great march reflected the spirit of this military nation of shop-keepers, bursting with rude health and complacent pride."

Written nine years before the war, this is an amazing prophecy. It brings home to us with swift force the direct relationship of the dream in the heart and the word on the lips.

And now, of all times in the history of the world, we look to the future through the eyes of the children: the children who must grow up to make harmony again in this broken and discordant world.

IMAGINE a concert hall seating over three thousand people, with a great stage on which four hundred performers, chorus and orchestra are often placed. It is an early spring afternoon; daylight and artificial light mingle in an eerie way. Rimming the huge stage is a border of tiny palms and potted flowers, daffodils, tulips, narcissi—children of spring.

The great space is empty at four o'clock. Half an hour later it is entirely filled by an audience of children; boys and girls from five to fifteen years, gathered from the public schools to hear a violin recital given to them by the world-famous violinist, Isolde Menges.

The air is vibrant with an incessant and excited chatter; the children overflow the seats, a hundred or more are seated on the stage, a group of grown-ups enter a stage box, and then a young girl appears with a violin under her arm. In her short, dark velvet dress, with her hair boyishly bobbed, she too, looks like a child. The audience greets her with a roar of applause. She smiles and advances to the row of daffodils that separates her from her audience and tells the children how glad she is they could accept the invitation of the music club that brings her to the city, and her own invitation to come this afternoon.

"I am playing to children in great halls like this, and in smaller halls, all over Canada," she says, "and I love to do it because there are so many little things I want to say to you about music, especially about violin music, and questions I want to ask you. There may also be questions you want to ask me, but first of all let me play you something—it is a sonata by the great master, Haydn."

And then this boyish girl takes up her violin and sets it against her cheek and over the great palpitating sea of excited children float the quiet notes; the singing voice, the free spirit, the eternal joy, the expression of all youth speaking to them in their own language.

The effect was instantaneous. No child there had to be introduced to this beauty. It belonged to each one of them, and they appropriated it instantly, in silence while the music lasted, and then with such a storm of applause as must have carried a happy conviction to the artist.

Observe that before playing she did not preface or explain the sonata. She took everything for granted. She gave her childish audience a piece of perfect classicism first—the finished product of beauty for which there is never any explanation.

"NOW," she said, when the applause died down, "I'm awfully glad you liked that so much. I think it is beautiful too, but it is rather hard to play, though it sounds so easy. It becomes beautiful as you work at it. How many of you are studying music?"

Thousands of hands went up.

"How many are studying the piano?"

Fully a thousand hands.

"How many the violin?"

Hundreds of hands.

"Ah, that is good. Well, now, the thing is that you must make the violin a very beautiful voice. How many of you like to practise?"

A studious storm of hands

"WHEN listening to the end of the 'Meistersinger'" quotes the writer of this article, from Romain Rolland, the well-known novelist—"I felt how the haughty music of the great march reflected the spirit of this military nation of shop-keepers, bursting with rude health and complacent pride."

The application of this opinion alone would influence you to read this article. But Katherine Hale has gone farther, and puts the onus of Canada's musical future and the prophecy it may make, upon every parent, teacher, and upon individuals generally, who are or should be interested in the child's musical education—in short, upon YOU.

—THE EDITORS.

Isolde Menges—Violinist

"How many of you don't like to practise?"

A laughing ripple of hands

"Well! I'm in the last class! I never have liked very much to practise. But I like very much to make the violin sing, and to do that I have to think about it, and to work. I thought about this violin voice when I was very little. Guess when I gave my first concert? How old do you think I was?"

The auditorium rang with "guesses."

Isolde Menges waited for the uproar to subside, and when it did not subside she waved her instrument and stamped her foot in a sort of elfin fury.

"Do not make such a wild noise!" she commanded. "Listen to me! I was only three when I played in my first concert on my tiny violin. I want Canadian children to learn to love their violins when they are very small, like that. You must ask your parents to let your little sisters and brothers have baby violins and if they do not keep such things here in the music shops you must ask them to send for them. It is never too young to begin to learn, and all learning should begin like play work. Then there are such lovely little pieces. Here is one by Schubert, "The Moment Musicale." Many of you have learned it upon the piano. I wonder what picture it makes for you? This is what I see as I play the little phrases, or sentences, of this piece. I see a dark wood and several little gnomes, you know, those fairy men with the peaked caps and merry wrinkled faces? Well, there they are, playing a little game in the woods. Listen and see if it comes to you like that!"

AGAIN she took up her instrument, and the children listened to her, fascinated by a fairy spell, and again they responded instantly as the tiny elfish picture floated over the great hall.

Play-time was illustrated in a joyous French dance, summer time by Schubert's "Bee."

"Shut your eyes and be very quiet," commanded the artist before she played this, "for it isn't a very big bee, and you won't hear it hum unless you listen."

Sleepy time depicted in a little lullaby composed by the artist's own little twelve year old brother, brought the question "how many of you write compositions in music?"

A few shy hands went up.

"Why not begin to try to makes tunes as you do little pictures and stories?" asked the girl with the boy's hair. She was quickly becoming a comrade that they knew very well.

During her last number, when a few of them became restless and began to scramble for wraps and rubbers, she gave them a little lesson in politeness.

"If anyone leaves this hall while I am playing, I shall think they are very rude! And fancy any boy or girl not waiting to sing 'God Save the King'."

Afterwards, Miss Menges told me that she was quite as much interested in this end of her art, the playing to children wherever and whenever she can, as in the carefully arranged programmes for mature audiences.

"In the first place," she says, "it is much easier, more inspiring, for an artist to play to children, for their minds are clearer, their spirits more receptive; they are not weighed down by a lot of unnecessary things—wondering thoughts about non-essentials, for instance—as older people are, and so the message of music goes straight home to them. And then I resent the idea that all the best concerts should be given to grown up people, from the point of view of the children's pleasure as well as their education. And so from one end of Canada to the other, I am trying to do my bit in this way. I have had, or will have, engagements in all the largest towns and cities from coast to coast, and everywhere I suggest to the committee who engage me, that I should like to give a free concert to the children of the town."

SURELY there is a hint here for many musicians! Much might be done in an educative way along the same line by others who possess the seeing eye and the understanding heart as well as the gift for music. Music clubs could take up the question with much benefit to themselves and the children, and so could conservatories and colleges of music.

Another movement which is now on foot in several Canadian and American cities is that of Saturday morning talks to children about various phases of music. I have been to one or two "mornings" which were distinctly worth while.

An invitation is given through the press to all the children to come to the recital hall of some large music shop, a club room or elsewhere, and under the supervision of someone who has mapped out a plan of procedure the children are introduced to different phases of music.

At the first of these hours that I attended I found a slim young girl in charge, who evidently knew and loved children as well as she knew and loved music, for she seemed to be drawing out their own individuality as well as giving them something definite to study out for themselves during the week to come before the next "Hour."

It was a dance morning. There had been a little talk about dancing and how music and color may be turned into the movement and rhythm of the dance. Two little children, a boy and a girl, gave a dance that they had themselves "invented" the week before. It was an Oriental dance and they had costumed it and worked it out in a delightful fashion. The other children sat about the big room not as an "audience," but in groups, just as they liked, and they asked questions and made suggestions and were altogether free to express themselves on the subject of music and dancing

"Last week it was Gramaphone Day," said the—what shall I call her—Instructress? "We had a tremendous crowd of children, for, you see, there is a gramophone in nearly every home and the small people of to-day are beginning to know the world's artists so well through the records that names like Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Calve, Melba, and so on, are so familiar that they are naturally eager to hear anything I can tell them about these artists and the music that they sing and play. We have a graphophone expert here and he described to the children the process of making the records, and why it is that certain voices are so beautiful in the machine and why some voices are unpleasant.

One little boy of about seven said to his neighbor, "I do hope they won't put on the "Humoresque," I get awfully tired of that tune. I like Fritz Kreisler's "Reverie" much better."

WHEN one realizes that there is nothing unusual in such a discriminating remark from a small boy whose home is in no way more musical than that of many others in this day of a thousand records, one can see that an awakening of musical consciousness is one of the signs of the times.

Perhaps, should one look far enough into it, a reason for the effort which is certainly being made throughout Canada for more music in the schools and a better conception of the meaning of music, lies in the fact that people everywhere are beginning to realize that the safety and sanity of a nation really lies in the dream at its heart which makes possible the word on its lips.

Dreams are the sub-conscious thoughts of men's minds working out on the astral plane, the plane of unconsciousness which we call sleep. When the dream is carried over into everyday life we call it imagination.

Now, children are the most imaginative folk in the whole world, and as they dream, while they are children, so they will "do" in later life. The German dream of all-power, a black dream, has overshadowed the whole world.

"What are children?" says Savigny, the French scientist, in a recent novel called "Promise." "Take away sentiment and poetry and they are in truth but unfinished facts. It is the fulfilled fact that I seek and must seek—the perfect man."

"Seek him!" replied Lemaure, the musician. "Leave us the children. What are they indeed? Possibilities, renewals, promises. And the only perfect thing in this imperfect world is promise."

And that is why I ask, and so many others all over the country are asking, that the meaning of music may be made clear to the heart of the promise of this country—its children.

The Haunted House on Duchess St.

Being a Narration of Certain Strange Events Alleged to Have Taken Place at York, Upper Canada, in or about the Year 1823

By JOHN CHARLES DENT

(Continued from last issue)

THE doctor was a late bird and had not retired to rest. He at once set out for Duchess Street, Jim Summers going round by the house of his sister-in-law on Palace Street to arouse his wife, who slept there. Upon receiving his wife's promise to follow him as soon as she could huddle on her clothing, Jim ran on in advance, and reached the Duchess Street house only a minute or two later than Dr. Pritchard.

The doctor had been there long enough, however, to ascertain that the Captain's neck was broken, and that he was where no human aid could reach him. He would preside over no more orgies in the large room on the upper storey.

A will, drawn up in due form in the office of Mr. Washburn, and properly signed and attested, had been made by the deceased a short time after taking possession of the place on Duchess Street. His fortune chiefly consisted of an income of five hundred pounds sterling per annum. This income lapsed upon his death, and it had thus been unnecessary to make any testamentary provision respecting it, except as to the portion which should accrue between the last quarter-day and the death of the testator. This portion was bequeathed to an elder brother residing in Gloucestershire. All the other property of the deceased was bequeathed to Mr. Washburn, in trust to dispose of such personal belongings as did not consist of ready money, and to transmit the proceeds, together with all the cash in hand, to the said elder brother in Gloucestershire.

The latter provisions were duly carried into effect by Mr. Washburn within a few days after the funeral, and it might well have been supposed that the good people of York had heard the last of Captain Bywater and his affairs.

But they hadn't.

At the sale of Captain Bywater's effects, a portion of the furniture belonging to the dining-room, kitchen and one bedroom were purchased by Jim Summers, who, with his wife, continued to reside in the Duchess Street house pending the letting of it to a new tenant. These temporary occupants thus lived in three rooms, their sleeping apartment being on the upper storey at the northern side of the house, and on the opposite side of the hall from the large room which had been the scene of so much recent dissipation. All the rest of the house was left bare, and the doors of the unoccupied rooms were kept locked.

All went on quietly until nearly a month after the funeral. But this state of things was not to be of long continuance. One night when Mr. Washburn was busy over his briefs in his study at home, he was disturbed by a loud knocking at his front door. As it was nearly midnight he answered the summons in person. Upon unfastening the door he found Jim and his wife at the threshold. They stumbled impetuously into the hall, and were evidently laboring under some tremendous excitement. The lawyer conducted them into the study, where they poured into his astonished ears a most singular tale.

Their story was to the effect that they had been disturbed for several nights previously by strange and inexplicable noises in the house occupied by them on Duchess Street. They had been aroused from sleep at indeterminate hours by the sound of voices, which seemed to come from the large front room across the hall. As the door of that room was fast closed and locked, they had not been able to distinguish the particular words, but they both declared that the voice was marvellously like that of Captain Bywater. On such occasion, they had controlled themselves sufficiently to institute a vigorous investigation of the premises, but had discovered nothing to throw any light upon the subject. They had found all the doors and the windows securely fastened, and there was no sign of the presence of any thing or anybody to account for the gliding footsteps. They had unlocked and entered the front room, and found it bare and deserted as it had been left ever since the removal of the furniture after the sale. They had even gone to the length of unlocking and entering every other room in the house, but had found no clue to the mysterious sounds which had disturbed them. They were reluctant to make themselves the laughing-stock of the town by letting the idea get abroad that they were afraid of ghosts, and they determined to hold their tongues. But the manifestations had at last assumed a complexion which rendered it impossible to pursue such a course any longer, and they vehemently protested that they would not pass another night in the accursed house for any bribe that could be offered them.

THEY had spent the preceding evening at home, as usual, and had gone to bed a little before ten o'clock. The recent manifestations had probably left some lingering trace upon their nerves, but they had no premonitions of further experiences of the same character, and had soon dropped asleep. They knew not how long they had slept when they were suddenly and simultaneously rendered broad awake by a succession of sounds which could not possibly be explained by any reference to mere imagination. They heard the voice of their late master as distinctly as they had ever heard it during his life. As before, it emanated from the front room, but this time there was no possibility of their being deceived, as they caught not only the sound of his voice, but also certain words which they had often heard from his lips in bygone times. "Don't spare the liquor, gentlemen," roared the Captain, "There's plenty more where that came from. More sugar and lemon, you scoundrel, and be handy with the hot water." Then was heard the jingling of glasses and loud rappings as if made with the knuckles of the hand on the table. Other voices were now heard joining in conversation, but too indistinctly for the now thoroughly frightened listeners to catch any of the actual words. The uproar lasted for at least five minutes, when the Captain gave one of his characteristic drunken howls and of a sudden all was still and silent as the grave.

As might naturally have been expected, the listeners were terror-stricken. For a few moments after the cessation of the disturbance, they lay there in silent, open-mouthed wonderment and fear. Then, before they could find their voices, their ears were assailed by a loud noise in the hall below, followed by the muffled "bow-wow" of a dog, the sound of which seemed to come from the landing at the head of the stairway. Jim could stand the pressure of the situation no longer. He sprang from the bed, lighted a candle and rushed out into the hall. Just as he passed from the door in the hall, a heavy footstep was heard slowly ascending the stairs. He paused where he stood, candle in hand. The steps came on, on, on, with measured tread. A moment more and he caught sight of the ascending figure. Horror of horrors! It was his late master—clothes, cane and all—just as he had been in life; and at the head of the stairs stood Nero, who gave vent to another low bark of recognition. When the Captain reached the landing place, he turned half way round, and the light of the candle fell full on his face. The dog crouched back against the wall, and after a brief halt near the stair-head, Captain Bywater turned the knob of his bedroom door and passed in. The dog followed, the door was closed, and once more all was silent. Jim turned and encountered the white face of his wife. She had been standing behind him all the while, and had seen everything just as it had been presented to his own eyes. Moreover, impelled by some inward prompting for which she could never account, she had counted the footsteps as they had ascended the stairs. They had been exactly seventeen!

The pair re-entered their room and took hurried counsel together. They had distinctly seen the Captain turn the knob and pass into his bed-room, followed by the semblance of Nero. As they well knew, the door of that room was locked, and the key was at that moment in the pocket of Mrs. Summer's dress. In sheer desperation, they resolved at all hazards to unlock the door and enter the room. Mrs. Summers produced the key and handed it to her husband. She carried the candle and accompanied him to the stair-head. He turned the lock and pushed the door wide open before him, and both advanced into the room. It was empty, and the window was found firmly fastened on the inside, as it had been left weeks before.

They returned to their own bedroom, and agreed that any further stay in such a house of horrors was not to be thought of. Hastily arraying themselves in such clothing as came readily to hand, they passed down the stairway, unbolted the front door, blew out the light, and made their way into the open air. Then they relocked the door from outside and left the place. Their intended destination was the house of Mrs. Summers' sister, but they decided to go round by Mr. Washburn's and tell him their story, as they knew he kept late hours and would most likely not have gone to bed.

Mr. Washburn, stolid man of law though he was, could not listen to such a narrative without signs of astonishment. After thinking over the matter a few moments, he requested his visitors to pass the night under his roof, and to keep their own counsel for the present about their strange experiences. As he well knew, if the singular story got wind there would be no possibility of finding another tenant for the vacant house.

NEXT morning at an early hour, the lawyer and the ex-serving man proceeded to the Duchess Street house. Everything was as it had been left the night before, and no clue could be found to the mysterious circumstances so solemnly attested to by Jim Summers and his spouse. The perfect sincerity of the couple could not be doubted but Mr. Washburn was on the whole, disposed to believe that they had in some way been imposed upon by designing persons who wished to frighten them off the premises, or that their imaginations had played them a scurvy trick. With a renewed caution as to silence he dismissed them, and they thenceforth took up their abode in the house of Mrs. Summers' sister on Palace Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Summers kept their mouths as close as, under the circumstance stances could reasonably have been expected of them. The story would probably not have become known at all, but for a succession of circumstances which took place when the haunted house had been vacant about two months.

An American immigrant named Horsfall arrived at York with a view of settling there and opening out a general store. Hearing that a house on Duchess Street was to let, he called and went over the premises with Mr. Washburn, who naturally kept silent as to the supernatural appearances which had driven the Summerses from the door in the middle of the night. The inspection proved satisfactory, and Mr. Horsfall took the place for a year. His household consisted of his wife, two grown-up daughters, a son in his fifteenth year, and a black female servant. They came up from Utica in advance of Mr. Horsfall's expectations, and before the house was ready for them, but matters were pushed forward with all possible speed, and on the evening of the second day after their arrival, they took possession of the place. The furniture was thrown in higgledy-piggledy, and all attempts to put things to rights were postponed until the next day. Two beds were hastily made up on the floor of the drawing-room, one for the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Horsfall, and the other for the two young women. A third bed was extemporized on the floor of the dining-room for the occupation of Master George Washington, and Dinah found repose on a lounge in the adjacent kitchen. The entire household went to bed some time between ten and eleven o'clock, all pretty well tired, and prepared for a comfortable night's rest.

They had been in bed somewhat more than an hour when the whole family was aroused by the barking of a dog in the lower hall. The head of the family lost no time in lighting a candle and opening the door into the hall. At the same moment G. W. opened the door on the opposite side. Yes, there, sure enough, was a large, black Newfoundland dog, seemingly very much at home, as though he belonged to the place. As the youth advanced towards him he retreated to the stairway, up which he passed at a great padding pace. How on earth had he gained an entrance? Well, at all events he must be got rid of; but he looked as if he would be an awkward customer to tackle at close quarters and Mr. Horsfall deemed it prudent to put on part of his clothing before making any attempt to expel him.

While he was dressing, the tread of the animal on the floor of the upper hall could be distinctly heard, and ever and anon he emitted a sort of low, barking sound, which was ominous of a disposition to resent any interference with him. By this time all the members of the household were astir and clustering about the lower hall. Mr. Horsfall, with a lighted candle in one hand and a stout cudgel in the other, passed up the stairs and looked along the passage. Why, what on earth had become of the dog! It was nowhere to be seen! Where could it have hidden itself? Had ie entered any of the rooms? Impossible, for they were all closed, though not locked. He, however, looked into each room in succession, only to find "darkness there and nothing more."

Then he concluded the brute must have gone down stairs while he had been putting on his clothes in the room below. No, that could not be, for George Washington had never left the foot of the stairway from the moment the dog first passed up. Had it jumped through one of the windows? No, they were all fast and intact, Had it gone up the chimney of the front room? No, apart from the absurdity of the idea, the hole was not large enough to admit of a dog one-fifth its size. In vain the house was searched through and through. Not a sign of the huge disturber of the domestic peace was to be seen anywhere.

AFTER a while, Mr. Horsfall, at a loss for anything better to exercise his faculties upon, opened both the front and back doors and looked all over the premises, alternately calling "Carlo" "Watch" and every other name which occurred to him as likely to be borne by a dog. There was no response, and in sheer disgust, he re-entered the house and again sought his couch. In a few minutes more the household was again locked in slumber. But they were not at the end of their annoyances. About half an hour after midnight, they were once more aroused—this time by the sound of loud voices in the large upper room.

"I tell you we will all have glasses round," roared a stentorian voice, "I will knock down the first man who objects!"

Everybody in the house heard the voice and the words. This was apparently more serious than the dog. Mr. Horsfall regretted that he had left his pistols at the inn, but he determined to rid the place of intruders whoever they might be. Grasping the cudgel he again made his way upstairs, candle in hand. When more than half way up he caught sight of a tall, heavily-built, red-faced man, who had apparently emerged from the larger room, and who was just on the point of opening the door of the back bedroom. "Who are you, you scoundrel?" exclaimed Mr. Horsfall. The man apparently neither saw nor heard him, but opened the door

(Continued on page 46)

Synopsis of Preceding Instalment

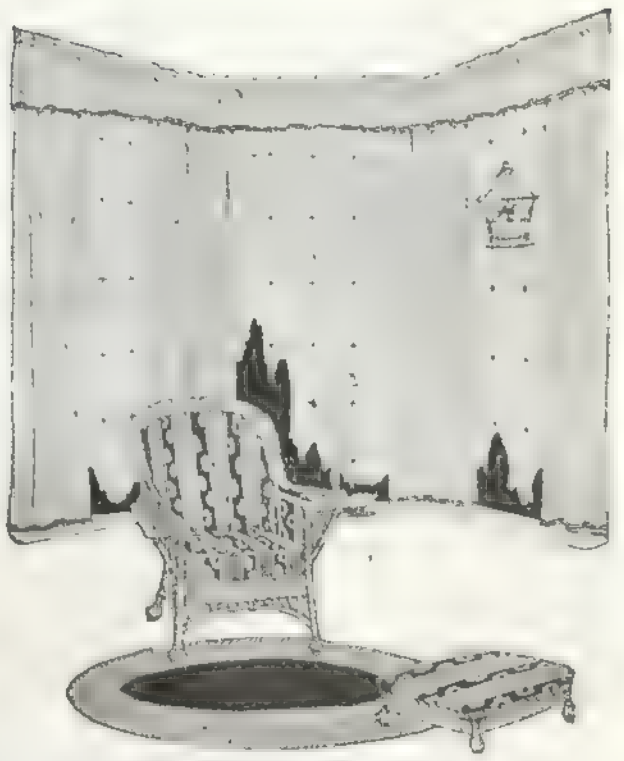
IN the year 1822 or thereabouts there stood upon Duchess Street, in the Town of York, now the City of Toronto, an old house, once the property of the Ridout Family. At the time of the story, however, it was occupied by a certain Captain Stephen Bywater, an Englishman of unsavory reputation, who, leaving the Old Country because of misconduct, came to York and took up his abode in the old Duchess Street house. His household consisted of a large Newfoundland dog, Nero, a manservant, Jim Summers, and his wife. The latter, however, left the house each night, going to sleep with a sister and returning in the morning.

One night, after a wild orgy Jim Summers retired to bed, only to be awakened by the sound of a sharp report and a howl from Nero. Rushing out, he found the dog's body stretched at the head of the stair, while on the floor beneath Captain Bywater lay in a huddled mass.

Your Curtains

The Art of Making and Hanging Them and a Word About Rugs

By
E. H. MORAN



NO amount of furniture in a room will make it look homelike until there are curtains at the windows. Curtains are like good clothes. We do not have to have them, but they make an amazing difference in our peace of mind.

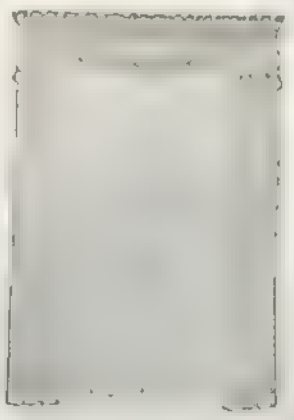
Three types of curtains are in ordinary use, the roller shade, casement, or inner curtains next the glass, and over-draperies.

The roller shade is the most universally used type of curtain. Its wide use is explained by its great utility. The color of the roller shade should be selected from the outside of the house rather than the inside. A soft, medium tone of green is particularly good if the house is painted white. Brick red or dark blue roller shades are seldom a safe investment. Tan is an inconspicuous color which harmonizes well with many other tints.

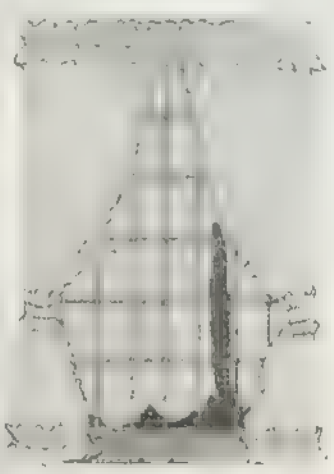
Where roller shades must be used, two sets of them will be found to work admirably, a dark shade toward the street and a white Holland shade next the room. By the use of the two pairs it is possible to regulate the light pleasantly at all hours and seasons. Where the home-maker does not care to use two sets, a duplex shade is good. This is of double-faced material, showing two colors; say green on the outside and white on the inside.

If the furnishings of your room are severe, a roller shade made of glazed cretonne in a bright pattern is charming. This material can be used to particular advantage in a white kitchen.

Colored shades which pull up and down may be used with side drapes to match.



Crisp curtains of white muslin edged with colored rick-rack braid.



A shaped valance dresses up a plain room and adds to its homelike effect.

Casement curtains should be made of sheer material, and simply hung. Over-draperies necessitate the use of heavier material which will hang in pretty folds.

Choice of Materials

FOR casement curtains white should not be used unless there is a good deal of white in the furnishings of the room. In bedrooms, and in a breakfast room, or sun-parlor, white is often desirable. In every other case some variation of ecru or cream is preferable. Where the light is cold, as in a northeast room, a pale shade of pink or of sunshine yellow will be found to bring a surprising amount of warmth into the effect of the whole room.

Over-draperies may be of a shade which harmonizes with both wall and furniture. For instance, if you have mahogany furniture and a buff wall, choose curtains with a buff ground and a pattern showing mahogany tints.

If the color effect of a whole room is monotonous, the needed accent of variety may be supplied by the over-draperies. Suppose you are seeking over-draperies for a dining-room which has a dark brown rug on an antique oak floor, the walls a lighter shade of brown, and the furniture Flemish oak. Here the over-draperies might be made of cretonne in a foliage pattern with a brown and buff ground and small, fairly bright figures of blue, green, and burnt orange.

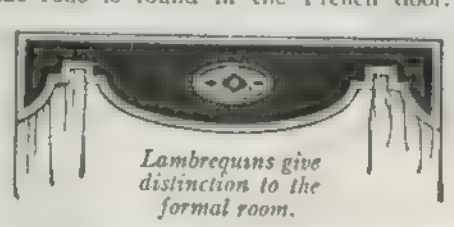
Much depends upon the texture of the material. Mercerized fabrics are quite successful, and wear extremely well.

THE thrifty housekeeper will practically always find it an economy to make her curtains at home. For casement curtains a simple hem about two inches wide, ladder stitched, is a durable and desirable finish. Another excellent way to provide an edge is to crochet a simple half-inch lace into the material. Knitted lace also is delightful. Imitation Cluny can be used if you do not care to do the hand-work.

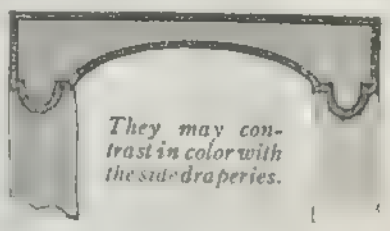
Over-draperies usually have some sort of dressing for the window which runs across the top. It may be a lambrequin, or it may be a valance. A lambrequin is a straight piece, usually stiffened and shaped. It is used only in large and formal rooms. The valance is the more usual finish for the top. This may be box plaited, gathered, or shirred.

The day of the conspicuous pole or rod has gone by. When over-draperies are used the "goose-neck" rod is best.

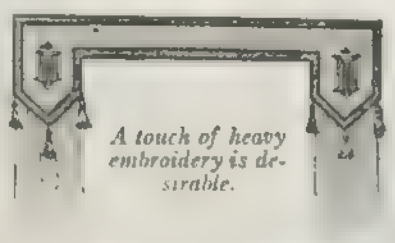
Another use which calls exclusively for flat rods is found in the French door.



Lambrequins give distinction to the formal room.



They may contrast in color with the side draperies.



A touch of heavy embroidery is desirable.

Here casement curtains of some thin material should be made with a heading and a run at both top and bottom.

One's mind need not be carried far to pass from curtains to rugs. In fact, at this time of year, the whole artistic scheme of interior decoration plays an important part in the average housekeeper's plans. June brings visions of summer cottages and all their attendant requirements —painted furniture, wicker-work, hangings, and—rugs. Whether they be the cheaper summer variety or the more expensive weaves of richness and elegance designed for the plutocrat's country home, they are interesting, all and sundry.

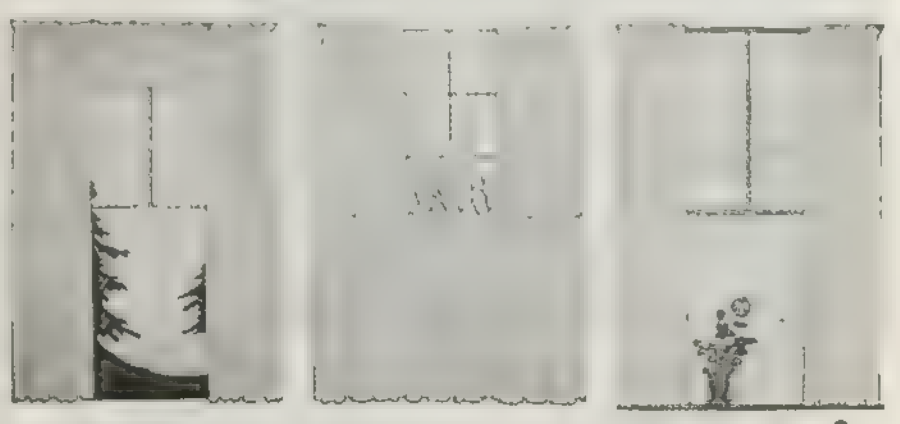
Recently there has been to some extent a revolution in floor decoration. This has had its basis in the same idea that scissored off our mother's skirts: hygiene and practicality. The old interlined carpets, which were considered necessary to every well-regulated household, and which in some cases lay from one May 1st to another, accumulating the sandstorm of dust and germs which their annual resurrection and renovation gave forth, have gone. In their place has come a great variety of rugs, each new kind, as a rule, worse than the other so far as any artistic and decorative value is concerned; always excepting of course the higher types of Orientals, which were originally designed for divan and even table covers and were not, in the Occident, trodden upon until late in the sixteenth century, and then rarely.

With the advent of the modern painted furniture an entirely new problem has arisen; and this can be met only with something as new as the furniture itself, and now in the same sense, i.e.: the modernization of a mid-Victorian idea. Decorators have tried the braided rug, and the plain velvet rug, in suitable tones. But these both lack something. Now they are experimenting with the Colonial hook rug.

During the last six months this innovation has been rapidly coming into its own. It is of an utterly different texture from the old-fashioned rag carpet, although it is usually made from cotton rags. It can also be made of new woollen material and in the latter case the finished product has a thick pile, soft and deep—indeed, even deeper than that of the Chinese or French velvet carpet, though of course not so fine. The more you walk on a hook rug the more splendid its texture becomes, the more definite and yet more delightfully blended the pattern grows. The foundations of these rugs are of canvas, coarse and loosely woven, and preferably of linen fibre. By a simple mechanical process the material that is to form the mat is pulled through the foundation. The best method is the steel hook, which looks like a small bent screwdriver, with which the endless strips of rags are pulled through the mat in loops, working from the front. Rugs so made are almost as good on one side as on the other. When wool is used, the loops may be cut and a pile results. But in the case of linen or cotton rags, the material frays too easily and a more lasting quality is obtained by leaving the loops intact.

Hook rugs are really the salvation of the interior decorator, who has to deal with painted and wicker furniture. As time goes on they will become more general and more easily secured.

The Right and The Wrong Way



These three arrangements are in bad taste. They fail to harmonize with the structural lines of room or window. Hour-glass construction, crossed widths of fabric, and poles swathed as if for sore throat are all undesirable.

Turning from the group on the left we breathe a sigh of relief. Quiet, good taste is evidenced in these three. Where the view through the lower sash is ugly the middle arrangement is especially useful.

Elsie Ferguson

The people's latest "movie" favorite

By C. J. Dillabaugh.

In "Barbary Sheep"—that rich and beautiful presentation—Miss Ferguson made her first appearance on the screen.

ONCE there was a very quiet girl who wasn't very pretty. Sounds like a fairy story—it is, a really true one. Even her parents didn't think her pretty and she was so quiet that it never occurred to them that she would some day be very brilliant.

"I was terribly shy and timid as a child," she says, "particularly when it came to talking. This was principally because I didn't care to talk trivialities, and when I did think of some thing I considered worth saying, I felt that I would be misunderstood so I said nothing—therefore, I got the reputation of being a dull child."

"Did I really look like that?" And Mr. Geo. M. Cohan, the well-known American comedian, assures her she did.

It is rather surprising then, that this sort of child should become a chorus girl. But she did when she was fourteen, although she seemingly had not the slightest idea of making the stage and screen her life work. Her mother had planned to have her go to college, and then marry and settle down to home life. These plans were changed when one day a girl friend asked her to go to a theatrical manager's office where she was to apply for a place in the chorus of a new musical production. She had no intention of applying herself, and went rather as a lark! She plodded up the dusty stairs to the most unpicturesque office, and after the manager had finished talking to her girl friend, he turned to her, and despite the fact that she was still in short dresses, with her hair floating down her back, he asked her, "Don't you want to go on the stage, too!"

He put the idea into her head, and without second thought, she chirped "YES."

"All right," was the answer.

A few days later she received a rehearsal notice and she began dancing and singing like mad, trying to compete with 50 other girls who also were rehearsing for the chorus of "The Belle of New York."

It was not until the night before the show opened that the news leaked out, and then Elsie's mamma was torn with conflicting emotions. She was grieved at her little daughter's duplicity, yet delighted with her pluck. So into "The Belle of New York" chorus went Elsie, and she not only played in New York, but went on tour.

Miss Ferguson has since confessed that it made her quite unhappy to be in the "merry merry" for she was

In "The Song of Songs"

not what the other girls called "a good fellow," and she was pretty much alone.

"I know I was not a good chorus girl," said Miss Ferguson, laughingly, "or at least, I was a good chorus girl, for I took myself and life very seriously."

"It was a great moment of my life when I was given my first speaking lines. I thought I was shouting out shrilly to the housetops, but I must have been too confidential about it, for not even those on the stage could hear. However, the great first night came. I said my lines and I was no longer a chorus girl, but a dramatic actress."

But this did not last long, so I was put back as a chorus girl, where I remained for a long time, but when I

began getting dramatic parts, as I realized my inadequacies, I listened and studied. Instead of remaining in my dressing room gossiping and reading novels, I stayed in the wings, watched the others, listened to the directors, and when I wanted to know about things, I asked questions. Unconsciously I learned the tricks of speaking and gesture; I hitched my ambitions to a star, and worked diligently to make myself a real success."

ONE of Miss Ferguson's chief characteristics is her sense of humor. She has been showered with admiration from unknown persons.

"There was a time when an unknown admirer, a man who wanted to meet me, appealed to my love of admiration; that was in the early days when I did not know what the life of an actress was, but I have learned that the safest way to keep the public, is not to let them become disillusioned by seeing me out of character."

"I remember quite well a very close friend who had an unknown admirer who wrote her the most importunate love letters day after day for seasons. He was mad to meet her; it kept up such a long time, and he was so persistent and faithful in his admiration, that when she found he had met some people who were friends of hers, and had persuaded them to present him, she agreed to the introduction. This is what happened. The minute he met her he lost interest. She never saw or heard of him from that day. I have profitted by her experience; I am too clever to let any unknown admirer get close enough to see the real Elsie Ferguson. The only safe way to fan such an infatuation, and keep such a man interested, is to confine his impressions to the interpretation of the screen and the stage."

As an artist, Miss Ferguson stands in a class by herself, and no degree of success or public acclaim can turn her head or induce her to believe that she has no more to learn and nothing to unlearn. She is always the exemplification of naturalness, and yet she declares there is no such thing as actual naturalness on the stage or screen; one seems natural—that's all.

"I hope I make that clear. If a woman quarrels with her husband or sweetheart in her drawing-room, there is a scene in some degree, of course; probably she raises her voice a key or two, and she moves about the room, or she may grant herself a few gestures, but that scene would be absolutely lost on the screen; she must at least double, or in fact at times, triple her intensity, and maybe go so far as to quadruple it. In accomplishing this for the silent drama, we do not add intensity to our voice, but just to our expressions and determine just what emphasis to give certain ones, so as to increase the emphatic point when needed."

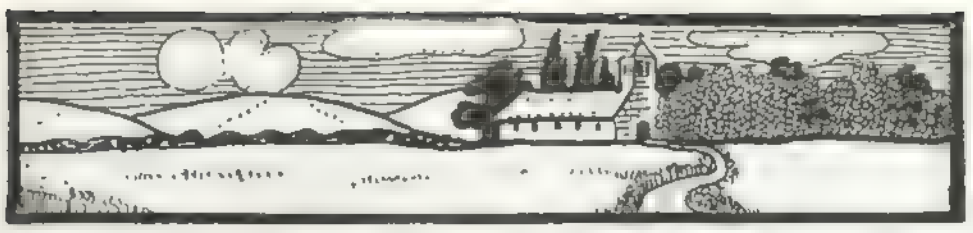
"WITH this naturalness there must also come variety, a change of tempo and expression, so that your audience will not become tired or your work become monotonous. I have never derived any false opinions from my good fortune, and many do not understand that it has been a long, hard pull for me to attain the success I have. I know it, and I shall never forget it. Besides, the fact that I am successful to-day, does not mean that I will be tomorrow. Women have rather a hard time in life. All of them have. Sometimes I think that it is a very horrible

Elsie Ferguson in "A Doll's House," by Ibsen. Her dramatic ability was certainly proven in this.

thing to be a woman."

Because Miss Ferguson is so charmingly beautiful and so attractively natural, it is perfectly safe to talk about her beauty. "Of course," she says, "every woman must devote some time to keeping herself well-groomed. I have a very effective way of keeping what beauty I possess and of improving it. I believe beauty is a matter of mind; it must radiate from within. The beauty we rub on with a rabbit's foot, or acquire across the counter, is fleeting; rouged, red

(Continued on page 48)



Laugh Time Tales

"Life without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

A RETAIL shoe dealer wrote to a jobber ordering a quantity of rubbers. The jobber wired him, "Cannot ship your order until past due account is paid."

The merchant promptly telegraphed "Unable to wait that long. Cancel order."

Unlucky Thirteen

"WAITER," he said indulgently but firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Why, then, do you bring me only eleven?"

The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly.

"Sir," he said calmly, none of our patrons cares to sit thirteen at table."

Tough Ones

LISTEN to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he unfolded his scientific paper: "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious John," exclaimed Mrs. Stubb in horror, "those are what they call hardened criminals, I expect."

Amusing the Baby

"HAVE you amused your baby brother, Willie, and kept him quiet while I was gone?"

"Yes ma, and he hasn't opened his mouth since you went away."

"What did you do to amuse him, Willie?"

"I gave him the mucilage bottle to suck."

Not Dead

THE new clergyman was sent for by an elderly lady. "Oh, sir," she said, "I hope you will excuse my asking you to call, but when I heard you preach last Sunday you did so remind me of my poor brother who was took from me."

"And how long ago did your brother die?" asked the clergyman sympathetically.

"Oh, sir, he isn't dead," was the reply. "He was took to the asylum."

The Retort Courteous

THE first Tommy was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn.

The second was smooth-shaven. "I useter have a beard like that till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off."

But the bearded man was not dismayed. "Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I useter have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard."

Father's Friends

"ARE the people who are coming this evening of any social prominence, mother?"

"Dear me, no, child. They are all your father's friends."

Only Natural

HE had ordered lobster. She felt that she ought to be entertaining, so she remarked: "Isn't it queer that lobsters are always green until they get into hot water?"

"Nothing queer about it," he came back. "If they weren't green they wouldn't get into hot water."

Trouble for Pa

CALLER—"So the doctor brought you a baby sister last night, eh?"

Tommy—"Yes, I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him telling pa if he didn't pay his bill he'd make trouble for him."

A YOUNG Cambridge man who has not long been married usually confides his troubles to a friend whose matrimonial experience covers a period of twenty years. One day the former remarked very despondently, "I said something to my wife she didn't like and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

The eyes of the old married man brightened.

"Say, old man," he exclaimed eagerly, "can you remember what it was you said?"

Not Quite the Same

"DO you know the nature of an oath, madam? "Well, I ought to, sir. We've just moved and my husband has been laying the carpets."

Canny Sandy

SANDY had just met his girl at the end of the street, where she was waiting for him. She was looking into a confectioner's window when Sandy made his presence known by remarking:

"Weel, Jennie, what are ye gaun to have the nicht?"

She, not inclined to ask too much, replied:

"Oh, I'll just tak what you'll tak, Sandy."

"O, then, we'll tak a walk," said Sandy, as he led her away.

His Right Hand Pocket

A NEGRO was recently brought into a Virginia Court on a charge of larceny. After hearing the evidence, the Judge pondered for a moment before passing sentence and said: "Rastus, you are fined ten dollars."

Whereupon the negro replied: "Boss, dat's a small skimption. Ah got dat ten dollars right down in mah left-hand vest pocket."

"Well," continued the Judge, "just dig down in your right-hand vest pocket and see if you can find thirty days."

A Human Centipede

AN Irish housekeeper was showing to some visitors the family portraits in the picture gallery.

"That officer there in uniform," she said, "was the great-great-grandfather of the present owner of the property. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have a leg or arm carried away."

Then she proudly added:

"He took part in 24 engagements."

Not in the Street Car

BOBBY," said the lady in the street car severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in the street car," grinned Bobby.

Recreation

WHAT constitutes recreation depends, of course, on the point of view. Here is that of a certain small citizen in a school for dependent children. He wrote to his father thus:

"We are having a good time here now. Mr. Jones broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Smith fell off of the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy-whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Harry cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

Tenderer than Skin

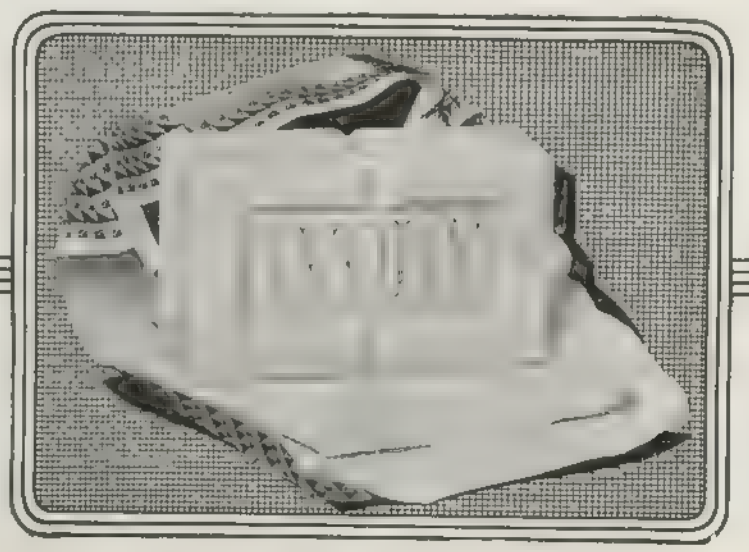
The laundry work for which Ivory Soap is used is another proof of its excellence for bath and toilet. For Ivory Soap washes safely the exquisite linens and laces, the gossamer-like silks, the delicately colored materials which will show the effect of the slightest particle of free alkali or any other harsh material sooner even than your tender skin.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



Misshapen Heads and How They Happen

And Answers to Some of the Other Questions Our Readers of Professor Farmer's Articles Have been Asking

By PROFESSOR A. B. FARMER

Character Specialist, Head of Vocational Clinic of the Memorial Institute, Toronto

Entered at Ottawa in accordance with the Copyright Act

YOU have thought of a good many questions, I am sure, that you would like to ask me if you only had the opportunity. I know you have, because wherever I address meetings of mothers, as I do from time to time, the questions are showered upon me and it is with difficulty that I am able to break away.

I may almost say that I know these questions, because they so often centre around the same great subjects. The following have come to me recently. I will endeavor to answer them.

ARTHUR BLACK FARMER.

Effect of Rickets

"I know a boy of eleven with a peculiarly shaped head. It is very square, with prominent corners at the back, and on the top there is a depression almost like the mark of a hot cross bun. Has this any significance?"

YES, indeed. Every peculiarly shaped head is significant. This "hot-cross-bun" head is Nature's record of an all too common disease of childhood, but one which is becoming now much better understood and should disappear in another generation—rickets.

Rickets is a disease of infancy. It is caused by faulty diet. It is most common among bottle fed babies, especially where cow's milk much diluted, or milk to which starchy material has been added is used, but it also occurs in breast-fed infants, no doubt as a result of wrong dietetic habits of the mother. The mother lived too much on starchy food, and neglected to eat sufficient fresh fruits and vegetables and whole grains, with the result that there was a deficiency of bone making material for the child.

Lacking the proper material with which to build bone, the bones fail to harden, and grow irregularly, and are readily pulled out of shape by any effort. The bones of the skull also continue to grow too rapidly without hardening. The unfortunate child suffers and in consequence of weakness and pain becomes peevish and irritable.

Nature attempts to protect the sick and the weak by making them more cautious and less ready to take chances. Consequently we find continued pain and weakness almost invariably results in a shrinkage of the brain across the top of the head as hope diminishes and depression takes its place, and increased activity of the brain at the upper back part, causing those square corners that mark the careful, cautious person.

Proper diet will usually bring about recovery, though if the condition has continued long some deformity of the bones is likely to remain, and the extreme cautiousness and depression or pessimism of the disposition, corresponding with the peculiar form of the head already described, is likely to continue, though it may be overcome in part under very favorable conditions.

I knew a Toronto man who had the peculiar experience of having a depression across the top of his head fill out on one side during a particularly happy period of his life, after maturity. While there is life there is possibility of improvement.

I remember, too, a poor little ricketty fellow of three, with the characteristic large, mis-shapen head, dragging himself around with his poor shrunken little legs supported in irons. A few questions brought to light the errors of diet that had produced this result, but when it was suggested to the father that the little fellow should be given whole wheat porridge among other things, the father objected, "Oh, but his mother doesn't like it." A wiser Father was more kind, and took the little sufferer to Himself.

"Does the large size of the head in Rickets indicate superior intelligence?"

ABOUT this there has been much dispute. Some rachitic children have undoubtedly turned out to be brilliant men. Thackeray is cited as an instance. It is no doubt, true, too, that pain, when not too great, tends to stimulate the development of the brain, Nature's plan to help to make up in intelligence for what one lacks in strength. Yet beyond that certain point, brain development is hindered. Undoubtedly on the whole perfect health is most favorable to brain development. All that can be said with certainty is that people who have had rickets, even in comparatively mild form as children, are inclined to be less hopeful, more cautious, and therefore more easily depressed and discouraged than other people.

Hydrocephalus

"A child two years of age has a head enormously high, coming up almost to a peak at the top. He seems backward.

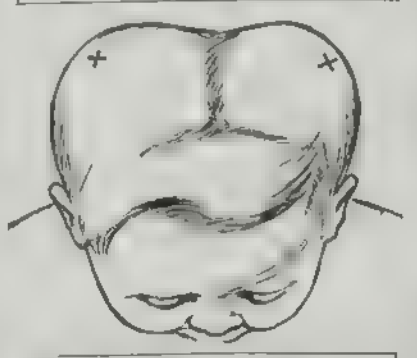
THIS is clearly a case of some form of Hydrocephalus, a condition that results when for any reason the fluid which fills the cavities of the brain and spine is not absorbed as fast as it is formed. The accumulation of this fluid, if it occurs in infancy before the bones of the skull are fully hardened, and knitted together, may cause a very great enlargement of the head. Sometimes the pressure downwards over the eyes causes the eyes to protrude, and interferes with sight.

Keel shaped head, from hydrocephalus. When recovery is complete such persons often show the characteristics of this form of head development intelligence, generosity and sociability.

Medical science to-day has little to offer with regard to the treatment of hydrocephalus. Under conditions of diet, fresh air, and bathing favorable to the keeping of the system clean and building up of the vitality, complete recovery is often possible.

In many cases where the recovery has been complete, the head shape has been abnormal. It does not quite seem reasonable that a head mis-shapen by such a cause should correctly indicate the character of the person, yet in the case of several adults whom I have examined, whose head strongly suggested hydrocephalus in childhood, I have found the character correspond fairly closely to the head shape, as if perhaps the extra room left in the enlarged head after the disease condition was corrected, encouraged the development of the neighbouring parts of the brain to fill the space. One, for example, with the long, keel-shaped head appears to have an excellent memory, and to be a model of generosity and sociability, as one would judge from the high front top and full back head, while lacking in ambition and optimism.

Steeple head, with eyes protruding—a form of hydrocephalus.



Illustrating the form of head produced by rickets, often leaving in after life characteristics of indecision, depression and fear.

It is an interesting fact that it was the examination of the brain of a hydrocephalic woman of fifty-four, who had remained mentally alert to the time of her death, that enabled Dr. Gall, the founder of Phrenology, to correct several erroneous beliefs regarding the brain held at that time, and to discover the fibrous structure of the brain.

"You rarely find a person without an aptitude for some line of work, mental or physical, so is there an even distribution of gray matter among people? Is the genius or even the talented person a case of unequal distribution of brain some cells surfeited to the depletion of others, or has the genius an average amount?"

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a great difference in the amount of gray matter in different people just as there is a great difference in bone and muscle. The world is inclined to measure genius by accomplishment, and accomplishment depends as much upon physical stamina and energy as upon gray matter. I always recommend anyone who aspires to be a genius to secure a first class digestion and a good pair of lungs as a basis, and then develop brain. Mischa Elman, a genius on the violin, is otherwise a most wholesome and energetic boy. Yet it is true that a somewhat unbalanced brain development is a necessary condition for that extreme concentration upon one line of thought or effort which is necessary to attain the rank of genius. The highest grade of genius, whether musical like Elman or mechanical like Edison, or literary like Macaulay, requires a good body and a large and well developed brain, with some particular section especially well developed according to the direction of the genius.

"So often from the toilers, the unprivileged and the uneducated springs the brilliant mind: then how much has the development of the parent mind to do with the brain at its very beginning? Does it not affect the mind in its unfolding after birth of the child only?"

THIS question appears to imply a belief that privilege and schooling are favorable to mental development. So far as my observation and study goes, I have been forced to believe that usually the contrary is the case. Privilege and oppression must go hand in hand. If oppression checks intellectual development, so also does privilege. So far as schooling goes, too much of our schooling tends to repress rather than develop intelligence. A little girl, asked what she did at school, said she sat on a bench and said A. This sums up too much of our school "education." Not sitting on a bench and saying A, not training in the art of keeping the tongue quiet when the teacher is lookin, parrot repetition of words, but keen interest in one's surroundings, meeting and overcoming difficulties is what calls into action and develops the powers of the intellect.

That the parent mind does affect the child before birth has been proven to my satisfaction by many observations. Not only mentally, but emotionally is the child impressed. I have noted repeatedly the financial ups and downs of a family recorded in the different brain developments and dispositions of the different children, while the fact that this was the result of prenatal influence has been evidenced in a number of cases by the fact that the form of the head of a baby within a few hours of birth enabled me to point out traits of character and differences between children born about the same time in closely related families which became more and more marked in the actions of the children as the months and years passed. Of course the parent mind may affect the child in its unfolding after birth too, but it is usually impossible to overcome entirely the results of strong pre-natal influence.

"Is not the 'above average' mind just the product of environment and opportunity?"

ENVIRONMENT and opportunity are certainly most important factors. Yet until environment can turn the skin of a pickaninni white or the eyes of a Chinese infant blue we must admit that heredity is a factor to be considered.

"Why do certain brilliant families go to seed?"

THIS is a little question, to meet which fully would require a big answer, for the reasons are various.

One reason, which will alone explain many cases, is that frequently the brilliancy is on one side of the house, and in the wisdom of nature, outstanding qualities of character are most frequently transmitted from father to daughter and from mother to son. Thus is the balance kept true and the ultimate equality of the sexes before God and the law insured. By another law of nature too the strongest attraction in mating is between those of differing types. The poetic or artistic genius needs a business manager in his wife, and his sons are more likely to be business men than artists. Too often when the father's talents appear in the daughters they are repressed as "unwomanly."

Another reason why brilliant families go to seed is that too often success removes the spur to ambition from those who are born with the necessary qualities; while again in many cases the relaxing of the effort to achieve and attain on the part of the parents after they have received recognition and competence results in the children being born easy-going and pleasure-loving, lacking the energy and ambition that marked the parents. The reverse of this occurred in one family of my acquaintance, where a boy, born at a time when the parents were in comfortable circumstances and the mother comparatively free from worry and responsibility, was fat and lazy; while the girl, born when business changes had kept the parents moving from one place to another and constantly scheming and planning to better their condition, is so full of energy and ambition that she bids fair to outstrip the boy before they reach school age.

A third reason which explains some cases is that among the well to do the parents and the children are often protected from the very conditions of heat and cold and wet and fresh air that are such important factors in assisting the body to eliminate poisons and morbid matter, and are fed on rich, refined foods from which the most important brain and bone building elements, and the roughage elements so necessary to enable the body to expel its waste have been removed with the result that body and brain become clogged, unhealthy, and feeble, and every effort of the system to cleanse itself through a cold, a skin eruption or diarrhoea is promptly checked with drugs.

"In the animal world we have many physical abnormalities—and too among the plants we find the 'sports'—then are geniuses not mental freaks or abnormalities?"

THIS question can hardly be answered with a simple yes or no, for there are different kinds of genius. Charles M. Schwab is said to have a genius for business management and organization, but so far from being a "freak" he is one of the most perfect specimens physically and mentally I have seen. The most nearly normal men and women, those whose physical development and proportions are the nearest to the average of a large number, are found to be the most efficient. Yet we undoubtedly do meet "freak" geniuses, like the famous Blind Tom, for example, who except for his wonderful ability to reproduce music after hearing it once was practically idiotic.

"One hears said that a person can accomplish a thing by concentrating brain force on the one thing. What does that mean—is brain force blood, gray matter, or what?"

YES, one may accomplish a good many things by concentration of brain force—Brain force is just another term for the power of the mind. The power of the mind is related to brain matter and blood somewhat as electricity is related to batteries, dynamos, motors and wires.

We all know from personal experience something about mind force. We all of us know that we can decide to move a muscle, and move it—a very simple illustration of accomplishing something by concentration of mind or brain force.

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Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness

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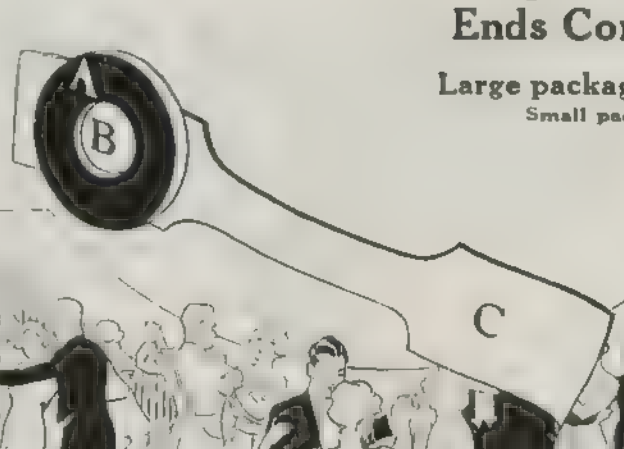

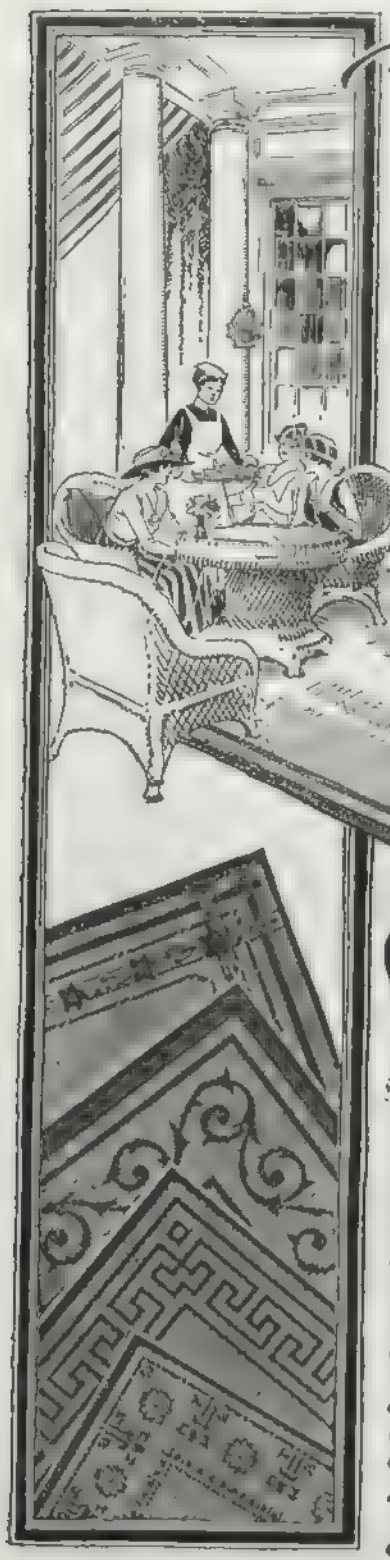

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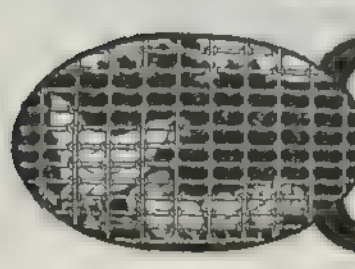

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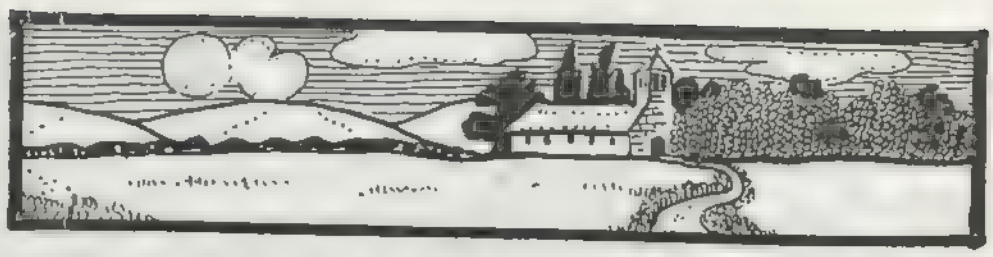

In the Realm of Books

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

First the Blade

By CLEMENCE DANE
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IN "First the Blade," A Comedy of Growth, Clemence Dane has told the story of two young people in love and of their development under the influence of ther emotions. The sub-title is fully realized. It is a "comedy" in the true Meredithian sense.

The reader will find genuine suspense in watching the actual growth of two persons who are extraordinarily alive. It is doubtful if more unusual characters have appeared in recent fiction than the two central figures in this novel, the minor characters of which are no less clearly drawn.

Miss Dane will be remembered as the author of "Regiment of Women," a book which made a profound impression upon its publication a year ago. The same literary excellence and skill in characterization mark the new volume.

The Iron Ration

By GEORGE ABEL SCHREINER
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"WERE I presumptuous enough to say so," writes the author of this book, "I might affirm that this book contains the truth, nothing but the truth, and the whole truth about Germany and Central Europe." The volume is an illuminating picture of the social and political life of the Central States during the first three years of the war. Although very few will agree with *all* the conclusions at which Mr. Schreiner arrives, readers cannot fail to be interested in his observations and deductions. Many details are given of the German manner of living and of the working of the food control laws passed by the Government of the Empire during the past three years. The book gives a comprehensive survey of economic conditions in Germany and should serve to disabuse the minds of the public of some misconceptions that have been fostered by too optimistic persons as to the morale of the German people.

Over the Hills of Home

By LILLIAN LEVERIDGE
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price $1.50

THE opening poem of this little volume of verse is dedicated to the author's brother Corporal Frank E. Leveridge, who died in hospital in France after having been wounded in action. It will be known to many readers of magazine and newspaper verse, having first appeared in the "Daily Ontario," of Belleville, and having been copied by many of the world's leading journals. Miss Leveridge's verse has a certain fluency which makes it easy reading.

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THIS book will fill a long felt want and will undoubtedly become popular among those to whom a "garden is a lovesome thing." It is a timely and helpful handbook for the amateur gardener, written by a Canadian for Canadians and adapted to climatic conditions.

The Best Short Stories of 1917

EDITED BY E. J. O'BRIEN
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IN this very interesting volume Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has succeeded in collecting some sixty-three stories, which he claims to be the cream of those which have appeared in American magazines during the year 1917. In most cases these tales are worthy of their place in the volume. He also gives the names and addresses of American magazines publishing such tales and a list of all the stories that have appeared in America during the year.

A War Nurse's Diary

MacMillan Co. of Canada
Price, $1.25

THE author of this book was one of the first volunteer Nurses in Belgium. She took part in the Siege of Antwerp and in the retreat from thence when it was taken by the Germans. She served in many field hospitals, just behind the lines, and the volume is an interesting and entertaining account of her experiences. It is illustrated profusely, and among the flood of war books inundating the country, undoutedly stands out as possessed of much merit.

Best O' Luck

By ALEXANDER MCCLINTOCK
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.00

IN this volume Alexander McClintock gives us a vivid picture of many phases of the great war, as seen through the eyes of Young America. McClintock, believing that it was his country's duty to join the Allies, and disappointed by its failure to do so, attached himself to a Canadian Regiment and went overseas with them. After severe fighting in Belgium and on the Somme, he was awarded the distinguished Conduct Medal for conspicuous bravery in action, was wounded and invalided home. "Best o' Luck" pretends to no literary merit, but is a plain straightforward account of life at the Front, which should be of great practical value to those of the author's countrymen who will, before long, be "over there."

Red Ruth

By ANNA RATNER SHAPIRO
Arc Publishing Co.
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THIS is a propagandist novel, based upon the sex-question. The author labors, with very indifferent success, to discover an answer to this vexed problem. Ruth, her heroine, lured away by a prosperous business man, leads him back to true manhood by the strength of her love. The necessity for universal democracy is also strongly insisted upon.

In Our First Year of War

By WOODROW WILSON
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THIS book is composed of President Woodrow Wilson's Messages and Addresses to the Congress and people of the United States, since first that country was forced to take up arms against Germany. Commencing with the Second Inaugural Address, delivered March 5th, 1917, with its sense of solemn responsibility, it ends with his address to both Houses of Congress, January 8th, 1918, in which he discusses the question of peace terms coming finally to the conclusion that "We do not wish to injure Germany or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery."

Two Children in Old Paris

By GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER
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THIS book is a true account of a winter spent by two little American girls in Paris in the days of peace. They and their mother lived in a sunlit corner of "the grey Faubourg," and through school and play and home came into contact with the people of France. In this book the gallantry, charm and simplicity of French life are seen as reflected through American eyes.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Chocolate Charlotte

THREE tablespoons Cowan's Perfection Cocoa or [illegible] Cowan's Supreme Chocolate; whites of 2 eggs; 1 pint milk; ½ cup sugar; 2 teaspoons corn starch; ½ teaspoon cinnamon; [illegible] spoon vanilla. The corn starch should first be dissolved in a quarter cup of cold water. Then, to thicken the corn starch, add one pint of boiling water and stir well. Mix the sugar and cocoa (or chocolate) thoroughly and add them to this mixture. Now remove these ingredients from the fire and [illegible] over the whites of the eggs, which have been [illegible] Place the whole in a buttered mold and set aside in a cool [illegible] This may be served with cream or sauce, or with cut fresh fruits.

Chocolate Blanc Mange

THREE ounces Cowan's Supreme Chocolate or ¼ cup Cowan's Perfection Cocoa; 2 tablespoons gelatine; 2 eggs; 2 cups scalded milk; ¼ cup cold water; 1 cup sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ¼ teaspoon salt. Mix the sugar, chocolate and eggs and add the scalded milk, and then cook the whole in a double boiler until a coating is formed on an ordinary spoon. Soak the gelatine in cold water and when dissolved add vanilla and salt, pour the entire mixture into an ordinary mold, and chill. Serve with the season's fresh fruits

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How Shall I Tell My Children?

The Home Truths They Should Know

By JEAN BLEWETT

IN all the world there is no more beautiful sight than that of a mother among her children, her wisdom, watchfulness and love brooding over their innocence. What happiness, what power, what possibilities it holds!

There is nothing that mother would not do for her children, no sacrifice she would not make, no task she would count too hard—save one. She shrinks from teaching them the truths concerning life—not life in the abstract, but life that throbs in their own little bodies, life they see manifested about them, life they have a vivid interest in, a growing curiosity about.

"Mother dear, where did you get me? Where did I come from in the first place?" asks an eager boy or dove-eyed girl, and the mother's heart skips a beat—we know, we other mothers who have had our calm shattered by just such a bomb. It is the psychological moment if she only knew it.

She should say: "Here beginneth the first lesson," and proceed to tell him or her, the simple truth so far as a child of that age needs to know it. It would make the later lessons easy, and establish a confidential relation which would spell unlimited influence for good in the years to come. But does she do it? Alas no. We can all look back to some such moment and realize, in the light of present knowledge, that God put his own right hand into his treasury and offered to you and to me a golden opportunity which we failed to recognize as such.

"Hush, dear," she says, "you are too young to talk about such matters. When you are older you will know."

"Who will tell me then? Will you, mother?"

"Perhaps," helplessly, "somebody will—only don't keep harping on it. Nice little people do not ask such questions. Run and play." He obeys, but he also ponders. She has taught him his first lesson in secretiveness, has managed to convey to his young mind the idea that there is something to conceal.

"How much or how little shall I teach my children of sexual matters? And how shall I open up the subject?" These are questions mothers are beginning to ask especially since last August, when the subject of venereal disease was brought prominently before the public, and later when Dr. Cullis stirred up the women with her far flung note of warning on the same subject. To the first question we say that sexual matters do not enter into the child training to any extent. A child can be taught the truth concerning his birth in very simple words. The five year old son of a lady whom I know was sent to the corner post box. He came flying back in a towering rage.

"What is the matter?" asked his mother. "Did anyone hurt you?"

"No," he cried, "but I don't love Dr. S—— any more. I hate him. He came along and took hold of my hand to cross the street and I asked him if the bag he had was the one he carried the babies in? "You brought me to my mama in it, didn't you?" I says. "My Mamma says you did." Here he burst into stormy tears.

"There, there," soothed the mother, "I'm sure Dr. S—— never meant to wound you. What did he tell you?"

"Nothing—he just growled in his white whiskers, 'Oh those good women with their lies!' I told him you didn't lie, and pulled my hand away from his. He's a bad man to say that. He did bring me here in his black bag, didn't he?"

"He certainly did, dear," the mother assured him, "and glad enough we were to get you. Now run and play."

The next day she saw the doctor passing and called him in. "You vexed Boy greatly by throwing a doubt on my veracity," she scolded gently, "and gave me an uncomfortable ten minutes. It hurt him to have you think me a story teller."

"It's going to hurt him a mighty sight worse when he knows for himself that you, his paragon, his faultless one, have lied to him right along," returned the blunt old fellow. "He's going to hear the truth soon as he goes to school, hear it from some slimy tongue likely, but hear it he will. He may come to you again—if he does it's your second chance—see that you get down on your knees and thank the Lord for it—but he's not liable to. Why? Because his idol has toppled, that's why. He'll go to some older boy likely, and have the tale corroborated—and hide it all from you, even the hurt in his young heart over his lost belief in you. The wall of misunderstanding which so often rises between parents and children as the latter mature is built from top to bottom, mostly of the prudishness and wool-pulling processes of fathers and mothers who haven't moral courage enough to tell the truth and shame the devil."

All Nonsense!

"I DON'T believe in discussing such things," primly, "When it's time for children to know, they'll know. All this nonsense about teaching them tends to immodesty—if not immorality. I had these little, necessary deceptions practised on me as a child. They didn't hurt me."

"Ah, but they did hurt you. Had you been brought up without being innoculated with the deception blight you wouldn't have handed poor Boy out that black bag yarn; you'd have been above it. There should be no pretences in child training. I assisted you into this old world and have a right to speak my mind to you. Listen to this." He drew a thin volume from his pocket and read with some natural elocution:

"Let us have truth,
Naked and unashamed; let us have truth,
No matter at what cost to prudery,
Mock modesty or that over niceness
Which blushing rosily at many things
Forgets to blush for what doth need it most,
Its own pretences and its own deceits.
Let us have truth,
And scorn to make a pact
With any lie no matter how that lie
Come decked in soft apparel from the looms
Of ancient customs and of world old ways.
To answer in truth's stead when eager youth
Its lessons all to learn, calls: What is Life?"

"I never expected to find you joining forces with the suffragette and social reformer," she said in her unruffled way, as he closed the book, "you with your dear, foolish, old-fashioned ideas. She with her newfangled, obnoxious ones, both clamoring for truth, truth, nothing but the truth. Now, I believe in keeping things modestly veiled. I absolutely refuse to mar a child's innocence by enlightening him along certain lines."

"Very well, when the times comes, take your medicine without crying, that is all," he returned, a real weariness apparent in his voice. He went out closing the door so noisily, the lady gave a nervous start. And what do you think her comment on the conversation was, "Much ado about nothing."

It is the attitude of the average mother; no, I am wrong, it was her attitude awhile back, before the campaign against the so-called social evil, against dirt and disease, vice and the ignorance which caters to vice began to sweep this country like a flood. She is waking up. She is asking, "What can I do to safeguard my home, my children?"

(*Continued on page 37*)

FOLLOWING is a list of books which might profitably be in every home where children are being raised:

"The Strength of Ten," by Dr. Winfield Scott Hall. A great book for boys of 10 to 15 years; 25 cents postpaid.

"Life's Story," a great book for girls 10 to 15 years of age, by Mrs. Hall (a mother).

"Our Sons," by W. L. Clark, the noted personal worker amongst the youth of Canada and the United States. $1.00 postpaid.

"Confidential Chats with Boys," By Dr. William Lee Howard, $1.10 postpaid.

"Confidential Chats with Girls," by Dr. Howard, $1.10 postpaid.

"Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene" by Dr. Howard, $1.10 postpaid.

"Playing With Fire" a reprinted article by Mrs. Wood-Allen (Everywoman, as in Everywoman's World for May, 1918, 10 cents postpaid.

"How Shall I Tell My Children" by Mrs. Jean Blewett, her article as herewith, in pamphlet form, 10 cents postpaid.

Order any or all of the foregoing from Home Library Association of Canada, 259 Spadina Ave. Toronto.

Each Package Saves About $2

If Used to Displace Meat

Each large package of Quaker Oats contains 6220 calories of nutrition. In meats and eggs—on the average at this writing—that same food value costs 7 or 8 times as much.

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Quaker Oats	1810	Veal Cutlets	705
Round Steak	895	Young Chicken	505
Eggs	720	Fresh Halibut	565

Then mark the great difference in cost. You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one meat or egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It has twice the energy value of beef, and several times its minerals.

It is a complete food, supplying every needed element. And its flavor makes it wondrously inviting.

It is the advised food for the young, where cost is not considered, and the favorite morning cereal in mansion or in cottage.

The delightful way to reduce your food cost is to serve more Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

We use queen grains only in Quaker Oats—just the rich, plump oats. The small grains, which lack flavor, are discarded.

Thus we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. But those ten pounds are the flavory oats. And they bring you these exquisite flakes without any extra price. Be sure you get them.

35c and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Peterborough Canada **The Quaker Oats Company** Saskatoon Canada

1921

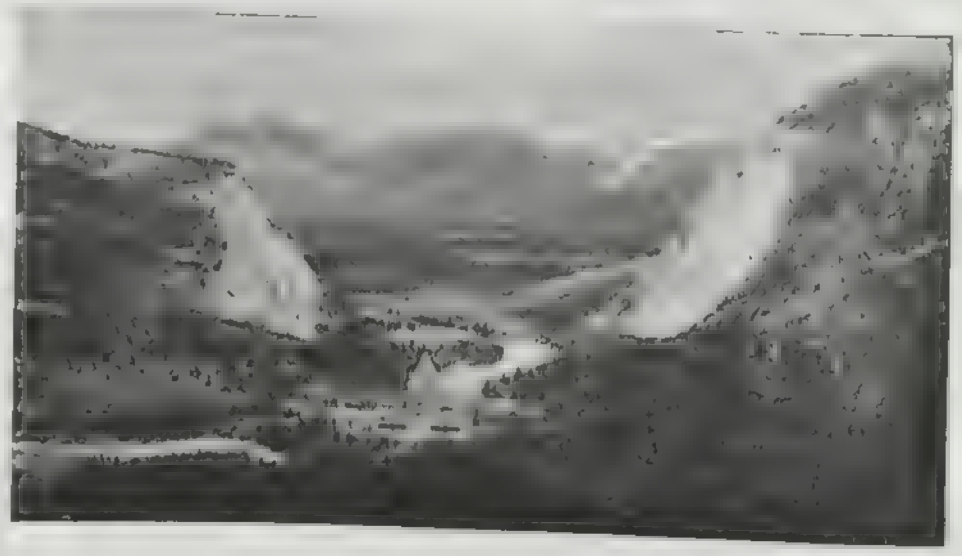
Alluring Spots

"Spend Your Sum

Canada's Mountains, Streams, Lakes and Desired in Summer Resorts. Be

Courtesy C P R

Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, looming in the distance, and the famous promenade, Dufferin Terrace. (Below)—The picturesque Lower Town and the St. Lawrence River.



[Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway]

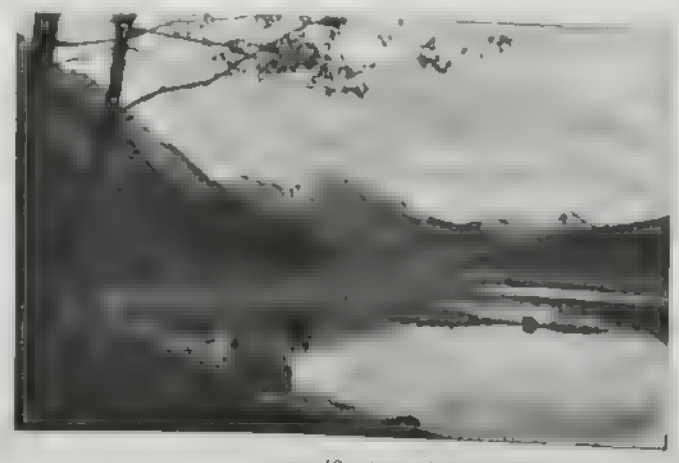
Banff Springs Hotel, in the heart of the Rockies, looking down the valley of Bow River.

[Courtesy G T R

The crowning success of the day's catch a 14-pound salmon trout caught in Smoke Lake, Algonquin Park.

Courtesy C.N R

A scene of delightful tranquility in the land idolized by famous writers—Annapolis Village, Nova Scotia.



[Courtesy of Canadian Northern Railway]

A scene in the heart of the Yellowhead—magnificent Medicine Lake, in Jasper Park, Province of Alberta.

[Courtesy C P R.]

Lakes in the clouds. These ladies are Agnes level; 200 ft. and another 1000 ft.

Courtesy G.T R.]

Lake trout, 20lbs., caught by one of boys from Cochrane's Camp, Lake Timagami, Highlands of Ontario, 300 miles North of Toronto.

(Totheright)–Near Mill Village, Nova Scotia.

(Below)–At Miller Bay, in the Kawartha Lake District of Ontario

Courtesy G.T R.

[Courtesy C.N.R.]

One! Two! Three! Go! Bathing and diving is popular at Beaverton, Ont.

Courtesy C.P.R.]

(Above)—Good old Muskoka in the Summer is all that these and thousands of others ask.

(Below)—At the Portage between Smoke Lake and Ragged Lake, Algonquin Park, 300 miles north of Toronto.

Courtesy of G.T.R.]

"I CANNOT imagine," said an American tourist, "why Canadians ever leave Canada in the summer. I spent the most wonderful holiday of my life among some of their glorious lakes and mountains."

[Courtesy of C.P.R.,

Courtesy C N R

The Wake of a Loon of the camera man;

Greater Winnipeg's newest splash—Grand Beach, on a pleasant afternoon.

[Courtesy of C.N.R.]

That Call to You

mer Vacation Here!"

Woodlands Provide All That Could be Patriotic—Stay in Canada this Year

[Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway

Mount Robson, B.C., towering above all surrounding peaks—a vast cone of wonderful symmetry. Milton and Cheadle, half a century ago, awed by the stupendous mass of the mountain, called it—"a giant among giants, immeasurably supreme"

[Courtesy C.P.R.]

near Lake Louise standing on the Lake below is Mirror Lake, below is Lake Louise.

[Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway System

Pyramid Lake and Mountain, 9,000 feet high, Jasper Park, Alberta. The newest Rocky Mountain playground.

[Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway]

From the Pacific Coast, Victoria beckons to the traveller—"a little bit of old England." This is the harbor, the Parliament Buildings in centre and Empress Hotel at left.

[Courtesy of Canadian Northern Railway]

Where the broad Atlantic swells surge upon the weather-beaten rocks. A surf scene in glorious old Nova Scotia.

[Courtesy C.P.R.]

Where every window frames a million dollar view. From the dining room of Chateau Lake Louise.

[Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway]

Houseboating 'mid charming waterways, Rideau Lakes, Ontario.

[Courtesy of G.T.R.]

A day's catch at Kenneth Lake, Algonquin Park, two hundred miles north of the city of Toronto.

(To the left)—One of the principal attractions at the Royal Muskoka Hotel, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka Lakes, is golfing.

(Below)—On Lake Rosseau, Muskoka Lakes district.

[Courtesy of C.P.R.]

(Above)—Some wrist work! Fishing for trout in Laurentian Mountains, a favorite resort of Montreal folk.

(Below)—In Muskoka Lakes region, one of Canada's most alluring summer resorts.

[Courtesy of G.T.R.]

[Courtesy C.N.R.]

startled by the approach Rideau Lakes, Ontario.

[Courtesy G.T.R.]

(Below)—Malahat Motor Road through the famous Douglas Pines, on Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

[Courtesy of Can. Nor. Railway]

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be glad to supply readers with details relative to any of the summer resorts shown on these pages, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed, at time of enquiry.

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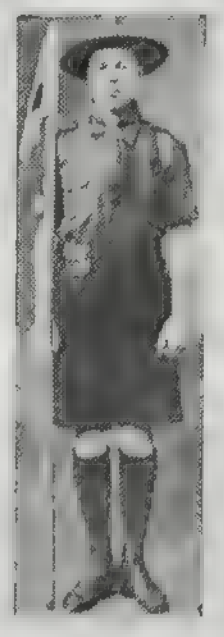

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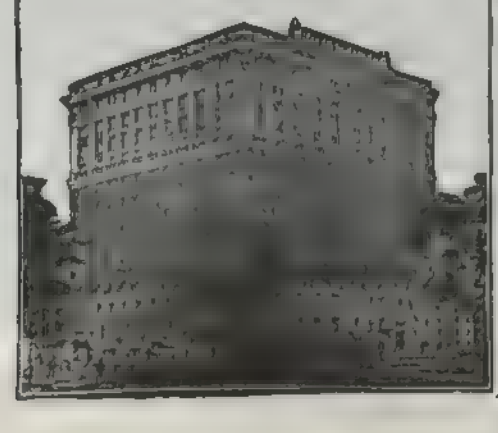

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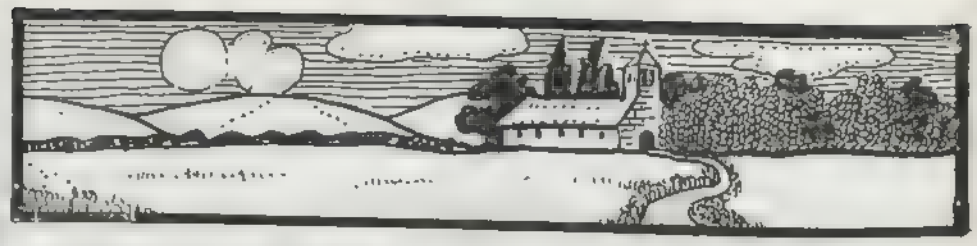


Your Baby's Wardrobe

And Common Sense Hints Relative to His Welfare

By CONSTANCE NICHOLSON LEA

THERE are few departments wherein science has made such progress within the past few years as in the care of little children. How wonderfully fashions have changed in the manner of clothing and feeding babies! One has only to look back to a period which most mothers, except the very young ones, can remember, when from its first appearance in this strange world, the poor mite was swathed in numberless tight, restricting bands; fastened up with dozens of safety pins; its little limbs hardly able to move and exercise because of the weight of its long, long barrow-coats, petticoats and elaborately embroidered dresses.

Then the way we fed our babies a few years ago! They weren't fed—they were stuffed. Evidently people knew nothing then, or at least did not stop to think, of the size of a tiny baby's stomach. They did not realize how very easily it might be given more than it could comfortably hold and digest. And the way the babies were physicked! Lots of old-fashioned nurses advocated regular doses of castor oil whether the baby required it or not! and oh, what a lot of peppermint and catnip and anniseed and dill-water was given!

All this is being changed. We are more sensible year by year. Every mother is seeking to do her very best for her baby. She always did, even when in blindness and ignorance she did too much; it was mother love that prompted her to load her baby with clothing and overfeed and dose it. Now, when in the light of science and progress we have mother-love plus common-sense, it surely will make for a race of better, healthier babies and for finer, fitter men and women in the coming generation.

In these days we are learning more than ever before the value of human life. As day by day the train-loads of stalwart, khaki-clad men go from us, our hearts bleed, no matter how brave and patriotic we may feel, for we know only too well how pitifully few will return to us. We cannot keep them with us—these dear, brave boys in khaki— we would not if we could; but we can turn to the little ones that cling about our skirts, and to the wee, helpless bundle at our breast, and with all the wisdom we can acquire, do the very utmost with the material we have left to us. *The better baby of to-day will mean the better man of to-morrow.* Let us then "put our hand to the plow and not look backward." Let us say within ourselves: "This is my war work—my national service. My children shall have their rightful heritage, the very best start on the road of Life that I can give them."

The baby is the most important factor in any household. It is the pivot around which everything else revolves. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with the regularity of baby's routine—his bath, his feedings, his outings, etc. There is a temptation to let this happen sometimes, especially during these busy, busy days of spring and early summer. The garden calls you, and how alluring it is! There is planting and seed-sowing to be done. Then there is all that great pile of spring sewing! If baby is well and healthy, it is so easy to neglect him just a little. You have taken such excellent care of him all winter. Now when house and garden are crying out for your work, it surely would not hurt him if your vigilance were the least bit relaxed.

BUT—Beware! Remember, midsummer is not far off, and with its awful "dog days" that sap the strength of the strongest babies, and so often mean the life of the delicate ones. Now, in these bright, sunny, spring days you must fortify your baby against the summer. Be more careful of him than ever. It is better to let the other things go. Give baby all your care.

If you have been nervous about letting him sleep out of doors in the winter and early spring, at least you have no excuse now. Move his carriage or his crib to a sunny and quiet corner of your verandah or porch. If your baby is very young, and the morning a bit chilly a hot water bottle might be placed near his feet. Cover him warmly, but not with a great weight of quilts. A soft woolly blanket folded once should be sufficient, for of course he will have all his out-door clothes on. Shade his eyes from the sun, and you will find he will sleep much longer than he would were he in the house, and the sleep will do him vastly more good.

Babies need a great deal of sleep; in fact they can't get too much. The child who sleeps well thrives. There is nothing that so restores the wear and tear of the nervous system or makes for greater growth and development than healthful, natural sleep, therefore let your little one have all he can get. Let nothing disturb him. Do not wake him to show him off even if your dearest friend calls and finds it impossible to wait.

Even baby's waking hours can be spent out of doors now. Fresh air is the freest thing in all God's beautiful world, and how many poor babies are stinted of it. In fair weather your baby should practically live outside. Fresh air babies are always the healthiest.

If he is at the creeping age, one of those baby yards is excellent. One can be easily made at home with four smoothly planed boards grooved at the ends to fit into each other, and fastened at the corners with small hooks and staples. The board should be high enough to keep the baby from climbing or falling over—about as high as his chest—and the yard can be made as large or as small as you wish. It will depend upon the size of your verandah. When not in use the "yard" can be taken apart and the four boards placed anywhere out of the way. Baby will play here by the hour with his toys, and will often learn to walk by guiding himself around the fence.

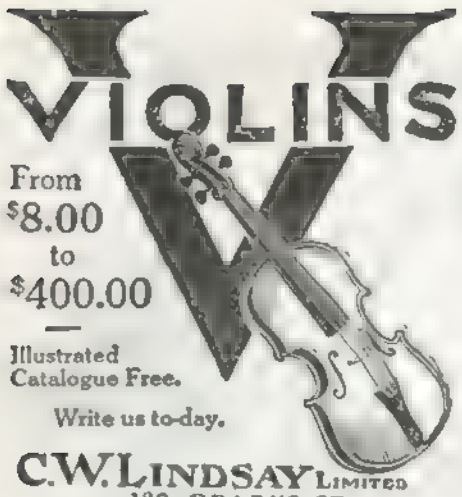
It is a good thing to keep an old quilt spread on the floor, as baby will not be so likely to get cold when siting down. The yard can be carried about and put up wherever you are working, only it should be remembered that, if it is put out in the garden something more than a quilt is needed under it as a floor. Even though overhead it is warm and balmy, there is still a good deal of moisture in the ground. Many a baby has caught cold, and the foundation of serious kidney trouble has been laid, by the child being allowed to sit on the ground too early in the summer.

You will be planning baby's summer clothing now. Oh, what fascinating work that is! There is not much satisfaction in making winter clothes. Baby is so muffled up when he goes out that no one can see his pretty things. Even the most beautifully laundered dress looks mussed and crumpled when you take off his coat. But in the summer—Ah, then is the time when we can dress our precious babies and know they will be admired! And what woman does not love dainty, pretty baby-clothes.

SIMPLICITY should be the keynote of your baby's ward-robe. Why I wonder, do people want to pile a lot of lace and embroidery on a beautiful baby! It's like "perfuming the rose and painting the lily" to quote the poet. Babies are so lovely, so sweet in themselves, that they don't need a lot of decoration to set them off. Your baby will "show off" his good points of feature and coloring in a simple dress much more than in an elaborate one. Have the material as fine and sheer as your purse will allow. Let the needle-work be as perfect as you desire, but, do, I pray of you, have the construction of the little garments simplicity itself.

The baby will not need such heavy under-clothing now as he did during the winter, but soft flannel should be worn next to the skin the entire summer. Of course during the very hottest weather the lightest weight of flannel or a mixture of silk and wool would do, but wool should be used for the first garment even if it is only the band or binder that reaches from under the arms and covers the abdomen. Wool is more absorbent than cotton and in the hot weather will absorb the perspiration from baby's body and prevent him from taking cold, a cotton garment will lie upon his chest

(*Continued on page 23*)



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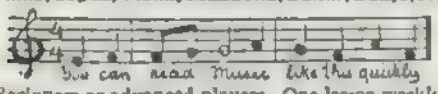

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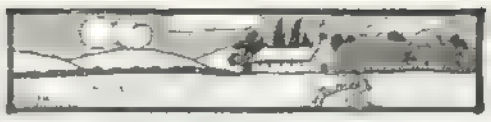


Your Baby's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 22)

or abdomen damp and chill and clammy.

The flannel binder is a very necessary part of baby's clothing. It should be worn until he is at least eighteen months old, longer if he has been subject to attacks of bowel complaint. The old-fashioned binders were awful things to put on! Only an expert could adjust them snugly and without a crease. I shall never forget my experiences with the binder on my first baby. Only after repeated trials would I get it on properly. It was not too loose, it was not too tight, and—wonders of wonders—at last I had got it on without a wrinkle! Then to my horror I would find that the end of the band had come out somewhere either in front of the baby's body or in the middle of her back. Anywhere but the right place—which was at the side, under the arms, where the safety-pins that fastened it would not be pressed against the little body and hurt it. Both baby and I would be fagged out and cross by the time we had that binder properly put on.

Since then I have found out how satisfactory are the knitted bands, and I have used them on all my own babies and recommended them to many mothers. After the first four months the long flannel binder can be replaced by this excellent little knitted garment, and it will be found a boon to both mother and the baby. It is drawn up over the feet and fits snugly, covering the vital organs of chest and abdomen. There is no winding or turning, and no safety-pins or tapes. Machine knitted ones can be purchased at any store dealing in baby garments, but by far the most satisfactory ones are those that are made at home. They are knitted on four needles with a rib stitch, exactly as you would the top of a man's sock (and there is not anyone who hasn't learned to knit socks these days). The number of stitches you put on to start the band would of course, depend on the size of your baby. The very softest of white fingering wool should be used, the weight depending on the season of the year—a heavy wool for winter, and the lightest procurable for the summer months. The elastic nature of the ribbed band causes it to fit the baby closely yet not too tightly and there is no danger of its slipping down. Over this he will want a shirt, a mixture of light-weight wool and cotton for spring and cotton for the hot weather. His diaper should be of soft absorbent material, flannelette or birdseye diaper cloth, and should not be so large as to be bulky and uncomfortable between his legs. A flannelette petticoat—the weight falling from the shoulders—a loose comfortable little garment—and then his dress. He will need stockings and soft leather shoes of course. In the warm weather socks can be worn, but in the spring it is wiser to keep baby's knees covered. If he is learning to walk do not let him wear low shoes or slippers but boots, (laced are the best) that will give support to his ankles. This is the essential clothing for your summer baby.

IT IS difficult to say anything in a general way about the feeding of babies, for the food a baby should have depends so utterly upon the age and development of the baby. The food a child of twelve months would thrive upon, would doubtless play dreadful havoc with a child of three or four months.

If you nurse your own baby you are to be congratulated—and envied. This is an age of bottle babies—to the sorrow of the babies be it said. The breast-fed baby has ten chances to the one that the bottle baby has. If you nurse your own baby, thank God for your blessing. Be happy and cheerful and bright. Go

(Continued on page 30)

Canada First!

WE Canadians have ever been too modest to properly claim our own, and put Canada First, where Canada belongs for Canadians. But we are getting, with self-reliance, more self-assurance, and self-appreciation—which is good for us.

As you read the thrilling story of a Canadian hero of the Royal Naval Air Service—in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for July—the story of the Canadian boy of 22 who saved the Hun, his victim, you will be glad that you are a Canadian. His deed of daring, prompted by the spirit of brotherhood, resounded round the world, but only a few people heretofore knew that he was a Canadian.

WRIGLEY'S

Helps teeth. breath. appetite. digestion.
Sealed tight—kept right
"Give it to me, please, Granddaddy."
"Why Bobby, if you wait a bit for it you'll have it to enjoy longer!"
"Poo-poo! That's no argument with WRIGLEY'S 'cause the flavour lasts, anyway!"
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOUR LASTS
Made in Canada
92

—After every meal

Add fresh Fruit or Milk and serve daily

Hundreds of mothers have learned that children appreciate light nutritious desserts above anything else—and serve

"KKOVAH" CUSTARD

in their home every day. KKOVAH CUSTARD is a most economical dessert—no eggs are required. Give your children this delicious dessert instead of heavy puddings and rich pastry.

15c. a Tin at all Grocers'

Made by Sutcliffe and Bingham, Limited, of Manchester for over a quarter of a century. Awarded many gold medals for excellence and purity.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Conducted By

Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.

The Cry For Canning Centres

By Working Together We Can Multiply Results

IT is said that a man first got the community kitchen idea.

As a woman, I regard the statement with some regret—for surely, we should have evolved that idea ourselves!

"I in my small corner and you in yours," has been a general characteristic of most of us, in almost all of our activities.

Now we have come out of our corners—out into the open, where we can each put a shoulder to whatever wheel needs pushing—instead of giving it a poke from our individual corners.

But "you in your small kitchen and I in mine"—we didn't think much of altering that until last season.

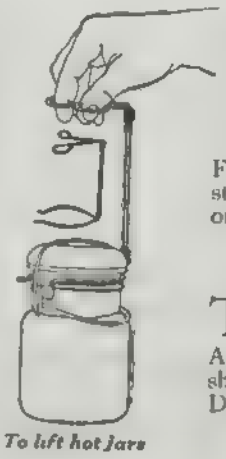
Then that idea that a mere man once got, but forgot again (probably because no woman would listen to it) somehow came to life again.

"Twenty women in one short street, lighting twenty fires every morning.

"Twenty women preparing three meals for twenty families each day—and washing dishes and sweeping floors after those meals; and tending those fires—and probably execrating each one of them!

"Twenty women—each duplicating the other's endeavor and expense and brains—what couldn't the twenty, working together, accomplish?

And when canning time came and the fruit and vegetables had to be saved, down to the last berry and the last bean, tacitly that man was voted as having thought a thought.



To lift hot jars

Groups of women gathered in various places throughout Canada and pooled their ideas, their equipment and their energies. Then they fell on the crop of perishable food products and with the minimum of time, labor, fuel, expense and waste, they saved those foods against the winter days to come. And in the homes of that community, in the hospitals and camps, where our men, sick or well, require such foods in great quantities—even overseas, those foods found glad acceptance.

And they helped feed the nation—the woman's part.

What One Centre Did

LAST year, the town of Parkhill, Ontario, established a new standard that will this year be challenged up and down the Dominion. A demonstration lecture had been given by one of the experts sent anywhere in the province on request, by the Women's Institutes' Branch of the Government. These lectures gave splendid help and stimulus everywhere; but in Parkhill, the demonstration merely created an appetite for more. The town accepted the Canning Centre offer—and leaped to fame.

A large committee of townspeople made arrangements, canvassed the whole town, raised funds, spread news, and kept the ball rolling after they had done everything possible to speed up the production of fruit and vegetables and fowl.

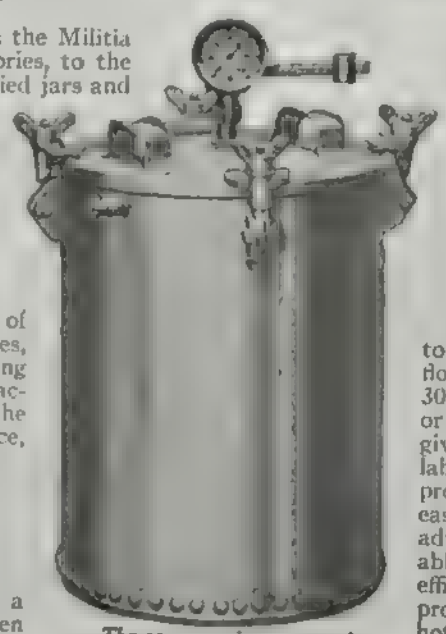
Everyone in town helped from the Militia Department, who lent the Armories, to the small boys who ran errands, carried jars and so forth. The canning was done in shifts, by volunteers under the direction of an Institutes' demonstrator, who worked indefatigably throughout the season.

What did they accomplish?

Any lad who was in the London Convalescent Home at that time will remember the 700 jars of canned fruit, vegetables and pickles, that came from Parkhill Canning Centre. But that was a mere fraction of their output. Overseas, to the hospitals in England and France, that little town sent—

1,064 quarts jellied chicken.
500 quarts chicken soup.
850 quarts tomato soup.
350 quarts peach jam.
250 quarts pickles.

Strength and rebuilding and a taste of home for sick or broken men. And the home supplies?



The compression canner is the last word

To make the wash-boiler an efficient cold-pack canner

Community days were established when women worked to can their own supplies, buying their materials at wholesale prices and gaining the full advantage of the splendid equipment. Things were sure to turn out as desired—and in a fraction of the time required by home methods. For everything needed was there—and in the steam cooker, fifty-four jars could be sterilized at one time, and no chance of failure!

The Equipment Supplied

THE large equipment is offered to any community in Ontario that is willing to organize properly. Application through the local Women's Institute should be made to the Women's Institutes Branch, Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. It will bring you a demonstrator, wise in the ways of food conservation; it will bring a steam-pressure outfit (including a small boiler, if one with a capacity of a hundred pounds is not available in the town) with a twenty-gallon, copper, steam-jacketed tilting kettle; vats for sterilizing, jam-making, etcetera, wire baskets for handling sealers, pans, spoons, a weighing scale, and a host of small etceteras, which can also be supplemented locally.

A home-made drying rack will do fine work

The community is asked only to supply a proper building, with a floor space of at least 30 feet by 30 feet with storage room above; or better still, 30 feet by 60 feet, giving storage room without the labor of lifting. A strong, weather-proof building, with floors that are easily drained and cleaned, is advised. Live steam is very desirable, as it is the most convenient, efficient and economical means of providing heat. Failing this, the hot water bath equipment can be used. The community makes itself responsible for putting the building in proper shape and providing water and drainage.

Funds and Supplies

ANY wide-awake community can get plenty of products to can and dry, and plenty of funds to finance the undertaking. How? How do we raise all the sums, large and small, that are needed so often for our part of the "carrying on?" By voicing our need.

Parkhill assuredly had no difficulty. Having planted, it reaped a harvest—and certainly the "first fruits" of every crop were sent to the canning centre. The whole country was circularized, through the Women's Institutes. It answered with crates upon crates of produce, and also with money. The wonder grew that Middlesex County could have grown so many chickens, so much "garden truck"! The daily paper carried word of the moment's need—"butter for tomato soup"—"Tomatoes," "Beets," "Peaches"—and the response never failed.

The self-supporting jelly bag

Of course not—were not the contributions for the sick and wounded soldiers?

The Red Cross supplied jars, rings and tops, and stands prepared to send them, with labels and boxes, anywhere this year, working along with the Women's Institutes' Branch in helping any canning centre.

And money?

But what are all the young people's organizations doing? The clubs, the little groups that have worked together before, or can do so now and prove their mettle? And the local talent—here is its opportunity. In Parkhill, a hard-working group carried through a two-nights' concert to deserved success, and added $120.00 to help along the work.

Co-operation and enthusiasm—they tell the story.

Do It Anywhere

THE idea, so practically and successfully established last year, has spread all over the Province. Many towns will take on an aspect they have never known before. Every day will see its quota of aproned women, working side by side, for the filling of jars and yet more jars. "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" will find a mutual sympathy and appreciation, in working for the same object.

The men will help; the youth will help, the children will help. The piquant odor of Tomato Soup will carry a message on every breeze and the stained finger will become a badge of honor.

Practically every Province has planned to give some aid to this biggest conservation measure. If your local Women's Institute has nothing planned, write to your Minister of Agriculture.

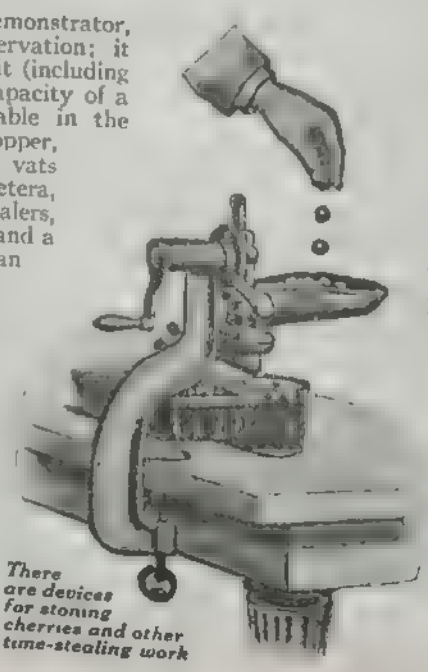
If your community is not in a growing centre, if it lies too far from the beaten track, out of line for demonstrators and lecturers, your case is by no means hopeless.

Wherever two or three are gathered in one place—there is sure to be at least one woman with ideas and initiative enough to make her a leader.

Let her talk to the women with whom she has done Red Cross work or run the smallest church social. Or even let three or four neighbors put their heads together, make a list of their combined equipment, buy what few things they still deem necessary, and then share their skill, time, recipes and utensils.

The canned goods should be better—for the best knowledge of each is brought to bear on the work.

The cost should be less, for sugar, fruit, jars, etcetera, can be purchased in quantities, to insure the best prices.

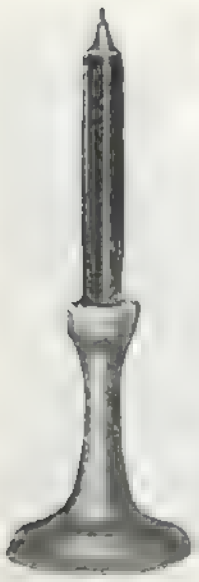


There are devices for stoning cherries and other time-stealing work

(Continued on page 30)

The Experiment Kitchen

In the Marriage Month all Roads Lead to the Gift Shop

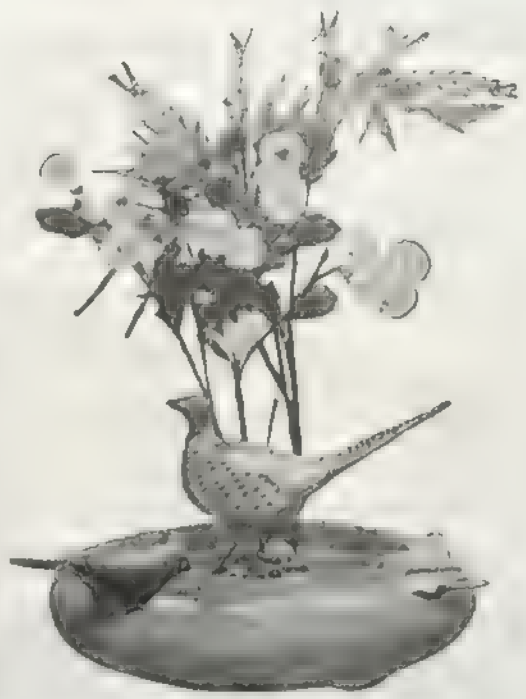


IF it's candlesticks, don't forget "candles to light the road to happiness." Infinite in design, they include everything from slim dresden candles to stout little pine cones. They come in every color—shades to match the rich old blue beloved of libraries and dining-rooms or the dainty rose or yellow of milady's boudoir—they cost from 25c. to $1.00 a pair.

On the left—Covered fruit dish of Wedgewood china.

On the right—Flower stand with birds and butterflies—$2.50 to $6.50

Below—Thermos water-bottle for bedroom use.



THIS fruit dish, in rich, creamy Wedgewood china, has all the loveliness of carven ivory. The cover, fashioned of trellissed ivory flowers, just shows enough of the vivid strawberries, soft-glowing peaches, or the rich purple of grapes within to draw all eyes when it is the table's centrepiece. Price $15.00 or in a graceful design without the cover, $3.50.

A THERMOS jug, in a delicate matching tint of ivory, blue, pink, yellow or lavender, is the last word in bedroom appointments. Just at one's hand, ice-water may be kept icy, or a needed hot drink steaming. Price $5.00.

THE delicacy of these flat flower dishes, with their birds and butterflies perching as though for a moment's enjoyment of the graceful spray of flower, suggests the Japanese art—for they, of all nations, excel in the artistic arrangement of flowers. "No crowding—rather the natural display of a few choice blooms."—Such a dish, in soft-shaded pottery, grants the wisdom of this dictum. Price from $2.50 to $6.50.

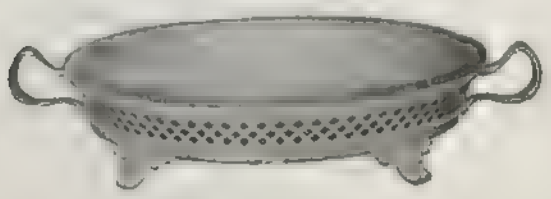
OF exquisitely clear crystal, decorated with festoons of hand-painted flowers, in all their natural harmony of colors—the latest glassware achievements give us almost a new standard in table appointments. Graceful jars such as the one pictured for holding candy, biscuits or tiny cakes (priced at $9.00), mayonnaise dishes, with dainty ladle, and decorated with the same lovely flowers or with a lesser-priced wide gold band (costing from $3 50 up), odd pieces of many kinds, are new, delightful and very reasonable.

WHETHER she be bride or veteran housekeeper, every woman wants a percolator. There is perhaps no kinder spirit to invoke, to cast the spell of good luck and accomplishment over one'sday, than that which lurks in a fragrant cup of breakfast coffee. The electric percolator has gone through many changes in the past few years, but one feels that it has surely achieved the age of perfection. It may be purchased at prices varying from about $5.00 up—this particular aluminum percolator, capacity three pints, costs $8.00 complete.

ETCHED and engraved fire-proof glass, in a pierced and engraved silver frame—did ever a more handsome dish glorify the art and thrift of casserole cooking? Such an aid to long life and happiness costs, in this attractive form, $12.00. Others in the same materials cost from $5.00 to $14.00.

THIS delightful teapot has a no-tannin charm that will appeal to every lover of "the cup that cheers." Through the knob in the lid runs a little silver chain that holds a thoroughly approved tea-ball. When the tea has brewed to the proper strength, one draws up the chain and inserts it in a notch of the cover knob. No drippy removal of the tea-ball, no too-weak or too-strong beverage, but "the perfection of good drinking." In good quality plate, complete, $12.00

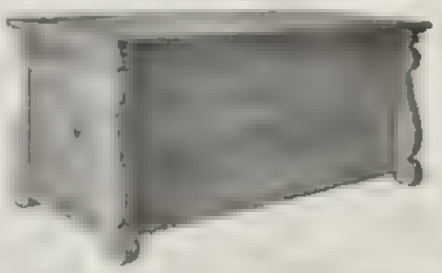
GRACIOUSNESS itself, speaks in the quiet service, the inestimable convenience, of this combined tray and tea-table. A spring at each end needs only a pressure of the fingers, to either drop or fold up the four strong legs that work the transformation. Just the right size to hold the whole tea-equipage, this tray can be carried wherever it is required, the spring pressed and—the tea table is ready, complete in every detail. It comes in the finer woods—mahogany or finest-grained oak—and with or without a delicate inlaying of lighter woods. Beautifully made and finished, it is a gift still a little out of the ordinary, and is sturdy enough to last a lifetime. Priced at from $15.50 to $18.00.



IF the bride's forte and her husband's favorite dessert be pie, by all means let the gift be a pie-plate in the transparent, fire-proof, glass cooking-ware, with a detachable silver rim. Right into the hottest oven goes the glass plate, and the pie crust may be watched to the point of perfection; then right to the table—in its pretty silver container, that comes in a chased or pierced pattern; priced from $3.75 to $7.50.

THE baking dish, as a wedding gift, never loses a whit of its popularity—possibly because the bride's friends remember the old adage of "the way to a man's heart" and realize the pleasant medium of the scallops and souffles and puddings she will make in such a dish. This model, so plain and satisfying in design, of heavy silver plate with mahogany handles and first class granite baking pan ($17.50), will charm the eye as well. Other designs from $5.00 to $20.00.

THE mariner and the bride have ever been granted precedence in the matter of chests. The bride's should be of cedar—rich, polished red cedar, beautiful of grain and color. Besides just storing her gathered treasures, it will guard her furs, her blankets and all her choicest fabrics, from the vicious moth. This chest, good in lines, material and workmanship, costs $30.00, others as low as $16.00.

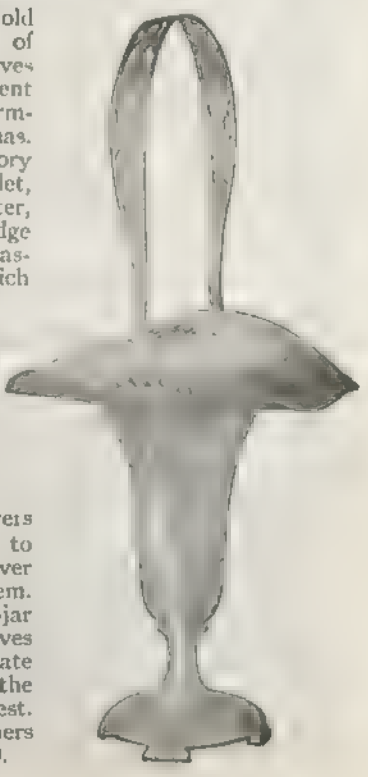


IF you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M. Caldwell.

circle. The little well to hold the cup, keeps to one side of the saucer; the other side curves widely forming a convenient plate. At $1.25 they are charming, in the fine, dainty chinas. Another delightful tea accessory is a tiny sterling silver platelet, about three inches in diameter, that fastens firmly to the edge of an ordinary saucer, and assumes the support of sandwich or cake.

"TOAST and Tea" was the cosy name given these cups and elongated saucers, when they first made their welcome entry to the hospitable afternoon



We cannot be responsible for any change that may take place in prices.

ONLY the grace of the flowers themselves, could add to the charm of this pierced silver basket, destined to hold them. A tall, open-mouthed water-jar that fits snugly into it, gives secret sustenance. The plate is a heavy, good quality and the design one of the latest and best. This model costs $20.00; others come at from $7.50 to $22.00.

The Wedding Breakfast

And Recipes for Everyday Occasions in June

By MARJORIE DALE

THE usual talk of the silver and gold, cakes and fine linens which go with the wedding breakfast brings up visions of great bills—but the new simplicity of weddings is no bar to spending as much money as one chooses; still in these times, one must stop and consider that the money spent on a large and sumptuous wedding could be used to better advantage by the bride for other purposes.

The home wedding with its beautiful atmosphere of charm and happiness is after all quite the nicest and it does make it possible to have a smart wedding breakfast at a reasonable expenditure.

If the wedding is absolutely a family affair the table is completely covered—first with a silence cloth and next with the finest damask linen the closet affords, only one fold in the cloth is permitted, and that must be a lengthwise one and when laid this fold must cross the centre of the table; if the table is an oval or oblong the cloth must be laid with the fold lengthwise.

A charming custom is for the mother of the bride to present her with the cloth used on the bridal table to be used afterwards at the anniversary celebrations.

In laying the covers twenty-four to thirty inches should be allowed between plates if possible—the plates should be set an inch from the edge and the silver should be placed in the order in which it is used, commencing at the outside and using toward the inside of the plate. The knife is placed half an inch from the edge of the table with the cutting edge toward the plate, and the spoon with the bowl facing up at the right of the knife. The water glass is placed at the point of the knife, and the wine glass, which may be used for charged water, is placed at the right.

Of course the decorations will be bride roses and the Japanese arrangement is pretty because it is low and does not interfere with the view of the guest at the table—and when filled with roses and fern 'tis truly graceful.

The rose decorations may also be carried out in the sherbets and ices and they can be ordered molded any desired shape from the caterer.

Four wedding breakfasts are given here, elaborate enough, yet timely, and not too difficult for the hostess to attempt.

Timbale Cases

ONE and a half cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls olive oil, 1 cupful milk, 1¾ teaspoonfuls sugar, yolks 4 eggs.

Make a batter, let stand for 1½ hours. Use heart-shaped timbale iron. Heat iron in deep fat, then dip into batter, then into fat and fry delicate brown and crisp. Drain, fill with strawberries rolled in powdered sugar.

French Poached Eggs

EGGS, boiling water, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, asparagus tips, 1 tablespoonful salt, hollandaise sauce.

Have water boiling rapidly and deep enough to completely cover eggs—add salt and vinegar, drop egg, cook four minutes, remove trim. Keep hot till required number of eggs are cooked. Place on round of buttered toast. Cover with hollondaise sauce and serve with buttered asparagus tips.

Fried Chicken

CHICKENS, egg, salt, butter or butter substitute, bread crumbs, pepper.

Split small young chickens in half, allowing half chicken for each guest. Season with salt and pepper, dip in bread crumbs, then in egg then in crumbs again. Have pan well filled with hot butter, fry a delicate brown. Serve with mushrooms, garnish with parsley and lemon rings.

Moulded Salmon

AMOUNT of salmon required will depend on the number of guests, but to every two pounds of salmon allow:

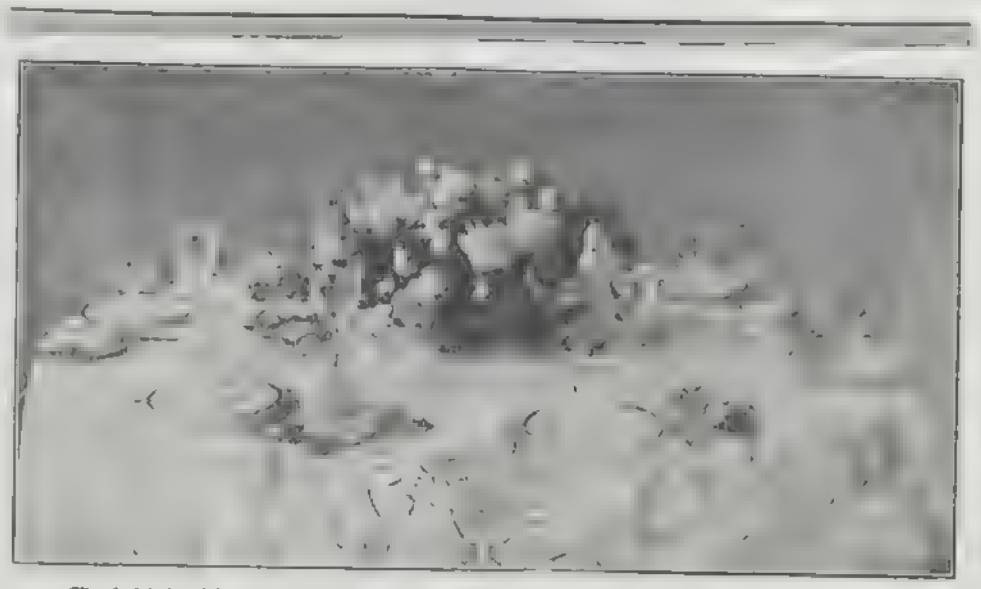
One tablespoonful mustard, yolks of 6 eggs, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 cupfuls milk, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, ½ cupful vinegar, 1¾ tablespoonfuls gelatine.

Boil sea salmon in salted water, remove skin and boil and chill. Separate in small pieces. Mix together mustard, salt, sugar, eggs, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler till thickens like custard. Remove from fire, add gelatine soaked in one-half cupful of cold water. Strain over salmon, mix thoroughly, turn into mold which has been dipped in cold water, set away in a cool place. Serve with chopped stuffed olives.

Chicken King

CHICKENS. For each chicken used allow 2 green peppers, 3 hard boiled eggs, 1 quart liquid, 1¼ pints cream, salt, pepper.

Thickening—Half pound mushrooms.



The bridal table set for the ice course, with frappe glasses and saucers of swedish rock crystal on the china dessert plates, Although an elaborate cloth like this may be used, a much plainer cloth is quite as smart. If candles are used with such a table, they should be unshaded.

The Wedding Breakfast

Wedding Breakfast No. 1

Strawberries in Swedish Timbale Cases
French Poached Eggs and Fresh Asparagus Tips with Hollandaise Sauce
Fried Chicken
Broiled Fresh Mushrooms
Rolls
Fancy Ices Small Cakes
Punch Coffee

Wedding Breakfast No. 2

Clam Bouillon with Whipped Cream
Olives
Small Celery Hearts
Moulded Salmon
Chicken King in Cases Rolls
Tomato Salad Cucumber Dressing
Strawberry Ice Small Cakes
Iced Coffee

Wedding Breakfast No. 3

Fruit Cup
Clear Consomme (in cups)
Olives Salted Almonds
Jellied Parsleyed White Fish
Sweetbreads with Mushrooms
Petitie Potato Balls
Asparagus Tips
Tomato Caviare Wafers
Strawberry Meringues Ices
Small Cakes

Wedding Breakfast No. 4

Iced Bouillon Saltines
Jellied Meat in Molds
Fruit Salad Sandwiches
Pineapple Frappe Cakes
Bride's Cake
Coffee Bon Bons Nuts
Fruit Punch

Prepare chickens, put on to boil in sufficient water to cover, with salt and pepper, celery and carrots. Boil slowly till tender. Set aside to cool.

Wash and remove seeds from green peppers. Cut into small pieces, put on to parboil; hard boil the eggs; peel and boil mushrooms.

Remove chicken from chicken liquid, skin, bone and cube. To each chicken there should be from one and a half pints to one quart of liquid. Heat liquid to boiling point—add cream and then add chicken and heat. Then add peppers, chopped hard boiled eggs and mushrooms. Season to taste and thicken. Serve either in plain timbale cases or on toast squares. Decorate with toast points.

Tomato Salad, Cucumber Dressing

SMALL round tomatoes, crisp lettuce leaves 2 cupfuls cream, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful paprika, 2 chopped cucumbers.

Remove skin and blossom from tomatoes and ice, place on individual lettuce beds. Beat cream until nearly stiff. Add vinegar gradually and salt and paprika. Continue beating till cream will hold its shape. Carefully fold in cucumbers, finely chopped, place tablespoonful on top of tomato and dot lettuce here and there with the dressing. Serve with wafers.

Fruit Cup

TWO shredded pineapples, 2 boxes strawberries cut in half, juice of one dozen oranges, cherries, sugar.

Jellied Parsleyed White Fish

FOR ¾ pounds white fish allow 1 large onion, 1 stalk celery, 3 carrots, 1 bunch parsley, 1 tablespoonful white sugar, seasoning to taste, ¾ package gelatine.

This is best made the day before. Clean, wash white fish, cut into slices, put on to boil in enough ice cold water to cover. Season well, add onion sliced, celery cut up and carrots. Boil till tender, remove skin and remove bone, but keep in pieces. Let liquid boil down, strain; add gelatine and parsley finely chopped, pour over fish, set aside to cool and jelly. Serve with cress decoration.

Sweetbreads with Mushrooms

ALLOW 8 medium sized mushrooms to one can or ¾ pounds of fresh mushrooms. 1 teacup of cream, 1 tablespoonful butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Parboil sweetbreads, prepare and boil mushrooms (if you are using fresh ones), cut sweetbreads in one half inch squares, stew till tender, add cream, butter, then mushrooms, salt and pepper to taste and if desired a little thickening.

Tomato Caviare

SMALL firm round tomatoes, lettuce leaves, salad dressing, caviare.

Peel and chill firm round tomatoes. Remove blossom and make a small cavity. Put a spoonful of caviare into each cavity and place tomato on individual lettuce beds. Pour over the following dressing.

Salad Dressing

THREE cupfuls iced olive oil, 3 egg yolks, juice 3 lemons, 1½ cupfuls grated Roquefort cheese, salt.

Beat egg yolks with silver fork, dropping oil drop by drop and beating constantly. When all oil is used up dressing should be of thick consistency. Thin out with lemon juice. Season to taste and beat in cheese

Stuffed Figs

One cream cheese, cream, salt, cayenne, figs.

MASH cheese, moisten with cream, season highly and make into balls. Wash and dry figs, make incision in each, stuff with cheese balls. Pile on plate covered with lacy paper doiley.

Parkins

One cup rolled oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 egg, now beaten, 1 teaspoon soda added dry to flour, ½ cup butter or butter substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger or any spice liked. Drop in spoonfuls on buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Sauce

One square sweetened chocolate, 1 tablespoonful butter, ½ cupful sugar, 1/3 cupful water, ½ teaspoonful vanilla.

MELT chocolate in small saucepan placed over hot water, add butter, sugar and water. Bring to boiling point. Add vanilla.

Baked Eggs

Two cupfuls hot riced potatoes, 1½ teaspoonfuls salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1½ pimentos, 1/3 cupful rich milk, eggs.

ADD butter, milk and salt to potatoes and beat vigorously. Add pimentos finely chopped, beat until well blended. Pile evenly on buttered baking dish and make indentations required for number of eggs. Break eggs, put in oven till set. Serve immediately.

Egg Soup

Soup stock, eggs, salt, pepper.

MAKE rich soup stock of meat and vegetables; strain it well, let cool. For each person to be served, have ready a separate cup. Into each cup drop a raw egg and beat together whites and yolks gently, then fill cup with stock. Salt and pepper to taste, stir egg and stock together. Just before serving, stand cups in a pan in two inches of boiling water. Cover and heat for about seven to ten minutes.

Devilled Egg Salad

Lettuce, Canadian cheese, cream, egg yolks hard boiled, mayonnaise.

MAKE nest of head lettuce, place small eggs made of Canadian cheese moistened with milk. Make pliable with cream and the yolks of hard cooked eggs formed into paste with salad dressing. Pour mayonnaise between the eggs and serve.

Oatmeal Macaroons

Two tablespoons melted butter or butter substitute, 2½ cups oatmeal, 2/3 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs beaten very light. Drop on buttered tin and bake about 3 minutes in a very hot oven. To be eaten fresh.

Ginger Nuts

Three cups flour, 1/3 cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 tablespoon allspice, 2 tablespoons ginger.

Mix in order given. Roll with hands into small flat nuts as large as a quarter and lay on pans lined with brown paper. Bake in a very slow oven.

Date Cake

Three-quarters cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup sweet milk, flour as for fruit cake, 1 small teaspoon soda, ¾ lb. dates cut in coarse pieces, a few shelled walnuts, broken up.

In Strawberry Time

Recipes for the Use of the Fresh Fruit

"STRAWBERRY RIPE!"

When that cry goes up from the garden for the first time, or one's sleepy consciousness recognizes the burden of the street call that a moment before had been passed over, as that of the newsboy or the Rag and Bottles Man—it is the last evidence that summer has really come. Of course, we have had imported berries for some time, but it is only when our own Canadian strawberries are ready that we think of using them in quantities.

Mrs. Fletcher-Berry, an eminent authority on fruit, has an encouraging suggestion to offer the unfortunate who cannot eat strawberries. She recommends a tiny sprinkling of cayenne pepper over the berries, to counteract the action of their acid, and assures us that the flavor is not impaired by this treatment.

The following recipes just suggest the infinite variety of ways in which strawberries may be served, so that even the most exacting palate will not tire of them.

Strawberry Tapioca

ONE cupful tapioca, ½ cupful sugar, 1 pint boiling water, juice ½ lemon, ½ box strawberries.

Cook tapioca in boiling water until clear, using double boiler. Crush berries add them to tapioca, together with sugar, cook ten minutes, stir in lemon juice. Set aside to cool. Serve either plain or with cream.

Strawberries with Cream

Strawberry and Rhubarb Preserve

WASH and pare 2½ pounds rhubarb and cut crosswise in two and a half inch pieces; sprinkle with 4½ cupfuls sugar. Cover. Let stand over night. Put in stew pan. Bring to boiling point, simmer till tender. Prepare one quart strawberries Add to rhubarb. Cook till thoroughly heated. Fill jelly glasses, cover, seal.

Strawberry Shortcake

TWO cupfuls flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, milk, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, butter size of an egg, strawberries.

Sift together the flour, salt, and baking powder, add the sugar and rub the butter in lightly with the fingers. Mix with enough milk to make rather a soft dough, divide in two and roll out about 2/3 inch thick. Place one round of dough in a pie plate. Brush over with butter. Put the second round on top of this, brush the top again with butter and bake in a moderately hot oven.

Split apart when done and place a liberal portion of crushed and sweetened strawberries between the layers. Put the fresh berries on top--serve with or without cream.

Strawberry Fritters

ONE cupful flour, 1/3 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, milk, ½ box strawberries, frying fat.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together—add the beaten eggs and enough milk to form a l atter. Cut strawberries in half and sweeten them—add them to the batter. Drop by spoonfuls into a frying pan in which is a little fat. Cook golden brown on both sides. Then sprinkle with sugar and garnish with a few fresh strawberries.

Frozen Strawberries

LARGE ripe strawberries, sugar.

Pick berries carefully, selecting only fully ripe ones. Cover with as much sugar as can be allowed, let stand for one hour. Then pack into a freezer with ice and salt and let stand.

Strawberry Salad

ARRANGE as many halved ripe strawberries as would fill a sauce plate, chill them, and when ready to serve arrange in a small deep white cabbage leaf, carefully washed and dried, and cover with a dressing made of a half cup of sour cream, juice of half a small lemon, a few drops of tarragon, half a teaspoonfull of sugar, a saltspoon of salt and a saltspoon of pepper.

Frozen Strawberry Cream

ONE and one half cupfuls sugar, ¾ cupful water, 1 qt. strawberries, 1 cupful cream.

Make syrup by boiling together the water and sugar. Add the berries cut in halves and simmer them in the syrup fifteen minutes. Remove the fruit, add the cream to the remaining syrup, cool and freeze rather soft. Now add the strawberries, pack down closely, set aside for from 1½ to 2 hours.

Strawberry Roll

TWO cupfuls flour, 1½ teacupfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, milk, ½ teaspoonful salt, strawberries, sugar.

Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder, rub in the butter, then mix as for biscuit dough. Roll out, spread quickly with strawberries, then with sugar and dredge with flour. Roll up as for jelly roll, moistening the edges of the dough with a little milk to keep them sticking together. Tie in a cheese cloth and steam one hour or if preferred, lay the roll in a baking sheet, brush over with milk and bake in a moderately hot oven. Serve with Strawberry Sauce.

Strawberry Sauce

THREE-QUARTERS of a cupful powdered sugar, 3 tablespoonsful butter, 8 large strawberries.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream as for hard sauce, add berries one at a time, mashing them thoroughly in with the ingredients—when all have been mashed, pile sauce in dish. Put in cool place till needed.

Strawberries with Cream

TO serve strawberries in an attractive manner. Whip ½ pint cream to a stiff froth, add 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, and flavor with vanilla. Place in a covered dish and chill for three hours. Before serving place in individual glasses, stirring in sliced strawberries and tossing the large whole strawberries on top.

Strawberry Whip

ONE and a quarter cupsful berries, ¾ cupful powdered sugar, 1 egg white.

Put ingredients in a dish and whip for about 30 minutes or until it will hold in shape. Pile lightly on a dish. Chill. Surround with lady fingers and serve with boiled custard.

Strawberry Sherbet

TWO boxes strawberries, 1 qt. Milk, 1¼ cupfuls sugar.

Mash strawberries, put through colander, use only juice, add milk, sugar and freeze.

Strawberry Sherbet

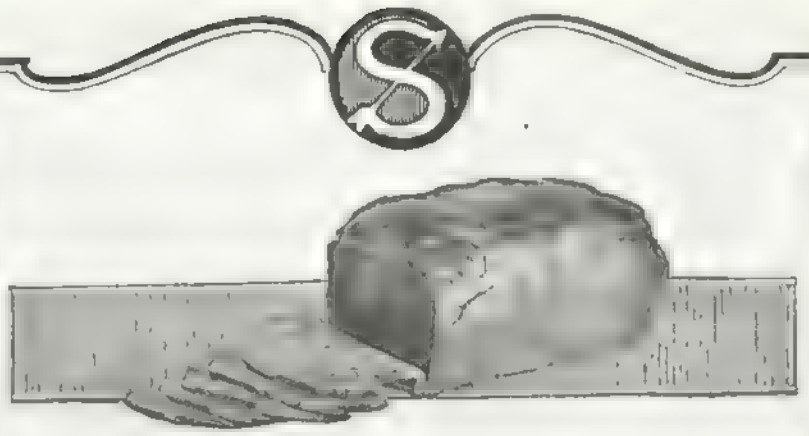
TWO boxes strawberries, juice 1 lemon, 1½ pints water, 1 lb. sugar.

Mash berries, add water and lemon juice; mix all together and place in cheese cloth fruit bag; then put sugar in vessel, let juice drip over sugar; take silver knife, using flat side against bag to press out juice. Mix thoroughly, freeze, allow to stand four hours before using.

Strawberry-Cinnamon Filling

ONE pint strawberries, ½ cupful sugar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon.

Crush strawberries and sugar together, add cinnamon, let stand in sun for two hours. Use between the layers of chocolate cake.



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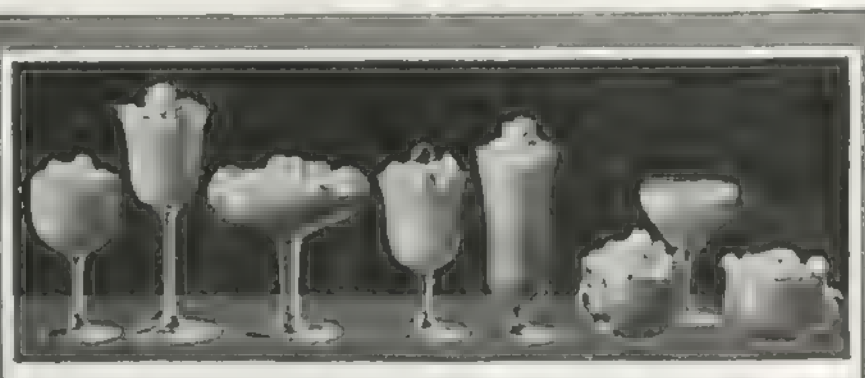

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Junket can be made according to a wide variety of recipes. Can be served plain or with fruit, berries, nuts, whipped cream, etc.

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Photo: Miss Gina Palerme, by Wrather & Buys

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The Woman at the Wheel

Who's Who Among Canadian Women Motorists

By MADGE MACBETH

Miss Norine Butler

Miss Frances Bevan

Six Months of Work Only Makes Her Eager for More

HERE is a girl so keen about driving a motor ambulance that after six months of hard work, she has just signed up for six months more!

Miss Norine Butler, of London, Ontario, qualified as a V.A.D, and left Canada last July, going to the Coulter Hospital in London. There she began a course of training in motor driving, with the result that on October 1st, she was attached to the British Red Cross and sent to France, where she is now at the Base Hospital. Her work is that of bringing in the wounded, and it is not all accomplished under shelter, either. The photo shows her standing beside her motor car, "Somewhere in France."

Complete Preparedness

MISS Jessie McLachlan of Ottawa, was an expert motorist before the war inspired women to undertake this particular kind of war work. One of her friends, a motorist of some pretensions, tells of taking a drive with her along the roads surrounding her country home. "Something went wrong," said he, "but before I had time to think what it was, she had hopped out and was lying under the car, tinkering with it as deftly as I could have done. I settled myself back on the seat and took out a cigarette. 'You are the sort of girl to go motoring with,' I told her, 'When you get tired, sing out and I'll have a try.' But she fixed the break without assistance from me, and much more quickly than I could have done. That was a jolly ride, all right."

Miss Jessie McLachlan

Miss McLachlan went to England in 1916 with Miss Winifred Lewis, who was in charge of Clarence House. After about six months there, she joined the British Red Cross and went to France, driving a motor Ambulance near Etakles. Her particular convoy consisted of 60 ambulances and 120 drivers, and when a big fight was in progress it carried several thousand casualties a week. Miss McLachlan broke her arm while cranking her motor, last July and returned to Canada for a short rest, but is now back at work in Paris, driving the wounded and transferring supplies.

Distinction for Quebec

MRS. S. C. Matthews, an energetic Montrealer, has recently won the distinction of being the first registered lady chauffeur in the Province of Quebec. She has passed both civil and military tests!

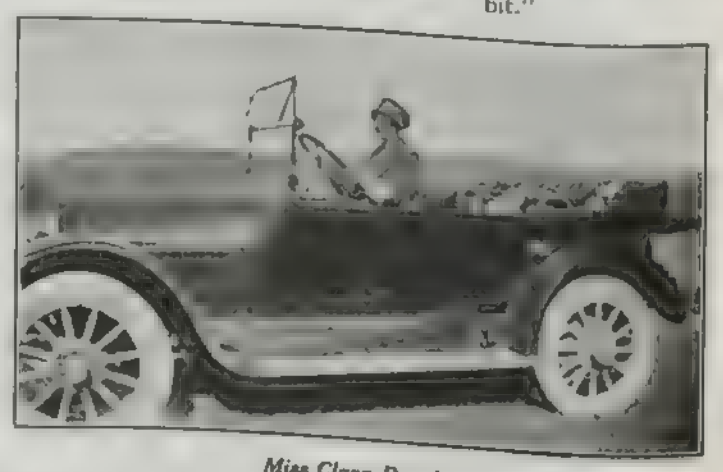
Mrs. S. C. Matthews

This entailed a difficult course lasting six months at an automobile school, during which she learned the mechanism of a motor so thoroughly as to be able to take it to pieces and put it together again. At home or abroad, Mrs. Matthews is prepared to take a man's place, should more women motorists be required.

MISS Bevan is a high school girl, from Ancaster, Ont., and also a graduate of Macdonald College. After her three brothers enlisted, she went with her mother to England, to be nearer them. While there she saw the great need of helpers in every sphere of war work. As she was an enthusiastic motorist at home, she volunteered as ambulance-driver, and "signed up" for the duration of the war. She meets the ambulance-trains and drives the wounded soldiers to four different hospitals. In order to gain absolute efficiency as a driver, Miss Bevan has learned thoroughly the mechanism of her motor, and is able to clean and repair it.

One of Miss Bevan's latest experiences was to take a dead soldier to his home and act as pall-bearer at his funeral. His family considered this an honor and were very grateful.

When a Canadian friend spoke rather enviously of Miss Bevan's opportunities, that young lady replied: "If you could see me sometimes, cold, wet, hungry, tired, with forty miles to go at four o'clock in the morning, you wouldn't think it easy work. But I am glad to be able to do my bit."



Miss Clara Dennis
(For sketch of Miss Dennis see page 30)

TO-DAY many women are far from home, bent low over the wheel of a motor car or an ambulance, serving their country. The photos you see on this page represent but a few of those splendid volunteers who are doing all they can to lighten the burden of the Empire and the men serving at the Front. I could tell of a woman whose driving in Serbia was adventurous enough for a movie thriller; of a Montreal girl who for months has been driving in Greece; of a clever B. C. woman whose kitchen ambulance brought untold relief at the beginning of the war, and many others. All of which goes to show that nothing good which we do well, is wasted. Does it make life too serious to suggest that every pastime ought to have a definite objective and a high standard of excellence? Faithfully yours,

MADGE MACBETH.

CANADA

Woman's Outlook on Canada's Future

THE splendid spirit and patriotic endeavour of Canadian women has been one of the outstanding features in Canada's war effort. They have unsparingly given of their time and energy in the interest of the Red Cross and innumerable other activities which have come as a result of the war.

Thousands of Canadian women have been anxious to devote part, if not all of their time, in directions where their work would prove of advantage.

Registration will be the means of bringing to these women the opportunity they have desired.

The purpose of registration is to learn the exact capabilities of Canadian men and women, and the information gained through registration will make it possible for Canada to direct effort from less essential to more essential occupations and to widen the scope of woman's usefulness.

EVERY WOMAN

On June 22nd, every woman of sixteen years and over must attend at one of the places provided for registration between the hours of 7 a.m. and 10 p.m. and there truthfully answer all questions set forth upon the registration card. Failure to register means heavy penalties—as Registration is law.

Volunteer Workers Needed

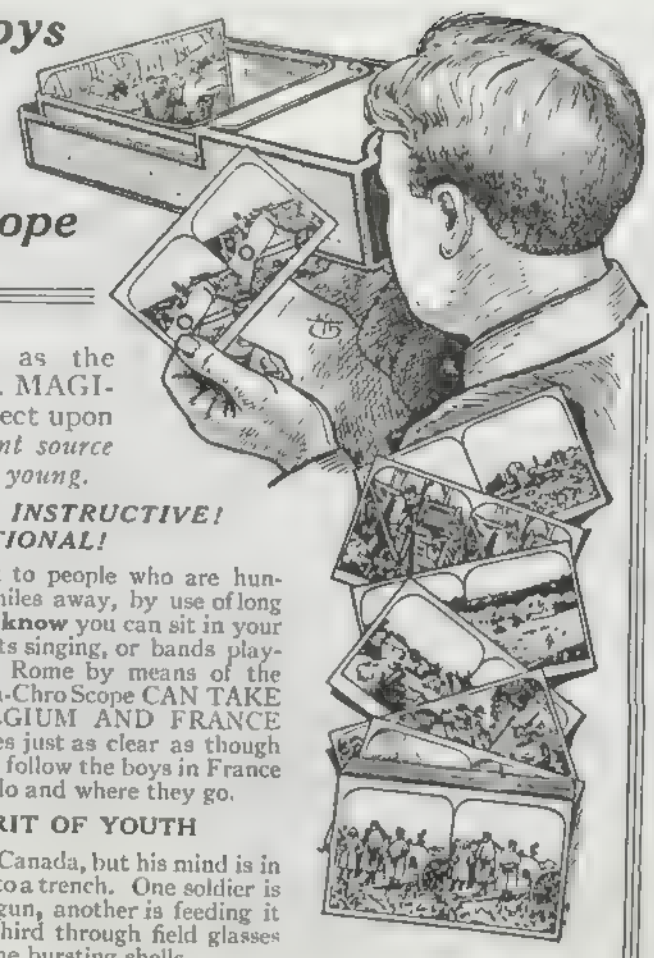
The registering of 5,000,000 people in one day is a stupendous task, and voluntary helpers are urgently needed. Individuals, women's societies, clubs, fraternal societies, church organizations and municipal organizations are asked to help. The Board appeals with confidence to the patriotism of every Canadian woman and to the pride which every locality must take in doing its own work well, to furnish the necessary number of volunteer deputies and assistants.

Those willing to offer their services should apply to the Registrar in their district.

Issued by authority of

Canada Registration Board

Follow our Boys In France With The Pan-Chro Scope



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WAR AND SPIRIT OF YOUTH

This lad's body is here in Canada, but his mind is in Belgium. He is looking into a trench. One soldier is operating an anti-aircraft gun, another is feeding it with ribbons of shells, a third through field glasses is observing the effect of the bursting shells.

A Complete Story of the War in Pictures

With the help of the Pan-Chro Scope, you can look behind the scenes and see things as they *really* are and not as you might imagine them to be. Set of 48 Views accompany each Pan-Chro Scope, a few of which we list herewith.

Huge Military Camp of French Army near Rheims. Rushing a temporary bridge for transport of motor lorries in France. Barbed wire entanglements protecting German trenches. Zig-Zag line of Allied trenches along the firing line in France.

In a German trench observation post. —An anti-aircraft gun being worked in a trench.—Quick-firers (37 mm.) mounted on armored aeroplanes.—An Austrian asphyxiating apparatus captured on the Italian front.

EVERY BOY AND GIRL WANTS IT

HERE IS HOW YOU CAN GET IT. Get two of your friends to take a yearly subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Magazine for Canada's Women, at $1.50 each. Mail the $3.00 and the names and addresses of the people EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is to be sent to and we will immediately send you a Pan-Chro Scope with 48 War views free by parcel post prepaid. Get your mother and one other friend to subscribe and you get the Pan-Chro Scope. Get them to-day.

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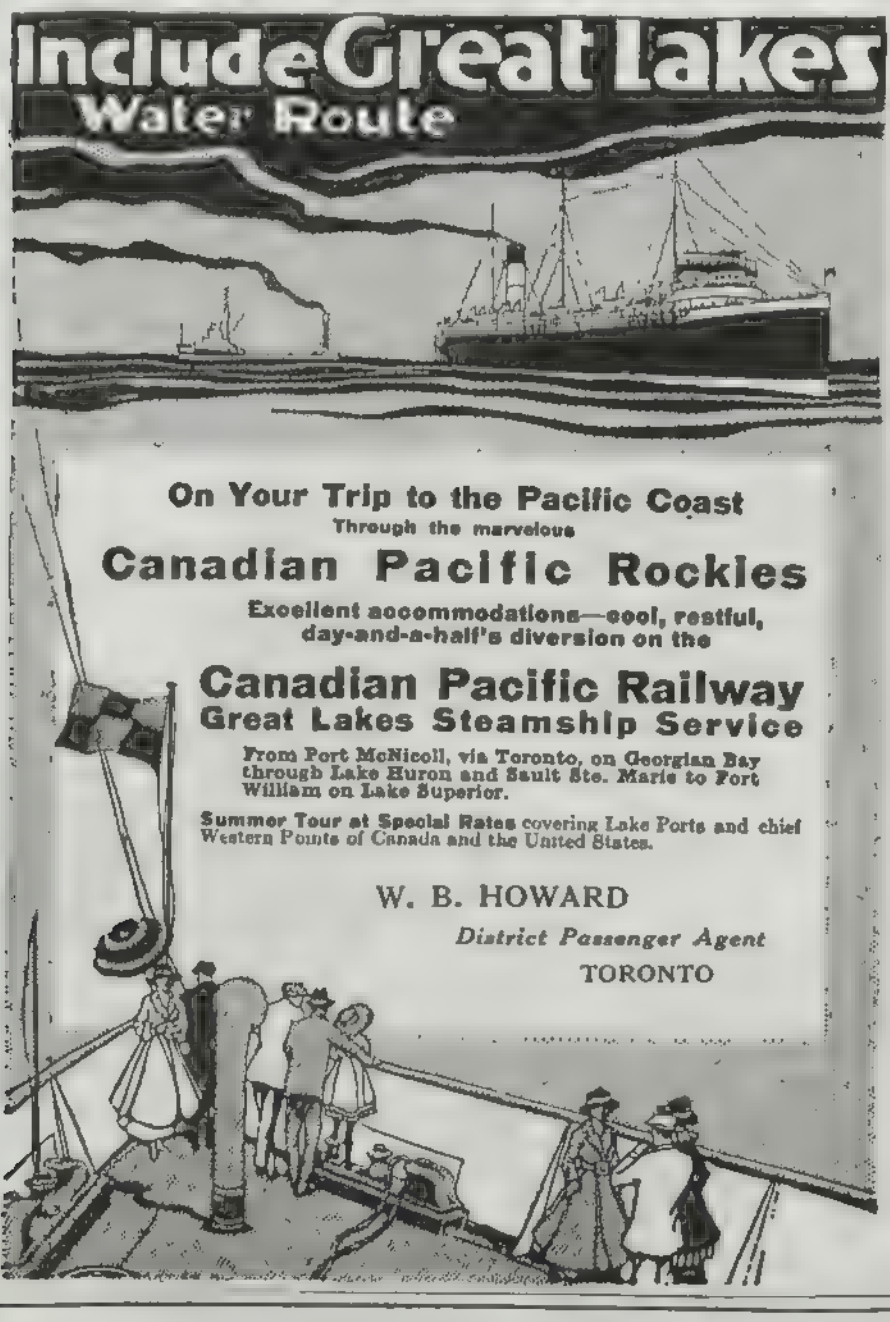

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Your Baby's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 23*)

out as much as you can in the sunshine Enjoy to the full all the beauty about you. Avoid worry and unpleasantness as you would a plague. If you are forced to live in uncongenial surroundings, if circumstances have placed you where there is gloom and unhappiness, exercise all your strength of purpose and strive to live above it. Say to yourself "I will be happy" and your baby will surely reflect your attitude of mind by being healthy and well.

If your baby is a bottle baby, and is thriving and gaining weight steadily on the food he is getting, do not by any means change it. Every mother should have a good pair of scales, and the baby should be weighed regularly. Nothing else tells so accurately how well the child is thriving. He should be weighed once a week during the first six months, and at least once every two weeks after that until he is a year old. During his second year he should be weighed once a month. If he is not gaining weight steadily there is something wrong. His food is not nourishing him sufficiently.

It is impossible to give formulae here, for so much depends upon the particular baby. The Better Babies Bureau, however, is anxious to be of any help it can to mothers. If your baby is not thriving, write and let us know every detail—his age, weight and what you have been feeding him on and how often he is fed. We want to help mothers. We are all out for Better Babies, and there is nothing that will so fully repay our care and trouble.

Community Canning

(*Continued from page 24*)

The labor is lightened—for besides the neighborly "visiting" involved, the total work can be done by four women together, in much less time and with much less effort, than by each going her individual way, doing each step of the work herself.

If there are enough members in the group to justify the buying of a little equipment, so much the better. The "Junior" compression canner here illustrated, is a popular size for such uses. Its initial cost is $28.00 and if you have some way of getting a steam connection for it, during the canning season, it will pay for itself over and over again. It will can about a dozen jars at a time.

Or you can use the hot-water bath, and can by the popular cold pack method. An ordinary wash-boiler will do, if it is fitted with a rack. Special racks, with handles to lift out the jars, can be bought, or wire cake racks or a home-made wooden rack will do to keep the jars off the bottom of the boiler.

A vegetable slicer, strawberry huller and cherry stoner, will pay for themselves at the first using. They cost but a few cents each.

A couple of wire strainers for dipping and blanching, long-handled spoons, plenty of good, new rubbers (never use an old rubber ring), good jars with the best fitting tops, for the canned goods and all the bottles and glasses available for the jelly, jam and pickles—a jar-holder that will handle the hot bottles for you—these simple needs are easily filled, and should be given early attention, so that when the first cry of "Fresh Strawberries" comes, you will be ready to welcome it—not with the old dread, but with the knowledge that this year, the canning will be done with efficiency and dispatch.

So even if there is no convenient hospital to share your good things with you, there will be Overseas Boxes for special destination, where the sturdy little jars of mother's jams and chicken will be most welcome; and there will be a big, important service in the preservation of perishable foods, that will go far in helping our home food problem.

And don't forget the simple, old art of drying, for it will take care of everything. from the first tender dandelion greens to the late fall apples—and needs no sugar and little labor. Write to the Women's Institute Branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture for Bulletin 252 on the "Preservation of Food." It will give you full instructions for both canning and drying.

Most important of all—let no quantity of perishable food that is not used for immediate consumption, go to waste. Keep your little Single Jar Canner and your home-made drying rack in constant use.

The nation looks to its women for this tremendous branch of National Service.

Save Your Clothes!

Good Clothes are an economy to-day.

CARHARTT ALLOVERS

For Women

Protect clothes and provide neat, economical apparel for mussy work. Women should wear Allovers for all housework, gardening, factory and farm work.

Dealers most everywhere sell the CARHARTT brand, famous for good hard wearing material, fast dyes, good fitting and stitching. Ask for them. If your dealer will not supply you, write to us direct.

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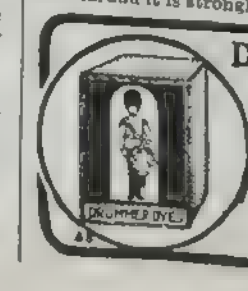
An Economy Hint

By Joan.

NOTHING is so helpful to one in every way as pleasant surroundings. Even a person of a happy-go-lucky, cheerful disposition may become depressed and moody in gloomy quarters, where pretty things find no place. It is so easy to make the home dainty and cheerful, and now that chintzes are so much used a pleasing result may be achieved with no great cost.

Plain net curtains—with an edging of torchon lace —form a foundation, and in some cases completely cover the window, and then a smart pleated frill of chintz or casement hides the pole from view, and straight curtains hang from each side.

These cheaper fabrics have only one drawback, they are apt to lose color in the sun, and faded articles of this kind look worse than none at all. Why not, then, try dyeing them yourself? The best to use is "Drummer Dye," because it is cheap, being only a few cents per packet, and it never fails to give absolute satisfaction. It is easy to use, and splendid colours are obtainable. It is especially suited to casements, tapestries and chintz, and it is strongly recommended. JOAN.



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TORONTO

The Experimenters

The Fable of a Little Boy whose Parents Practised on Him

By THE DOCTOR THEY DIDN'T HAVE

(Continued from last month)

IN the early days, when geese were swine, and turkeys chewed tobacco, there lived an old man of the sea, whose name was Proteus (pronounced pro-tuse) He was a wonderful person indeed, for he knew everything that had ever happened, and everything that was happening at the time and everything that was to happen in the future. And this knowledge made his head so hot, that he had to live beside the sea, so that he could dip his head in the water and keep it cool. Of course people came every day to ask questions and he got so tired of answering all the questions put to him that he became surly, and would not reply.

Among other things, he knew magic and could turn himself into a lion or a fish or a cloud, and thus get away from people. The only way to manage him was to catch him when he was asleep, and bind him with a chain. Then he would wake up, and turn into a lion or a whale, or something else and try to get away. But if the chain was strong enough to hold him, he would change back again into his very self, and answer questions, although he didn't wish to do so. Of course, when he looked like a lion or a whale, he was Proteus all the time, and was only trying to get away from the people who annoyed him. When we find things that can change their form and yet be the very same we call them protean, because they are like Proteus.

And there is a very important food stuff, which we all must eat, in one form or another, if we want to keep alive; and it has a great many different forms, so we call it protein. You see, it is like Proteus. Some persons think that the name protein has another origin, and comes from a Greek word meaning "first," but that must be wrong, because it spoils the story; and anything that spoils a good story must be wrong.

Protein is the stuff out of which our flesh and bones are chiefly made; and just a you must have iron if you want to mend a machine, so we must have protein if we want to mend the worn out parts of our bodies. If you ask me what protein is like I cannot tell you, because, just as the surly old man of the sea might look like a man or a fish or a lion or a cloud, while he was Proteus all the time, so protein may look like cheese or like beef or like eggs or like peanuts or like bread, for all these things are largely made up of protein.

That is why we eat these things, to get the protein that is in them. You remember how *Only* grew thin and weak, when he fed on apples and pears and other fruit; and how he was glad to eat the worms in the apples, after a while. Now that was because the fruit had hardly any protein in it; but the worms were made of protein, just as our own bodies are. It was too bad that he could get protein, in no other way than by eating worms; but I have read of people who were so hungry that when they could get protein in no other way, they ate each other. Ask your mother to read to you the "Yarn of the Nancy Bell," written by a man called Gilbert, and you will learn all about it. Yes, we must have protein, but I would rather eat cheese or beef or eggs than have to eat worms, like poor little Only. (*To be Continued*)

The Woman at the Wheel

(*Continued from page 28*)

A Pioneer Motorist

MISS Clara Dennis, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Dennis, of Halifax, may be counted among the pioneer motorists of Nova Scotia. This statement does not imply that she has attained a venerable and hoary age, for she was a mere schoolgirl when her brain and hand grasped the intricacies of the automobile.

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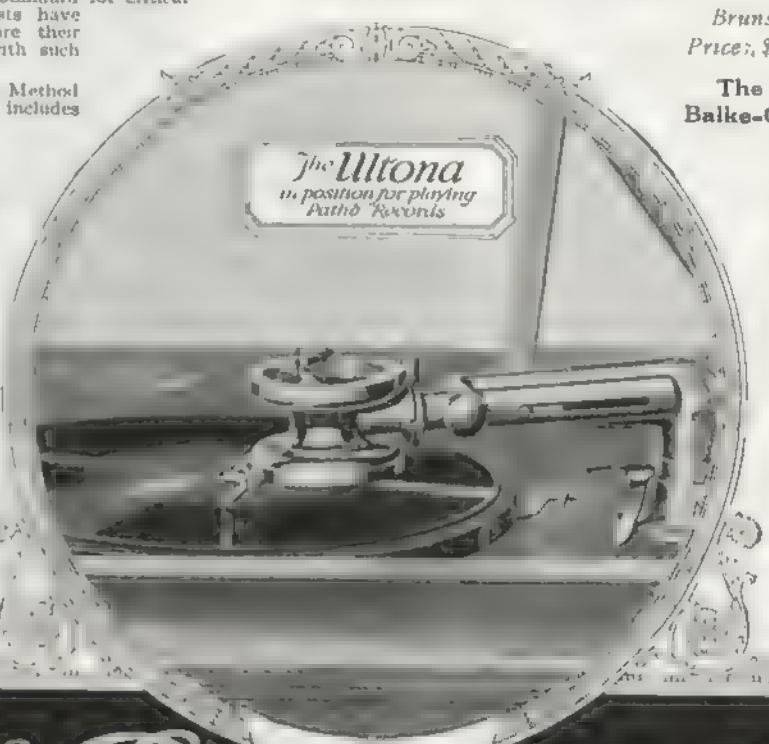

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Introductory

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June Brides of Nineteen-Eighteen

Dressing to the Best Advantage to Face the Day the Hour and the Groom

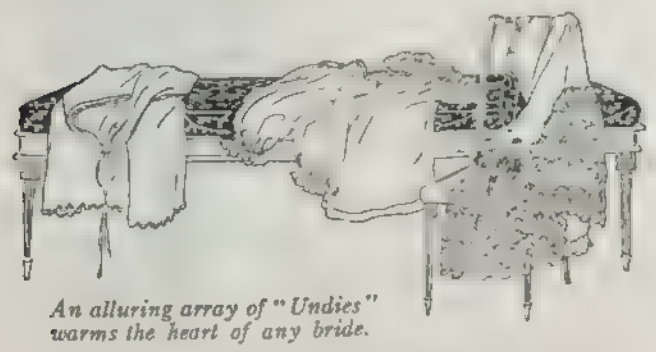
By HELEN CORNELIUS

WILL war and its accompanying quota of deprivations and conservations which has turned the whole universe into reverse; ruthlessly ripped up and broken our con ventions, customs, habits, and hobbies over its knee, in fact stirred up the whole muddy river bed, confiscate the traditional shimmering, glimmering, ethereal white satin wedding gown, replace it beneath its tissue paper wrappings and cast it behind us with the never-to-be-forgotten luxuries of long ago. In 1918, when courtships, engagements, plans, war weddings, honeymoons and homecomings are here and gone with the whir of a wing or suggestion of spring—the odds are all on the side of the one-piece dress or tailored suit, plain and simple, and we tremble lest our fears be confirmed and one of the last, lingering links between the bride of "to-day" and "yesterday," be broken. For when one marries and dresses on a war income, and military hearts and husbands predominate, Lohengrins and Mendelssohns throb with a martial air or fade into obscurity behind the rousing strains of "God Save the King"; ceremonies in general are shorn of all dramatic thrills and costly frills; and Union Jacks and crossed swords cover the way, where rare flowers used to sway; brides are prone to play their parts in costumes that are smart, but simple to a degree, and which will be of use in the future. But when one comes to the end of a Miss-spent life, when dreams have been dreamt and castles built around a blissful moment of gleaming silk, the flash of silver slipper and the lure of lace, the temptation to fall (and forget) into the fast fading custom of our grand mothers, is not to be wondered at.

So some groom of the hour in army khaki or navy blue may expect to watch his "future happiness" tread her ventaresome way from church aisle or padded stair into matrimony with demure and wistful eyes shining through cobwebby mists and a barrage of gossamer tulle, swathed in folds of gleaming white, flecked with pearls or crystal beads and garnished with graceful touches of old, fine lace. Exquisitely picturesque and strictly ornamental for the moment, this very same gown leads a double life, so decreed by our fashion friends, who preconceiving the whims of the old-fashioned bride, prepared for the worst by designing gowns for active service after the orange-blossom day comes to a perfect close.

Georgette crepe, chiffon cloth, crepe de chine, fine net or the sheerest organdie have a monopoly this season in weddings where economy plays second only to the bride, in the stellar role. Combined with a court train of satin, which is quite detachable and hangs straight from the shoulders in a dazzling streak at the bride's back, frocks of the silkier fabrics mentioned are usually made short all round, cut in a becoming low neck and quite often with sleeves either transparent or cut off short in the middle of their lives from shoulder to wrist. Graceful, youthful lines follow the figure, accentuated by the extreme length of the panel train and for the elaborate loveliness of formal wedding attire, there is nothing so appropriate.

Veils, when they are worn, are as mysteriously diaphanous and lovely as ever to crown the head of the



An alluring array of "Undies" warms the heart of any bride.

"foolish virgin." Clouds of tulle, cascades of old lace, pyramided, swirled in turban fashion, or artistically coronetted in Spanish comb effect, in fact any arrangement that is becoming to the retroussee or Grecian nose, may be the raison d'etre for the crowning glory of the spring bride.

Although war, the ghost that rises over and above the pale of the magic moments of happiness at a wedding ceremony, has put more or less of a pinch in the purse of the prospective bride, trousseauing has lost none of its thrills and the little lady with the love, honor and obey spirit has every chance in the world to trip down her orange-blossom path with fashion's blessing and a clear economy conscience to boot.

THE wedding guests have shrunk to a mere handful of relatives, the wedding breakfast is served with war rations, and the extravaganza of a cortege of fluffed, frilled and exquisite rainbow bridesmaids is rarely seen. When they are included in the program, their costumes, although filmy and picturesque, are in keeping with the times, made of fine mull, batiste, organdie or net in delicate pastel shades and topped by transparent hats of black tulle, lace, organdie, or leghorn. Muffs of tulle or flowers, a single rose, a spray of peach blossoms or a small bouquet with a frill, essentials of the bridesmaids of fiction, add immensely to the tout ensemble of the formal wedding party. The bride, who wears full white wedding regalia, only carries the accepted bridal bouquet draped in tulle and streamers of satin, and for the maid who pronounces her wedding vows in taffeta, chiffon or organdie, without a veil, an afternoon, garden party frock, or tailored dress or suit, anything from a gay bouttoniere to a plain corsage bouquet of roses or her favorite seasonable blossom is absolutely correct.

Tan, sand or navy blue two-piece suits of serge, tricotine, or gabardine have won the place of honor with the get-ready-quick bride, who not only accepts her "fate" in this costume, but takes her first steps of the honeymoon in it whether by rail, boat or machine. In June, outdoor weddings will be the order of the day and summer frocks which have surpassed all previous conceptions of loveliness and usefulness for the warm days will be worn at the ceremony under the "canopy of heaven"—and it's a wise bride who equips her wardrobe with several of them in various shades and fine fabrics.

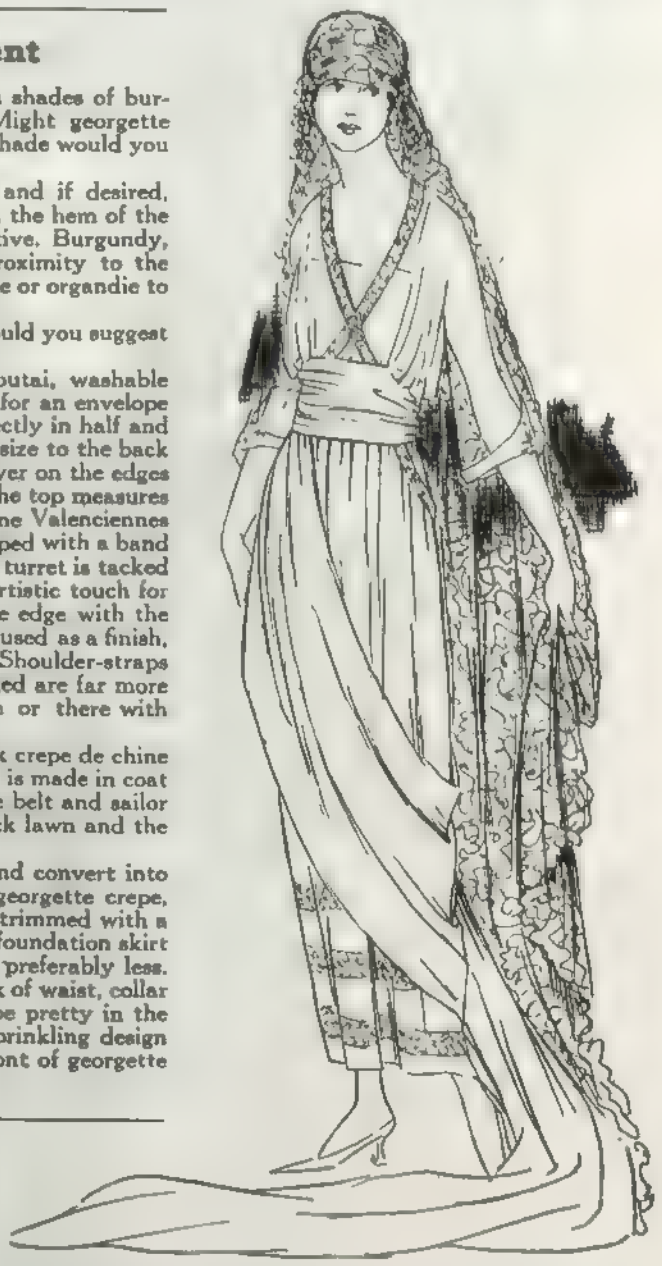
Typical of the silhouette of spring was a dark blue tricotine tailored suit worn by a very smart bride of the season. The skirt was exactly 52 inches in width, with slit bound pockets at either side of the front panel near the belt and four buttons trimmed each side of the panel at the bottom, which was stitched. A loose panel however hung from the belt in the back and was caught to the skirt under the hem. The severely tailored, belted coat had facings and applied cuffs of self material. At each side of the coat front, a diagonal seam ran from underneath the lapels to the under-arm seam at the belt. The slit pocket effect was carried out on each hip and breast pockets at each side. The closely fitting sleeves and narrow belt were special features of this suit.

Beige gabardine was the material of another ultra suit, which had a high-necked vest of satin to match. A narrow belt of the goods crossed in the front and buttoned with dark brown buttons at either side. The satin vest peeped out below the hip-length coat, extending completely around the entire width of the garment. Satin buttons, the size of a dime started at the top of the high collared vest and never stopped till they reached the bottom.

A charmeuse or taffeta gown is almost essential to a bride's happiness. Blue serge and black satin was usee in one very smart model, the latter being used for thd sleeves and collar, the rest of the dress favoring serge. Loose panels hung from the side fronts and were cut in one with the girdle ends which passed through slits. The skirt was made with a cascade drapery at each side which continued into a tunic at the side back. Black embroidery in a checker-board design trimmed the panels and tunic sections, and the sleeves, very tight, were set in.

Gray satin and matching georgette crepe were used in a gown worn at a fashionable wedding by the bride's mother, one of the most attractive figures to be seen at weddings of the day. The sleeves and machine plaited underskirt were of georgette, the front section which runs from shoulder to hem without an interruption, and bodice back, being of satin. Satin ends cut in one with the front were tied in a loose knot at the back. Georgette sleeves were set in and finished with a deep cuff of satin and square collar, sash ends and panel front were beaded in steel.

Black charmeuse took one little bride through an impromptu ceremony in a little brown study in the Rectory of a large stone church. The waist ran right down to the skirt, as far as the hips, extending longer on one side. A straight panel reached from the shoulders to the hem where it was looped up in the back under a long tunic. A panel at the front started at the base of the waist and was also looped up under the long tunic starting out on its journey downwards with a few gathers where it joined the waist. The sleeves were obviously tight, and the gown closed at one side of the back panel. A large slightly drooping lizere hat, relieved by a grey crown of caterpillar straw was the crowning feature of the tout-ensemble. An animal scarf of silver fox was worn for protection from the early spring winds and for effective reasons.



BUT the wedding dress is not the Alpha and Omega of a trousseau, however absorbing and exhaustless the matter appears. Lingerie as sheer as butterfly wings and delicate as pink cloud puffs is a chapter in itself with many a turn and tuck that enhances its allurement. Dreamy illusionary garments, the more exquisite because of their simplicity and frailty may be made with an extraordinarily small amount of time and expense consumed.

Just a word for the groom, for what's a wedding without one? After the voice that breathed o'er Eden has had its say, and the wedding party have driven away, breathlessly every one asks, "How did the bride look and who was here," but nary a word for the martyr of martyrs. That was yesterday; now he has taken his stand, cast his traditional black suit away and donned the khaki, every inch a soldier, ready to face the for, confident of gaining his objective.

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Ques.—I am having a new dress made of large plaid taffeta in shades of burgundy and dull bottle green, the latter shade predominating. Might georgette crepe be used in combination with the taffeta, and how. Also what shade would you suggest?—Miss B. W., Winnipeg.

Ans.—Burgundy georgette crepe is preferable for sleeves, collar and if desired, for apron panel and bib effect down the front of the dress. A design on the hem of the apron, cuffs and collar outlined in green beads would be very effective. Burgundy, however, is not becoming to all complexions when worn directly in proximity to the face, and it is wise to have a small collar of cream colored georgette or organdie to wear over the one of burgundy.

Ques.—I want to make a gift of a dainty piece of underwear. Would you suggest the materials and manner of making.—Blanche Bethune, Vancouver.

Ans.—A yard and one-half of flesh-colored georgette crepe, habutai, washable satin, crepe de chine, or more inexpensive sheer batiste is sufficient for an envelope combination for the average sized person. Cut the material chosen directly in half and seam the selvedge sides; cut the top in turret effect about four of equal size to the back and front, measuring about 2 inches in depth; whip each of these over on the edges with white silk floss, laying a box pleat in between each "turret" until the top measures a yard and one quarter, to allow putting on over the head. A strip of fine Valenciennes or filet lace, about 3 inches wide, placed beneath the "turrets" and topped with a band of the foundation material, a half inch in width makes a soft finish. Each turret is tacked to the lace and may be outlined with crystal beads, an individual and artistic touch for gift underwear. If the lower part of garment is to be plain, whip the edge with the white floss in preference to making a hem. Narrower lace might also be used as a finish, however, and the design of the top carried out on a smaller scale. Shoulder-straps of the material, an inch and one-half in width, whipped over and beaded are far more practical than satin ribbon. Chiffon rosebuds, carelessly placed here or there with unset skill add the finishing touches.

Ques. I would like you to tell me what I could do with my black crepe de chine dress, which is still in good condition after eighteen months' wear. It is made in coat style, pleated from a yoke and falls just below the hips, with a loose belt and sailor collar, both embroidered in black. The skirt under the coat, is black lawn and the lower part of black crepe de chine Ethel E.B., —St. John, N.B

Ans.—Rip the pleated tunic from the yoke, press out pleats and convert into tunic that falls from the waist line. Make a new waist of black georgette crepe, with collar and cuffs of surplus crepe de chine. The tunic might be trimmed with a fold of georgette, four inches in width at the bottom. If the original foundation skirt is full, take out a gore until it measures not more than two yards, preferably less. This extra gore might be utilized for crushed girdle, panel at the back of waist, collar and cuffs. A fillet, or vest of white organdie or georgette, would be pretty in the front and a small collar of the same over the crepe de chine. A sprinkling design done in jet beads would be an added feature on cuffs, collar and front of georgette bodice. This costume to be worn with fancy camisole.

Modish and Becoming Dresses for Mother and Daughter

Pattern 1507—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 2 3-8 yds 44 in black satin with 2 7-8 yd. 44-in. white satin. 15 cents. Emb. 14799, 15 cents

Pattern 1514—Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1519—Two-Piece Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 7 yds. 36-in. material with 3-8 yd. 9-in. for vest and 3-8 yd. 32-inch red satin.

Pattern 1481—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 3 7-8 yds. 36-in rose satin with 1-8 yd. 36 in. white satin and 5-8 yd. 20-in. all-over lace. 15 cents.

Pattern 1486—Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 3 5-8 yds 36-in light material with 2¼ yds. 36 in. darker goods, 7-8 yd. 26 in. braided material and 3-8 yd. 16-in. for collar 15 cents.

Pattern 1479—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 4 yds. 36-in. figured material with ¾ yd. 36-in. black satin, 1-4 yd 14-in. Georgette and ¾ yd. lace edging. 15 cents.

Pattern 1308 Dress Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 5 5-8 yds. 36 in. Georgette with 1 yd. 22 in. contrasting and 4 yds. edging. 15 cents. Emb. No. 13115, 10 cents.

Pattern 1405—Dress. Sizes, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36 in. pink linen with ¾ yd. 36 in. contrasting. 15 cents. Braid No. 14502, 10 cents.

Pattern 9868—Children's Long-Waisted Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 yrs. Size 8 requires 2½ yds. 36-in. material with 5 yds. insertion, 7½ yds. edging and 2 yds. velvet ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1483—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 4 yds. 36 in. material with ½ yd. 36 in. black satin and 3-8 yd. 18-in. white goods. 15 cents. Bead No. 14814, 15 cents.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers *only*, with every new or renewal subscription—$1.50—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each pattern is 15 cents this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you the mails are safe. Home patterns are the easiest of all to use and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering it is important that you write very plainly that you give your name and address the number and size of pattern wanted and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance street, Toronto Ont.

Just the Sort of Dresses You Are Sure to Admire

Pattern 9885.—Coat. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9883.—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Suit in size 16 requires 5 1/8 yds. 44-inch. ½ yard 27-inch contrasting.

Pattern 1340.—Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 needs 2 1/8 yds. 36-in. 15 cents.

Pattern 1209—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yds. 44-inch 15 cents.

Pattern 9837.—Sleeveless Coat. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 1 7/8 yds. 44-in.; 7/8 yr. 27-in. contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

Pattern 1375.—Dress. Sizes 36, 38 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 5 7 8 yrds. 36-in. material with 1¼ yds. 8-in. embroidery and 1 1/8 yds. velvet ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1465.—Waist. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1471.—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 2 yds. 36-in. rose satin with 3 7/8 yds. 36-in. white, 1 3 8 yds. insertion and 2 1/8 yds. edging. Braid No. 14061, 10 cents.

Pattern 1494.—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yds. 44-in. material with ¾ yd. white goods and 1 3 8 yds. 4-in. ribbon. 15 cents. Braid No. 14180, 15 cents.

Pattern 1403.—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yds. 36-in. material with ½ yd. 38-in. white material, 3¼ yds. insertion, 2¼ yds. 3-in. lace, 2¼ yds. edging and 3½ yds. ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1070—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yds. 36-in. plaid with 2 3/8 yds. 36-in. plain blue and 3¼ yds. braid. 15 cents.

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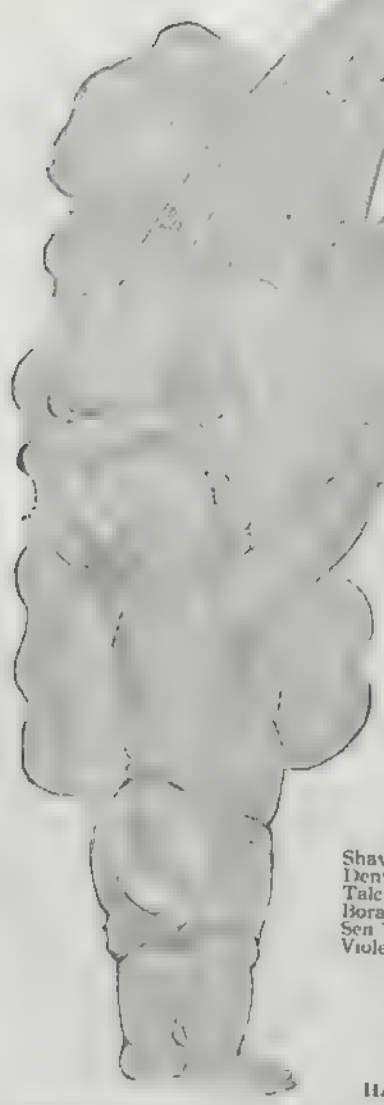
How he loves a shower of MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDER



HE'S such a contented little chap—of course he is, after his bath—fresh and clean, just as lovable as he can be. His mother showers him all over with Mennen's Borated Talcum.

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Pattern 1565.—Girls' Coat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 44-inch material with 5/8 yard 36-inch black satin. Here is shown a very practical and becoming model for the growing girl. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1315—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 7/8 yards 44-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting material. The skirt buttons to waist and the bolero is separate. Price 15 cents. Emb. 14600, Price 10 cents.

Pattern 9917.—Girls' One-Piece Dress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting material. Dress with or without pockets and belt, having separate bloomers. Price, 15 cents.

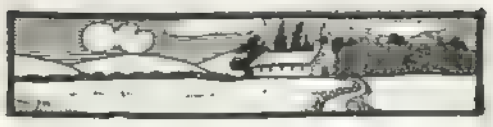
Pattern 1359.—Girls' Long-Waisted Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch figured material. Dress closing at back. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9856. Children's Empire Coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires 2 4 yards 36-inch material. Coat having one-piece straight gathered skirt. This model is suitable for development in silk or woolen materials. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1261.—Girls' Blouse Dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 4 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 44-inch contrasting material and 3 1 yard 36-inch lining. Skirt may be plaited or gathered. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 1287.—Child's Coat. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/8 yards 54-inch material with 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting and 2 yards braid. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9977.—Girls' Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¼ yards 36-inch material with 3 yards 16-inch flouncing, 2¾ yards edging and 2 1/3 yards ribbon. Price 15 cents.



How Shall I Tell My Children?

(*Continued from page 19.*

A letter lying on my desk gives such significant observations on the matter that I am minded to pass it on. It is from a devoted mother, a woman of social standing, and esteemed far and wide for her housewifely qualities. She writes:

"For some time I could not get my courage to the point of precipitating a discussion on what you term home truths—which, by the way is a good name since they are truths which can be taught in the home better than anywhere else—with my girl of thirteen and my two boys aged respectively six and sixteen. After putting it off many times, telling myself they were too innocent and protected to understand warnings, I began with Mary, a clinging slip of a girl, and with a heartache, learned that she had been told the facts about birth in the very grossest words. Oh, how I reproached myself! "It was wicked of your school mate to tell you such things," I exclaimed, and she asked innocently why I had not told her myself. With the ice once broken I managed to gain her full confidence and I find myself more thankful every day I live that I ceased being a coward in time to save her from an influence which must surely have hurt her in time. I am her confidante in all things now. It is a happy post. We mothers miss much by knowing our children only as they seem, not as they really are—secretive, curious, wise in ways we never dream of.

How It Was Done

WITH my six-year-old I was spared the trepidation experienced with Mary. Last Christmas Eve as I repeated the story of the Babe in the Manger he broke in with: "Did the angels bring me to you mamma—and how did they know I belonged right here? Put your head down to me while I whisper, did—I—have wings when I got here?" Something—the faith in his dear face, I think—swept me clean of what I had been wont to call conventional decorum, but now knew as deceit. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to tell him the simple truth. So I began: "Dear, the angels didn't bring you; Mamma grew you. You were very small and she kept you in a warm little nest in her own body, right near her heart, so that nothing could hurt you. She loved you and took care of you, through weeks and months and when you had grown into a real baby who could cry and smile, and take food you came out of your nest and let us see how nice you were. Why so solemn? Are you sorry the angels didn't bring you?" For answer he flung himself upon me, exclaiming joyfully: "I was thinking how I loved you. I'd rather you brought me yourself, than any angel. You see, angels, well, they're just angels, and you," tightening his hug, "you're my own Mamma."

Isn't it a lovely thing to keep in memory?

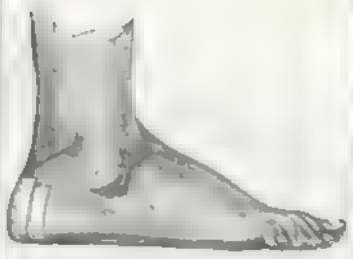
With George the task seemed impossible, his sixteen years loomed a barrier insurmountable. But he was leaving for college in ten day's time and I couldn't let him go without the heart-to-heart talk I had long shirked.

"George, there are some things I wish to tell you," I faltered. He must have noticed my nervousness, but he never let on. "All right, Libeteth," he responded, giving me the old pet name which he had not used for years, the name he learned to call me when, the only little one in the house, he essayed to say Elizabeth, the same as his Daddy did. Do you know, it was exactly what I needed, that "All right, Libeteth." It brought back the memory of all I had meant to be to my firstborn. In a moment the tears were hot on my cheek, and my conscience working overtime. Though I am a deeply religious woman, it was not of the life to come or of saintship we might attain that I told him, but of the life here, now, and the clean true man among men he must become. Strong bodied, clear brained, pure minded, high-hearted—this is the heritage which has come to you from a clean living ancestry, a heritage that only vice and evil can hurt. I told him of the taint of that disease which had stolen the power and beauty from all whom it had touched, and of what the words meant "His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure." Also I let him see that I had faith in him. At the end of that hour my boy and I were more to each other than ever before. All he said was "All right, Libeteth" but every word was a promise.

Girlhood is a glorious thing. The pity of it is (for the girl) that it is so short;

(*Continued on page 41*)

Prevents Chafing
On Hands or Feet



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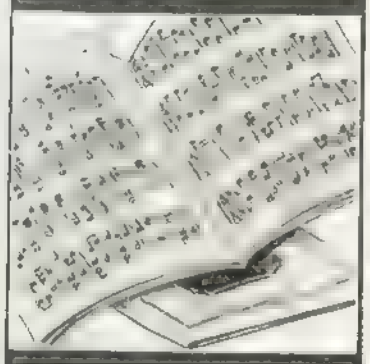
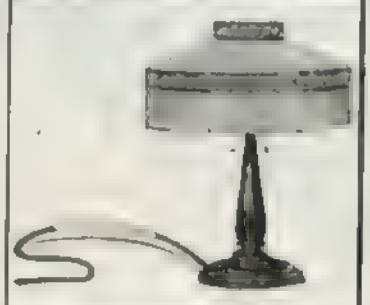

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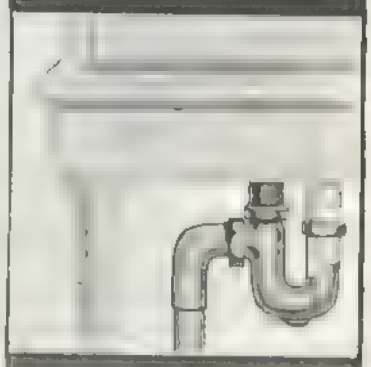

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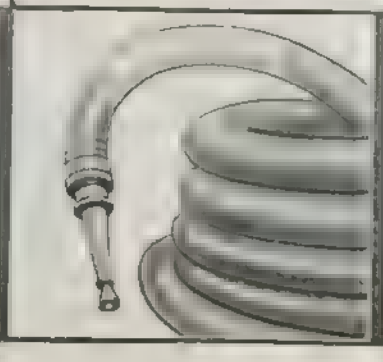
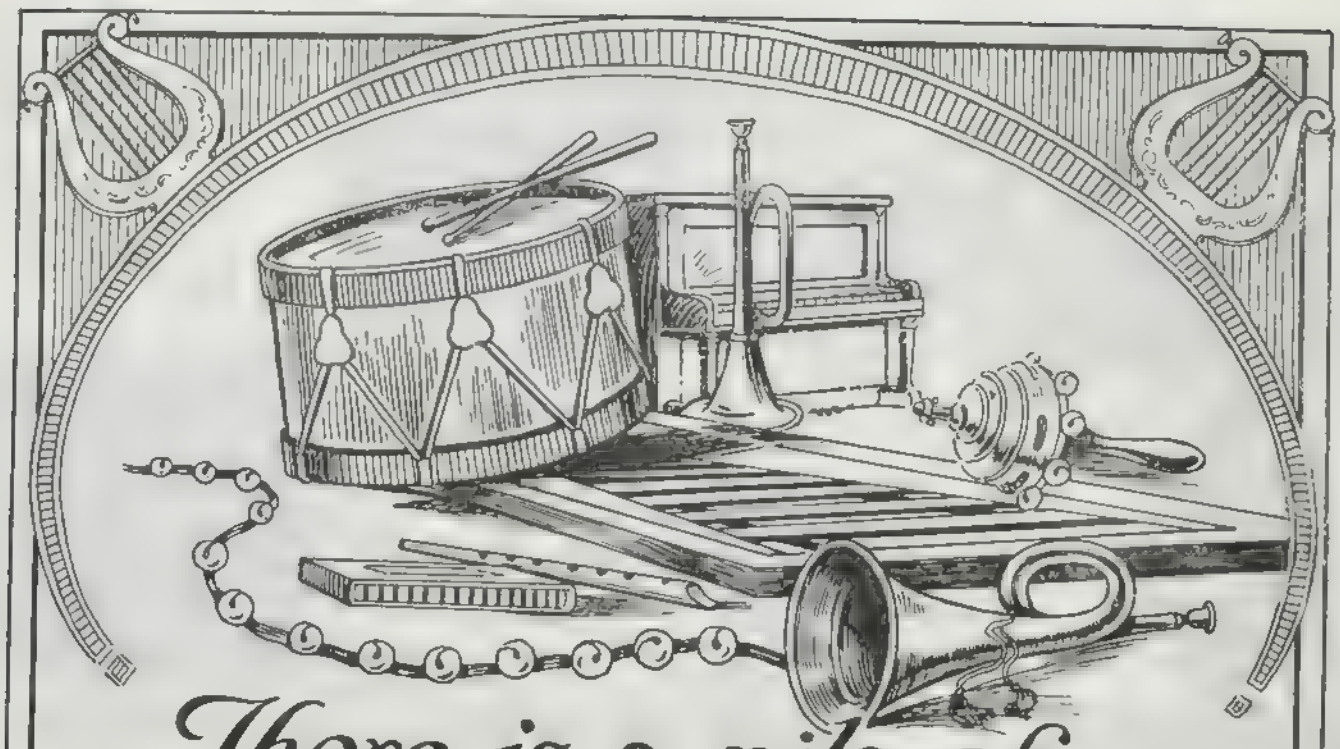


Mends Hose
With a Rubber Wrapping



There is a pile of Evidence

to prove that every child is possessed of the Musical Instinct.

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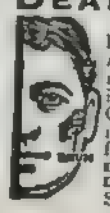

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
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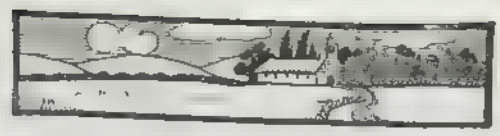

A Beastly Bit of Bother

(*Continued from page 8*)

though I was making sounds like a wild beast. After a charge, a noise more or less between the trenches doesn't matter, you know.

And so I swept down on them like that old chap Nemesis I used to know something about but forget now. I reached the trio just in time to see Freddie sink in a huddled sort of heap on the ground. Don Jose had knifed him. The beast was leaning over him to stick him again when I leaped at him.

Really I could have laughed at the surprised faces the two Boches turned on me then. They hadn't a chance in the world against young Nemesis. I ran the knifing chap through—or as nearly through as I could. He was awfully soft—like butter, you know. Then I turned on Hans. He looked so rather scared and sad when I killed him, too, that I felt somewhat mean afterwards. He was a fairly decent sort at Leipsic—for a waiter.

"Good-bye, Hans," I told him, jabbing hard, "This will teach you in future to serve good beer, and keep your hands off gentlemen."

He tumbled over, and I picked Freddie up, and started back home again.

Just to prove to you that Freddie is an ass: When we had got fairly started, he opened his eyes, stared at me, groaned, and said weakly, "Poor George! Soilin' his hands with a little old Tommy!" Then he fainted.

Well, I'm glad he realized that, in a sense, I was soiling my hands with him. A common waiter! It's disgusting!

There's not much more to tell. I was hit once or twice, slightly, and then dropped with what that chap Kipling calls a "bullet in his spleen." Rum beggar, Kipling. He does call a spade a dam shovel so unnecessarily often. Had I been the unfortunate, famous, but purely fictitious character who used those words, I should have said "wounded in the body," or else should have chosen a more genteel spot in which to be shot. Personally, I would have preferred to have been hit in the lung or the brain, perhaps. A Canadian nurse—deucedly pretty girl—who attended me said that being shot in the brain would have caused me very little inconvenience, except that the wind whistling through might have kept me awake nights with the noise. Isn't that strange? I always thought a chap was finished if he had a hole right through his head—especially if the hole was large enough to convey a draught. Fancy! I wonder if she was making an epigram at my expense.

But here I am talking about Canadian nurses—this one is of very good family—and I've left poor old Freddie and me lying in a heap before our lines.

I was near home when I came the cropper, and I managed to fall beside Freddie, so I didn't hurt him. Two of my men slid out and brought us in.

That's all I remember about the beastly affair. And I wish I could forget it all. It's so deucedly vulgar, don't you know. Fancy! A bloody officer—I assure you, Pater, I mean this quite literally. Although the army has by no means improved my vocabulary, I still know where to draw the line—a literally bloody officer, I repeat, rushing out with a useless rifle, to save a Tommy by spitting a German waiter.

Ye Gods! Why should he have been a waiter?

I can't write any more. Good-bye, Pater, Do hush up the affair, won't you?

Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P.S.—I open this letter to say that I wasn't much use to poor Freddie, after all, for they have just told me that he is dead. He died that night. I'm sorry I called him an ass. But I have no more paper, and I want you to get this letter; so I can just apologize at the end for having called him an ass all through. I didn't know he was dead, of course. Poor Freddie! I wish an officer had killed him. It would have been more fitting, for, though he was an—I nearly called him one again—he was of such good family.

P.P.S.—I open this letter again.

It was a mistake. Freddie is not dead. He always was an ass.

Do hush the affair up, won't you, Pater?

The worst of it is—they are going to give me the D.S.O.

THE July issue of Everywoman's World will be the great summer patriotic number. It will contain articles upon subjects dear to the hearts of all Canadians. Send in your subscription NOW so that you will be sure to receive it. It will be a winner!

A National and Personal Saving Women Can Effect

We urge the women of Canada to take a greater interest in the tires that go on the family car. Every tire saved from premature ruin—every mile added to the life of a tire—means lower motoring costs. And also means materials, transportation and labor saved for national use.

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Inevitably, as the keen feminine instinct for thrift is turned to the question of tire-value, the sale of Goodyear Tires increases. Our greatest friends are those men and women who have the most experienced knowledge of tires. We *know* that when the family purchasing-agent makes tires one of her departments, eventually that family will ride on Goodyear Tires.

Many things enter into the greater merit of Goodyear Tires. But chief of these, and controlling all, is our unchanging intention to build tires that will go farther with greater freedom from trouble, and so cost less in the end.

On this basis, and this alone, we solicit the patronage of the women of Canada.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Women appreciate even more than men the advice and assistance of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer. Watch for this Emblem.

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ADAMS California Fruit Gum

Buy it because it is

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The name guarantees pure, clean chewing gum, made with chicle.

Buy it because of the luscious flavor:

CALIFORNIA FRUIT

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Also ADAMS (the original) TUTTI FRUTTI GUM

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Pure Chewing Gum

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This style waist for only three subscriptions to Everywoman's World

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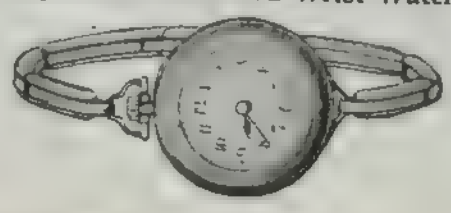

Will You Give The Friendship Circle Club a Few Hours of Your Time in Exchange for One or More of These

Beautiful Gifts?

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THE Friendship Circle Club is an organization of Canadian women—everyone a reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Each understands and appreciates the positive merit of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and what it is doing to build up the physical and mental efficiency of Canada. It has but one object—to make money and give handsome gifts to its members.

Membership Is Free

This is your opportunity to join its ranks. Membership is absolutely free, there are no obligations. As a member, all that we ask is that you show EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances. Just tell them about the articles, the stories, the features that endear to you EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—the paper that is genuinely "Canada's Magazine for Canadian Women."

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This handsome, compact folding camera takes a picture 2¼" x 3¼". It has many new and excellent features to recommend it. It uses the new style film pack, taking twelve pictures at one loading, and does the very best of either indoor or outdoor work. Seal grain leather covered. Extra rapid lenses, handsome view-finder of new design. Is very compact when folded. All postage paid.

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Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the mysterious ether discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius. Great!

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The lice-tortured hen simply cannot do her duty. She's kept so busy scratching that she has no time to lay.

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is sure death to all kinds of lice, bugs and other insects. Can't injure the fowls. Quickly turns your restless, unprofitable birds into happy, healthy producers.
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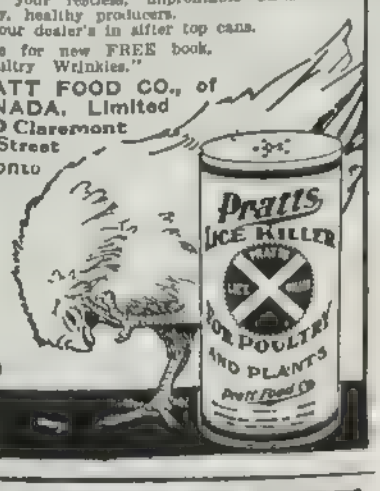

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Dampness, fog, showers leave no trace on it.

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or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

How Shall I Tell My Children

Continued from page 37

for the mother that often she has let worldliness, work or worry put her out of tune with the wonder and glow of it The mother who has kept young of heart is the one who is both happy and busy about this time. For one thing she knows that the soul of a girl learns at least one new lesson a day, and she gets in line for doing her share of that teaching.

Who does not love her, this glad young thing?

Morning's at seven, life's at the spring
Pure she is as a lily that opes
Petals of velvet; all tender hopes
And dreams of youth, with their mysti stir,
The dew of dawn in the heart of her.

"What would you do if your daughter begin to exhibit a prurient curiosity and ask questions about birth and that sort of thing you were ashamed to answer?" asked a society woman of her old fashioned friend.

"I don't know what I would do, give my own mind a housecleaning, I think, and get a new outlook. On the day when a daughter of mine asks me any question concerning maternity that I am ashamed to answer, then will I feel ashamed of my womanhood and God's plan for peopling the world—but not till then," came the instant answer from lips which disdained deceit.

"I cannot understand the hesitancy of mothers in giving their daughters the necessary information concerning the sexual organs," says one of our clever western women. "I find it an easy matter myself, and manage to make the story an interesting one, with much in it to endear us to one another. And I say, to each one in turn, "It is not a thing to think about, or speak about at present. Just to remember, that's all. As you grow older come straight to mother when you wish to know more about these matters. Never let anyone fill your ears with unclean talk, or your mind with unclean thoughts."

The Highland Warning

WE would not dream of letting our children go untended and unwarned when tuberculosis, smallpox, or other contagious diseases were rampant, yet we so often are dumb as to the venereal plague which for the very terribleness of its effects is most to be feared of all. Its dangers should be discussed in every home, not in secret or with bated breath, but openly and earnestly. We should never falter in our warnings until we have told our sons and daughters enough of the truth to make them fear vice more than death. In the highlands of Scotland no girl leaves home to go into service, or into shops, who does not hear the words breathed like a prayer:

"Keep good, my daughter; better to lose your life than lose your virtue." The words are just as applicable to sons as to daughters it seems to me, since the doing away for good and all of the double standard will stamp out venereal disease more effectively than anything else.

"But," says some troubled mother, "women aren't supposed to know about such things, much less to discuss them. They never used to be so much as hinted at among us." True, and perhaps the very ignorance—real or pretended—the secrecy maintained, has helped to make venereal disease the menace it is to-day. What is it the Book says about fearing that which is able to destroy both body and soul? Enlightenment is the antidote. Thus we have our splendid women—mothers up in arms for the protection of home—speaking, writing, working everywhere in the battle against vice and the disease of vice. We have our ministers in the pulpits preaching openly and eloquently on the same matter, our statesmen discussing it, the editorial columns of our leading papers featuring it, but what we have not yet is a home department where, by beginning early and continuing faithfully, can accomplish more than all other sources put together.

"How shall I begin?" writes one mother, adding the sorrowful words: "My three children have only myself to teach them; their father died at Vimy Ridge." Poor little mother—no, brave little general making ready her defences against an enemy even more relentless than the Hun! Teach them the grandeur of goodness, the strength of purity. Give them books to read and discuss the contents of same. Above all, keep in touch with them as the years go by.

In the hand of clean youth lies the hope of Canada. In all reform work is a touch of sorrow. One cannot help feeling how much better it is to keep the young clean and wholesome of mind and body than to

(*Continued on page 58*)

"The Best Investment We Ever Made"

was fixing up the old home place and painting it with

Lowe Brothers
HIGH STANDARD LIQUID · PAINT

—the investment paint. It improved its appearance wonderfully and added hundreds of dollars to its value."

If you are lucky enough to own one of those well-built old homes, don't let it grow shabby. Clean up the lawn, prune up the shrubbery and paint the house with HIGH STANDARD.

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FARM WORK MUST GO ON!

HEALTH is vitally important these days. Men and women are doing unaccustomed work and frequently require something to regulate the system. Especially must the Kidneys be kept at their normal function of removing poisons and impurities from the blood.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Gin Pills are unexcelled for healing and soothing the Kidneys. Starting with simple backache, Gin Pills have a record of remarkable successes in cases of derangements of the Kidneys, bladder and urinary system, swollen joints and ankles. Try Gin Pills on our guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

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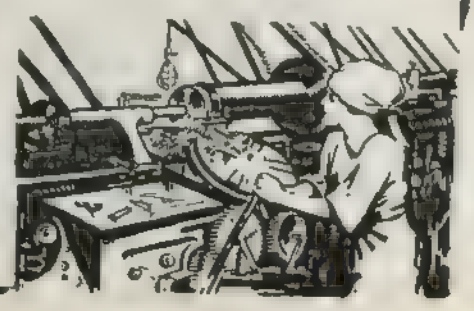

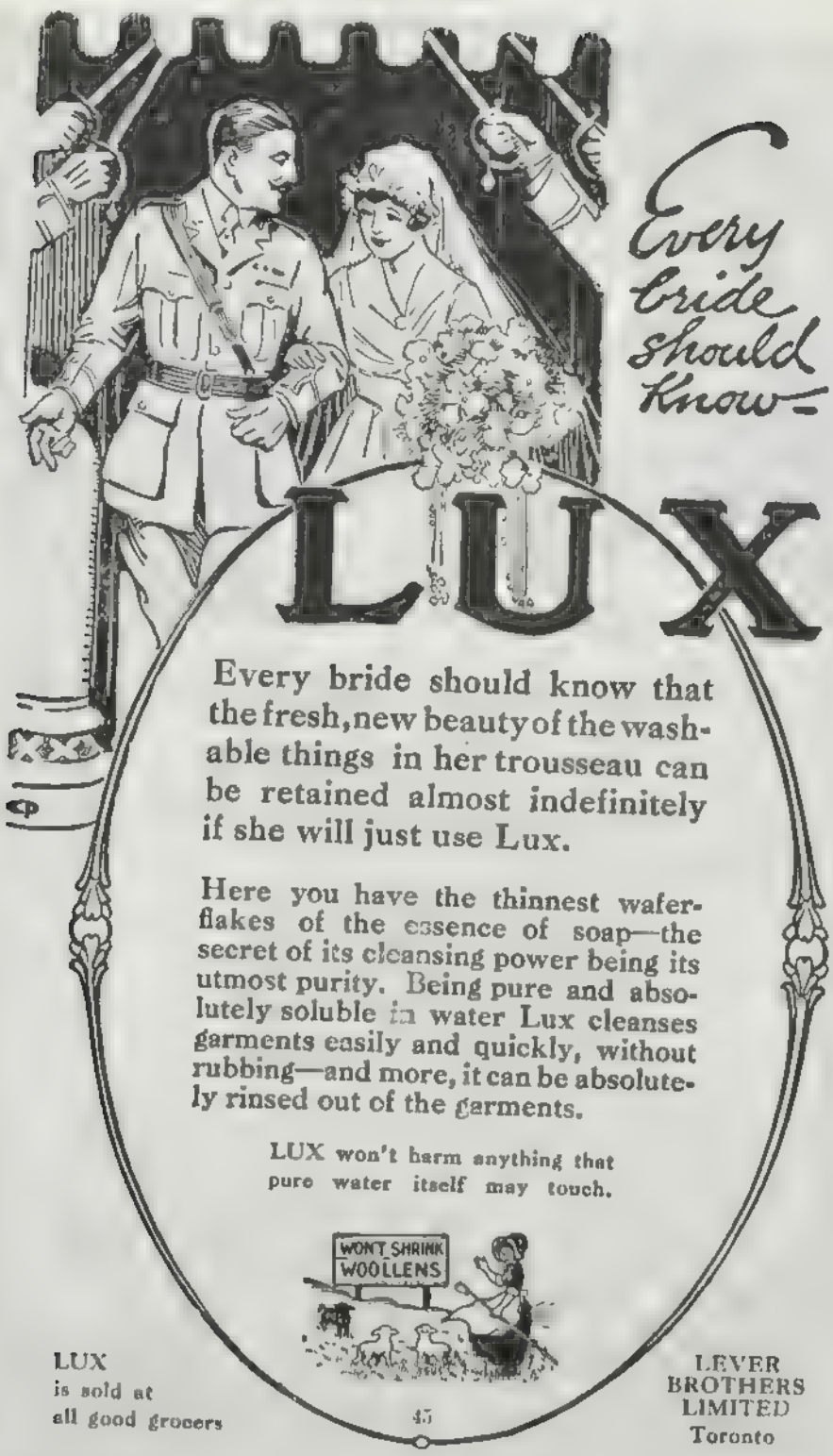

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Every bride should know that the fresh, new beauty of the washable things in her trousseau can be retained almost indefinitely if she will just use Lux.

Here you have the thinnest wafer-flakes of the essence of soap—the secret of its cleansing power being its utmost purity. Being pure and absolutely soluble in water Lux cleanses garments easily and quickly, without rubbing—and more, it can be absolutely rinsed out of the garments.

LUX won't harm anything that pure water itself may touch.

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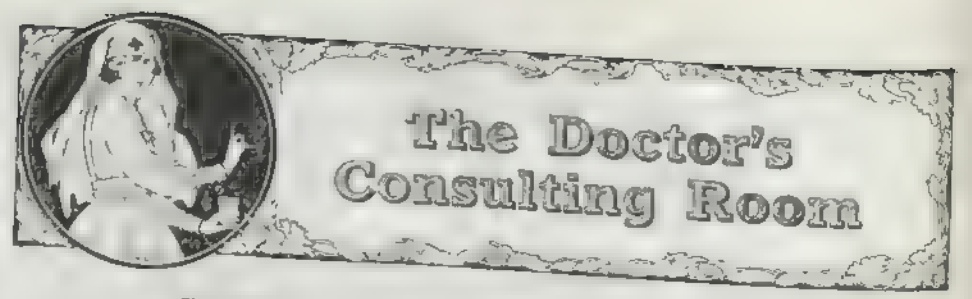

Conducted by OSWALD C. J. WITHROW, M.B. (Tor.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.)
Physician Dept. of Psychiatry, Toronto General Hospital; Secy. for Sex Education National Council Y.M.C.A. of Canada

"I SPENT nearly fifty years of my life injuring my stomach and my health generally in order to amass a fortune, and I shall be obliged to pass the rest of my life spending large sums of money in trying to regain my health." The spirit of this remark of a prominent multi-millionaire is all too true of many people in these hustling, bustling modern times. But the multi-millionaire will not be able to regain his health fully, no matter how much money he spend. Health is not secured by the barter of dollars. Symptoms may be alleviated, but the possessor of millions and political power becomes the slave of drugs and potions and of haunting hideous fears. When health has gone, happiness flees also. No matter whether you are rich or poor, it is extremely unwise to run counter to the laws of health. So surely as you do, so surely will you pay the penalty in impaired physical and mental vigor. It is far, far better to "keep well" than to "get well." In our Consulting Room we shall talk together month by month about how to keep in good physical and mental health.

An Ounce of Prevention

MOST diseases are preventable. There was a time when people charged fate or Providence with taking away some darling baby or some promising boy or girl from the family circle and folks were very bitter against the unkindness of the Almighty. There is no excuse for such charges in this enlightened day and yet I am afraid many still lay the blame elsewhere than upon its rightful source.

There is a cause for every disease and this can usually be ascertained. Look up heredity, study environment. Somewhere you will find the source of the mischief and often it will be a simple matter to provide a remedy. To cure any trouble you must first remove the cause. How trite, how simple and yet how difficult for us to put into practice. Public sanitation has accomplished wonders in decreasing the prevalence of infectious or germ diseases, and the death rate from these has been lowered to a marked degree. Typhoid fever, malarial fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and many others are now well known to the public, and the method of handling them has been so improved, that we no longer live in terror of them as plagues, but as maladies which we can handle, and suppress and subdue. In the last quarter of a century, many years have been added to the average life-time of every child born, and many more can be added as we become more fully convinced that most diseases are preventable.

Many Diseases Imaginary

I WONDER how many of my readers know that the majority of the patients of the ordinary general practitioner have nothing the matter with them, that is to say they are suffering from no definite disease? There are definite and distinct diseases which run a particular course, act according to fixed laws, and may end fatally or in impaired health and vigor unless relieved or cured by medical skill. Such are called organic. It is against these that medical science is waging war continuously. The perfection of the art and science of surgery has been responsible for the removal of much offending and insidious disease. Diagnosis has become so keen that organic diseases are suspected early, if patients will but submit to examination when the proper treatment can be instituted. Preventive medicine has begun a relentless war upon the germ, with numerous victories already all along the line and has taught us the danger of tampering with or compromising with germ-laden conditions. But hosts of people think they are ill when there is no actual disease and appear to "enjoy" poor health. These have functional diseases—if indeed it be correct to speak of disease in this connection—and are readily swayed by the first strong minded person with whom they meet. If that person be a quack or a charlatan so much the worse for the patient's body and pocket book. If the adviser be of the right sort he will often be able to dispel the patient's "notions" and present him with a new and sane conception of health.

Let's Help You to Keep Well

SINCE August 4th, 1914, at least 100,000 people have died in Canada from preventable diseases. During the same period not more than 30,000 Canadian soldiers have been killed in action or died from the effects of wounds or disease. The second fact has caused us grave concern, and we hurl anathemas, and rightly so, at the Kaiser for his hideous cruelty in precipitating this horrible war. Are we concerned sufficiently about three times as many persons and more, dying from preventable diseases? Don't you think we ought to wage war upon the subtle and malicious foes at home in the shape of these hidden forces which cause disease? In these monthly talks, Dr. Withrow will tell you how to "get well" and "keep well" and of what is happening in the public health field.

Questions concerning sanitation, health and sex will be answered by Dr. Withrow, only if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. We will publish as many questions and answers as space allows. Prescriptional advice can not be given. Address all enquiries, with return postage enclosed, to Dr. Oswald C. J. Withrow, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada. —THE EDITORS.

Method of Protection

A COMPLETE physical examination every year, of every man, woman and child is what is needed to prevent the inroads of organic diseases and to dispel the "notions" of those who imagine themselves ill. Frequently we are shocked to read in the daily press of one and another of our acquaintances or friends dying suddenly, although we had seen him or her a few days previously apparently well. This was not the result of a disease which had come suddenly, like the leap of a leopard, but was the breaking point of a tension on the human body because of some malady lurking there for months or years whose slight warning symptoms had been passed lightly by. Make it a habit of your life to consult a competent, well trained physician regularly, as you would your dentist, talking over with him unreservedly your bodily and mental condition. It is interesting to know that some of the leading life insurance companies of North America are urging this course upon their policy holders and the company pays the physician his fee. This is one of the provisions of the policy. All men and women, for their health's sake, ought to be as long-headed as a hard-headed business concern.

Keep Clean

CLEANLINESS is Godliness. In the early spring, when the ice and snow have vanished, you clean up your yards and gardens from accumulated dirt and filth, the legacy of the winter season. Yes and you turn the contents of the house upside down and inside out and you scour and scrub from cellar to garret. Spring housecleaning is an institution. Well, keep clean. During the summer season, see that the house, and the yard and the garden are kept free from anything that may be the breeding place of disease. Soap and water are not very expensive, matches are not costly and I fancy that fire and water rightly used will frighten most diseases away. Personal cleanliness is essential. Surely you do not need to be reminded of that. But many diseases come because of the neglect of this simple procedure. And did you ever stop to think that water taken internally in liberal doses is perhaps the best liquid medicine we know.

*Dr. Withrow has prepared a series of three booklets which ought to be in the hands of every young man at home and overseas. They speak plainly and strongly on certain serious problems which are of vital importance to him. Send 10 cents for each booklet, coin or stamps, enclosed in envelope with letter.

Facts for Fighters, Price 10 cents.
If Every Man Were Straight, Price 15 cents.
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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has arranged to supply these to our readers for ten cents each or any two without new or renewal subscription, new or renewal, to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Another booklet is "No Danger to a Girl Like This!", price 10 cents.

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A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Family Remedies

SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine.

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EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

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WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

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PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada

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WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

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FREE TO WRITERS—A wonderful book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 32, Auburn, N Y

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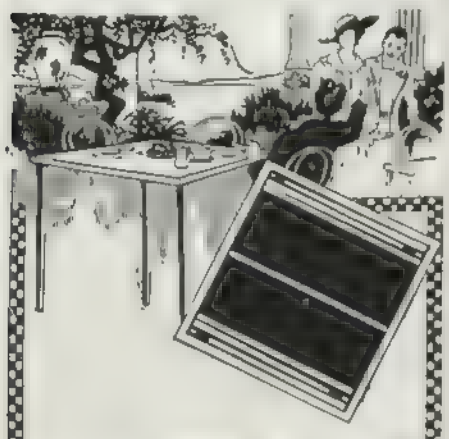

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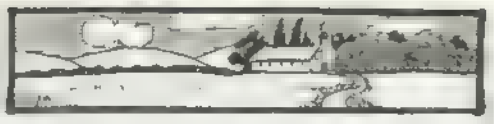

Red Feather Rides to the Sea

(*Continued from page 5*

of the seagulls, and he stood up on the deck of his birch boat to catch a first glimpse of the sea, and just then, his friend, the West Wind passed him, sweeping in-shore to meet the buttercups, and Red Feather waved his little cap to him and cried: "Good luck to you!" and the West Wind bent low and whispered to him the first real message of the sea.

And now the roar of the surf grew louder, and the little boat rocked perilously, the great grey gulls made angry clamor overhead and darted wickedly at the strange little figure on the birchen deck. For the first time in his life, Red Feather grew frightened, and his thoughts flew back to his brothers swaying on their grass-blades and dancing in the woodland rings. He would have turned if he could, but the tide was setting strongly to the sea, and he had no oars, and the river beside him began to mock him, crying: "The sea, little Red Feather, the beautiful, wonderful sea!"

Suddenly, he saw before him, a beautiful white princess, naked and shapely, stretching out her glorious round arms to him, and she sang, and her voice was musical with the murmur of the tides:—

I am the fairest of the ocean's daughters,
I am the veiled white spirit of the Foam,
I am the bosom of the laughing waters,
I am Home!

What is there of the lulled sea and its leisure
So deep I cannot twine it in love's scheme?
What riot of the waves I cannot measure
To our dream?

You have songs of your wooded glades to sing me,
You have stories of your meadow life to tell,
Love if you have your lovely heart to bring me,
It is well!

I am the fairest of the ocean's daughters,
I am the veiled White Spirit of the Foam,
I am the bosom of the tumbling waters—
Come; come Home!

The wild, warm, passionate music touched the very heart of the woodland fairy as he drifted nearer and nearer to the siren's snowy arms. Suddenly she stretched out a white hand and touched the frail bulwark of the tiny craft. It tilted and rocked and sank.

In the ears of Red Feather the sea-music sobbed and died, and he went out to the Spirit of the Foam in a chime of far-off bluebells rocked by hidden hands.

In the Realm of Books

(*Continued from page 46*)

5,000 Facts About Canada
By FRANK YEIGH
Canadian Facts Publishing Co.
Price, 25c.

THE 1918 edition of this useful little manual is now upon the booksellers' shelves. This is an exceedingly handy compendium of facts about Canada, and should be in the hands of every business man.

The Road that Led Home
BY WILL E. INGERSOLL
Musson Book Co.
Price, $1.35

THIS is a story of life in the rural districts. Ernie Bedford, the hero, has accepted his first position as teacher of the little Islay schoolhouse. Here he finds friendship and philosophy and finally wins for himself the love of Clara Morton. The book ends in the good old fashion with the peal of wedding bells.

Food Preparation
BY BETH WARNER JOSSERAND
The Manual Arts Press
Price, Part I, $1.25; Part II, $1.25

THESE volumes have been prepared as a Laboratory Guide and Notebook for High School classes in Domestic Science. It is a work which will save time and energy for both the teacher and the student All the experiments contained within its pages have been tried out and found to be suitable to the understanding and ability of the average girl. The text matter is ample for ordinary conditions and, on the whole, these volumes are thoroughly practical ones for use in class rooms.

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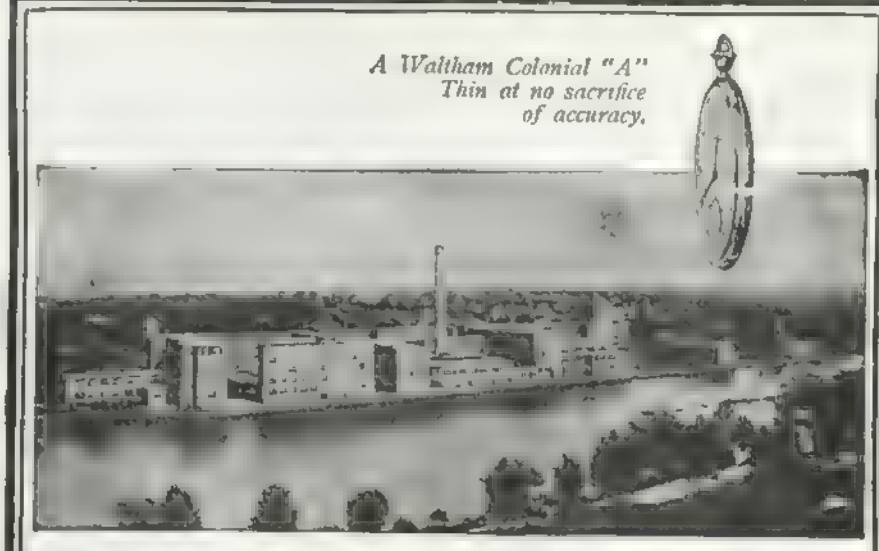

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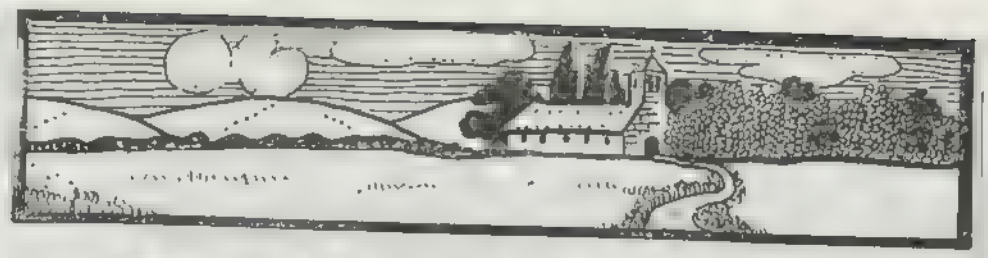


The Haunted House on Duchess Street

(*Continued from page 10*)

with tranquil unconcern and passed into the room. Mr. Horsfall followed quickly at his very heels—only to find that he had been beguiled with a counterfeit, and that there was no one there.

Then he stepped back into the hallway, and entered the larger room with cudgel raised, fully expecting to find several men there. To his unspeakable astonishment he found nobody. Again he hurried from room to room, upstairs and downstairs. Again he examined the doors and windows to see if the fastenings had been tampered with. No, all was tight and snug. The family were again astir, hurrying hither and thither, in quest of they knew not what; but they found nothing to reward their search, and after a while all gathered together half clad in the dining room, where they began to ask each other what these singular disturbances could mean.

Mr. Horsfall was a plain, matter of fact personage, and up to this moment no idea of any supernatural visitation had so much as entered his mind. He however, perceived plainly enough that this was something altogether out of the common way, and he announced his intention of going to bed no more that night. The others lay down again, but we may readily believe that they slept lightly, if at all, though nothing more occurred to disturb them. Soon after daylight the family rose and dressed for the day. Once more they made tour after tour through all the rooms, only to find that everything remained precisely as it had been left on the preceding night.

After an early breakfast, Mr. Horsfall proceeded to the house of Mr. Washburn, where he found that gentleman was still asleep, and that he could not be disturbed. The visitor was a patient man and declared his intention of waiting. In about an hour Mr. Washburn came down stairs, and heard the extraordinary story which his tenant had to relate. He had certainly not anticipated anything of this sort, and gave vehement utterance to his surprise. In reply to Mr. Horsfall's enquiries about the house, however, he gave him a brief account of the life and death of Captain Bywater, and supplemented the biography by a narration of the singular experiences of Jim Summers and his wife. Then the American fired up, alleging that his landlord had had no right to let him the house, and to permit him to remove his family into it, without acquainting him with the facts beforehand. The lawyer had admitted that he had perhaps been to blame, and expressed his regret. The tenant declared that he then and there threw up his tenancy, and that he would vacate the house in the course of the day. Mr Washburn felt that a court of law would probably hesitate to enforce a lease under such circumstances, and assented that the arrangement between them should be treated as cancelled.

And cancelled it was. Mr. Horsfall soon afterwards secured a house where no guests, canine, or otherwise, were in the habit of intruding themselves uninvited in the silent watches of the night.

Mr. Horsfall made no secret of his reasons for throwing up his tenancy, and his adventures were soon noised abroad throughout the town. He was the last tenant of the sombre house. Thenceforward no one could be induced to rent it or even to occupy it rent free. It was commonly regarded as a whisht, gruesome spot, and was totally unproductive to its owners.

And now what more is there to tell? Only this: that the main facts of the foregoing story are true. With regard to the supernatural element, I am free to confess that I am not able to accept it in entirety. This is not because I question the veracity of those who vouch for the alleged facts, but because I have not received those facts at first hand, and because I am not very ready to believe in the supernatural at all. I think that, in the case under consideration, an intelligent investigation at the time might probably have brought to light circumstances as to which the narrative, as it stands, is silent. Be that as it may, the tale is worth the telling, and I have told it.

In the Realm of Books

(*Continued from page 16*)

Cavalry of the Clouds

By "CONTACT" (CAPT. ALAN BOTT, M.C.)
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart

EVERY day adds something to the achievements of aviation and brings to light further possibilities of adventure and romance. In the years of warfare that lie behind us, there has been an almost incredible development of man's power over this new element and tales of that mastery hold for us still all the thrill and excitement of novelty. This volume, "Cavalry of the Clouds," is one of the first books that have yet appeared about fighting in the air. It is written by a fighting airman, "Contact," otherwise known as Capt. Alan Bott, M.C., who has been most successful in conveying to the reader the sense of exploit and adventure that he has passed through. Captain Bott has added an interesting and well-written chapter to the literature of the war.

Garden Steps

By ERNEST COBB
Silver Burdett & Co.
Price, 60c.

"GARDEN STEPS" is a practical manual for amateur gardeners, which was originally designed for use in schools. Into its chapters is gathered much information as to the growing of each of the important garden vegetables, soils, fertilizers, and other general information, as well as directions for canning and preserving. This book is endorsed by numerous agricultural experts and is most convenient for reference when, in the course of his work, the amateur gardener finds himself in difficulties.

The False Faces

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.40

THOSE who followed with interest the career of "The Lone Wolf" will be delighted to renew their acquaintance with him in the pages of the latest volume from the pen of Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, "The False Faces." Beginning in the mud of No-Man's Land, Michael Lanyard is carried through a series of hairbreadth escapes and adventures until once more love comes to him in the streets of New York. The book is a thoroughly successful one of its kind and the interest of the reader is kept at fever heat throughout.

Oh, Money, Money!

By ELEANOR H. PORTER
Thomas Allen
Price $1.50

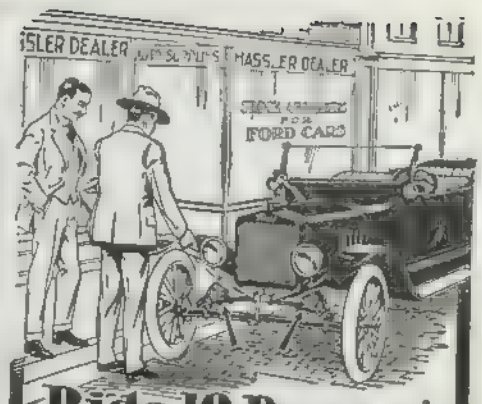
IN her latest volume, "Oh, Money, Money!" the author of "Pollyanna" has given us a pleasant story in her usual manner. Stanley G. Fulton, millionaire, wishing to make the best possible final disposition of his property, determines upon trying an experiment. He will present to each of the three distant cousins, who are his next of kin, a substantial sum of money and going down to the village where all three live, under the pretext of tracing out the genealogy of the Blaisdell family, of which they are members, will watch the result of his experiment personally. How he succeeds we will leave it to the reader to discover. Suffice it to say, that he learns many lessons, and finds happiness at the end of the road.

Captured

By LT. J. HARVEY DOUGLAS
McClelland, Goodhild & Stewart
Price, $1.40

THIS volume gives a true, vivid and valuable account of what our missing soldiers face—the life led by soldier prisoners in the hands of the Huns. The author was the first soldier from this side of the water to be repatriated under the new scheme arranged at the Hague last spring. He describes in no flattering way the bill of fare in German prison camps and gives an account of the morale of the German people. The book is illustrated with photographs by the author.

(*See also page 45*)



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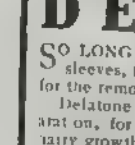

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Does Your Signature Look Like You?

Professor Arthur B. Farmer Describes the Characteristics of Correspondents

IN the February issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD appeared an article by Professor Arthur B. Farmer, wherein he proved by illustrations, that the character of an individual might be ascertained from his or her handwriting.

The following Editor's Note supported the article:

"Do you know yourself? Or do you think your friends can judge you by your handwriting? Prof. Farmer says folks' signatures not only demonstrate their characteristics, but look like them! Do you believe it?

"Let him prove the point.

"He will describe the appearance and characteristics of the writers of the FIRST 50 signatures sent in, between February 1st and February 10th."

We regret that space permits of the consideration of only the first eighteen signatures. Prof. Farmer has reported upon them as follows:

1. N. M. THOMSON

THIS is the signature of a man of keen, well disciplined mind, capable of great application and continuity of effort, able to talk or keep silent, decidedly cautious. In appearance the writer would have ears set unusually far back and rather low, decided corners at the upper part of the back head, forehead prominent at the eyebrows, upper lip short at the centre, nose medium, eyes fairly prominent, head wider above than at the ears, head long from the tip of the ear back but slightly flattened at the sides, ears set close to the head.

2. BERNICE THOMSON

A LADY of rounded build, nose rather small, chin prominent, forehead full in the middle, ears set about half way from front to back of head, lips full, line from opening of ear to upper lip short. Characteristics are fondness for stories, easy-going, affectionate, patient, very fond of pets and children.

3. LILIAN S. DIEBEL
4. NORMA A. SKILLING

THE writers of both of these samples are still too much under the influences of a writing teacher to reveal their characters fully.

Lillian's peculiar way of shortening her "l's" indicates a certain lack of respect for authority and antiquity and no doubt she will find a very decided dent right in the middle of her top head, just where Norma's head is particularly well rounded. Both writers are ambitious, should have heads high at the back top and rather short, flexible upper lips.

5. FRANKIE S. CRACKNELL

THIS is "copy book" writing, yet there is originality in that "E". The writing shows a very accurate eye, love of color, and of art. The writer should have a smooth, broad forehead, eyes far apart, and eyebrows arched far above the eyes.

6. FLOSSIE CAMPBELL

THOSE extra periods show excessive caution, marked corners to the upper back head and a tendency to turn the head from side to side as if looking for danger; the long down stroke to the "p" fondness for athletics, muscular build; the simple capitals self-confidence and independence, and the terminals persistence and obstinacy. Upper lip would be rather long.

7. MAY A. HINDEL

THE extreme slope and marked loops indicate an extremely sociable, even somewhat sentimental disposition; the long, upward terminal, generosity. The writer must be muscular, but with rather small bones, fairly prominent chin, eyes far apart, head high just behind the forehead and very full and broad behind the ears

8. WINNIFRED HOWARTH

THIS writing is not a fair sample for character analysis—too carefully written. Yet the elaborate and somewhat original capitals show great ambition and love of admiration, and the dashed dots to the "i's" show a quickness of movement that would make the writer's ordinary writing much less legible than the sample. I would expect this writer to be careful of dress, to have a head decidedly high at the back top and rather short upper lip.

9. MARY CORKERY

THAT initial hook means talkativeness, ability to remember words and names, and large prominten eyes. The rather heavy pressure indicates energy and a wide head. The rounded form of the letters indicates a rounded face and build, good digestion, and love of music. That back stroke beneath the name indicates readiness of the writer to defend herself if criticized—so I'll be careful.

10, 11 AND 12. RUBY, VERA AN BERYL STOCK

THESE three signatures make an interesting study. Ruby the eldest, was at public school in the days of the vertical writing fad. Her writing shows energy, courage, economy, a head wider at the ears and more rounded face than the others. Vera is milder and less economical, slighter in build. Beryl, the youngest, has no doubt had the most admiration—and likes it. The large capitals show extreme ambition, head very high at the back top. Looks as if "Daddy" was hunting hard for money when Ruby was small, but had it coming easier when Beryl arrived.

13. ALLEGRA PALMER

WHILE not a particularly cultured writer that "g" suggests that the writer has done enough writing to learn to save time. The "p" shows a certain tendency to imitate that which is sure, a head rather high and broad just back of the hair line.

14. MRS. L. S. SINCLAIR

A DECIDEDLY intellectual signature suggesting a good deal of literary and artistic ability, full large eyes, forehead prominent in the upper part, head high and square above the temples, ears far back and low.

15. MRS. A. FARROW

A MUSCULAR, rather heavy, broad build, eyes rather deep set, a woman of few words, muscularly strong, independent, somewhat rash, rather long upper lip.

16. KATIE MACDONALD

THIS writing is too good to be a good revelation of character, but it does show love of beauty, talkativeness, persistence, incredulity, love of music, friends and of big dogs and horses, but not of kittens or babies. Eyes prominent, far apart, forehead broad across the eyebrows. Eyebrows well arched above the eyes, back head broad, but somewhat flattened in the middle.

17. LURA HOUSTON

THIS signature is very rapidly written, the long, heavy "t"-bar shows courage and love of argument; the large capitals show ambition enthusiasm; the looped "t" ability to make friends. The writer should have a very high head at the back, full broad head behind the ears, forehead very prominent at the base, nose fairly large, line from ear to upper lip long, lip itself short and flexible, chin rather small. Head wide two inches above the ear-tips.

18. T. E. MURES

THIS writing indicates energy, independence, self confidence, caution, some originality, great thoroughness. Writer should be of rather stocky build, face fairly round, head above the ears very high and square, head broad at the temples upper lip short at the centre, rather long at the sides.

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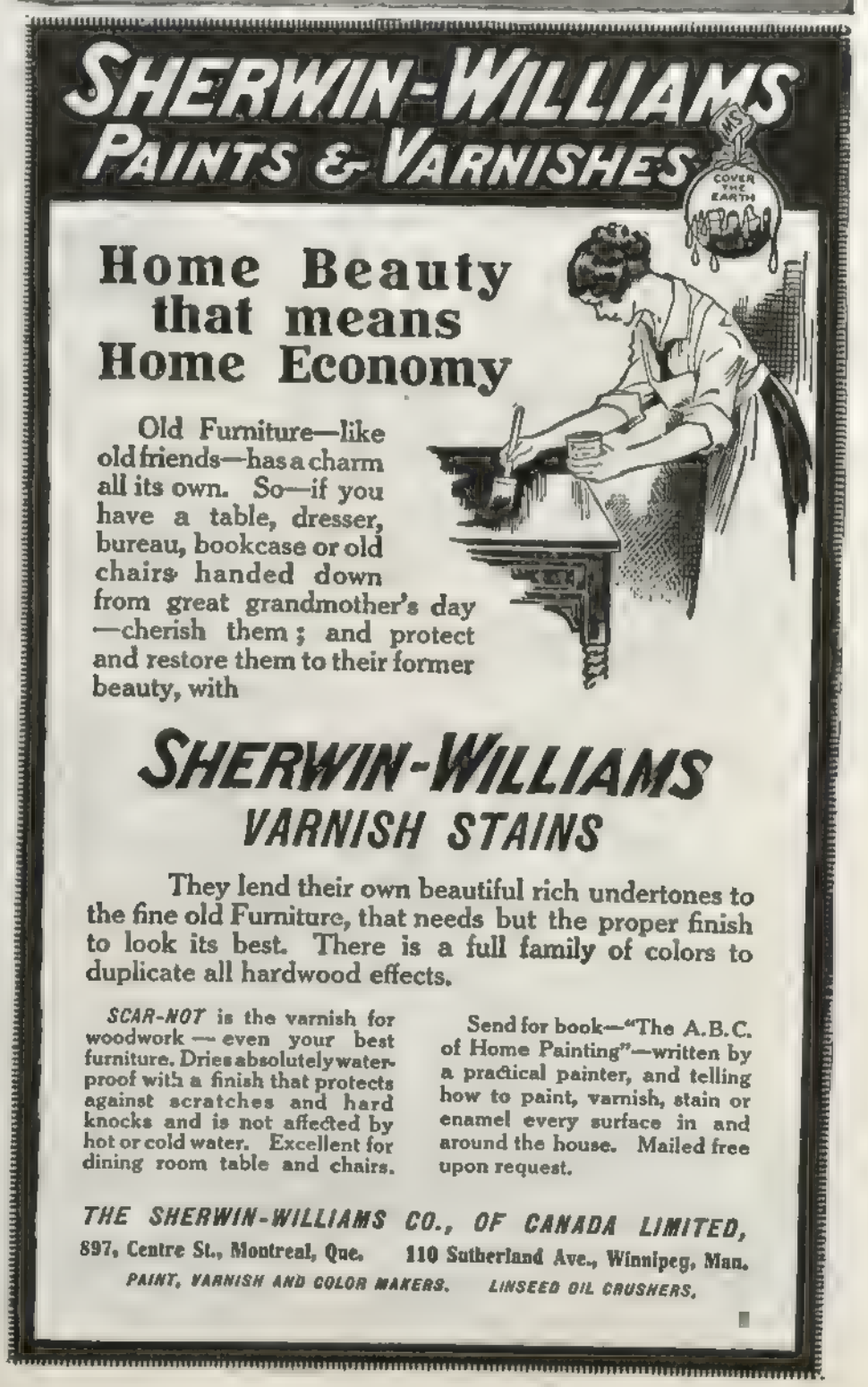
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Home Beauty that means Home Economy
Old Furniture—like old friends—has a charm all its own. So—if you have a table, dresser, bureau, bookcase or old chairs handed down from great grandmother's day—cherish them; and protect and restore them to their former beauty, with
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GIVEN FREE!

Dandy Cleveland Bicycle

TO BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS

He Won $100.00

This is LYLE BENSON, Hamilton, our bright little pony contest winner. Lyle had no idea of winning a big prize and profits when he first wrote us. If this 12-year-old boy can win $100 00 what can you do?

MISS FLORENCE NESBITT, Amprior, Ont., won a $25.00 Prize. She won her prize easily.

MR. K. ROYCE
Quebec
One of the successful winners in our great pony contest.

EWEN PARTELLO
Toronto
Did great work in the contest, and won one of our big prizes.

CYRIL DANIELS
Another winner in the pony contest. Many boys and girls win good prizes regularly.

BOYS! GIRLS! Wouldn't you just love to have a dandy sparkling new bicycle to ride around in this lovely weather? Wouldn't you enjoy yourself spinning along the bright, sunlit road. And think of all the time you could save going to school, running errands, or going to visit your friends!

The Bicycles we give to our boys and girls are the famous Clevelands. They have coaster brakes, mud guards, roller chains, deep springy saddles and high-grade nickel trimmings throughout. The Bicycle Dealer in your town would have to charge you $50.00 for such a fine wheel

SEND IN YOUR NAME TODAY

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is going to give one of these grand bicycles to a boy, and one to a girl. It will be a boy and girl who answer this advertisement who will win them. You can have one of them if you really want it and will write to us today.

If you have never won a grand prize from EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you have been missing your opportunities. Just look at these boys and girls and the wonderful prizes they've won!

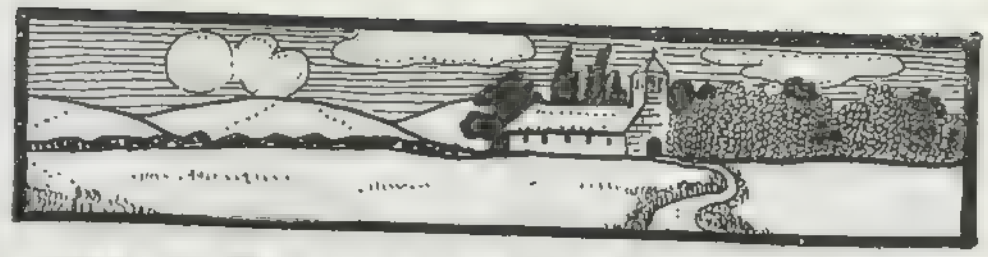
They had no better opportunity than you. You can do as well. But we can't tell you how to win one of these bicycles unless you send us your name, so

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

The Boys' and Girls' Dept.,
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto
I want to win one of your CLEVELAND BICYCLES. Please write, and tell me how I can get it.

Name .....

Address .....



The Proper Training of Your Children

By Inspector W. A. GUNTON

Of the Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Ontario Government

THE child's future happiness, success and usefulness is far too important and sacred for his parents to hand him over to some one set of educationalists and, without question, follow their advice. All children are not fitted by nature to reach their best in life by following the ordinary public and high school courses. In fact, I question very much whether the great majority are so constituted. How can a boy become a strong, enthusiastic and happy man, who is compelled to follow an educational course which he hates "with a pure heart, fervently"? Yet all who do not assert their wills and play truant, run away from home or gain consent from their parents to quit school are forced into the same molds, in an endeavor to turn out so-called educated men and women.

I am firmly of the conviction that those who dislike ordinary collegiate work should be encouraged to enter a technical course and there discover themselves; and, learning in a few months what their chosen life work is to be, they will probably form a great life purpose. Their whole being will enter heartily and gladly into the work of preparation for that service to society. Why not? The only real reason I know is because many teachers of the old-style school are so narrow and truly uneducated that prejudice against the new causes them to use their influence against pupils going into technical courses. Thousands of parents are more than satisfied with the results obtained in the technical schools, and the remarkable numbers in attendance in spite of the interference I have mentioned prove conclusively the great need that exists and the value of such a system.

Indeed I am more and more convinced that primary schools should use more practical work in the education of our public school classes. If this were done, we should have few truants and scarcely any "dropping out" of dissatisfied children through the consent of discouraged parents. Pedagogy tells us that "the science of education is the science of interesting." How few pedagogues realize this!

I must raise my voice, also, with hosts of others, against the punishment of parents and children alike by the evil practice of assigning "home work." I claim that th minute a child leaves the schoolroom he should leave his school studies until he again enters the room. Children's health is injured. They have little time for play and the parent has scarcely any opportunity for family life, such as story telling, music, games, and religious and other teaching. Then, if a musical education is desired, when will the child get time for lessons and daily practice? There is no such time unless the desirable outside exercise between 4.30 and 6.00 is given up for the purpose. And apart from all other objections, the subjects of the schoolroom are so constantly before the mind that the child learns to hate their very existence and will even in mature life have dreams of the past unhappy experiences.

MANY parents have asked me what kinds of punishments I approve. My answer is that it depends entirely upon the child and the parent. If a parent cannot give a punishment unless he is "good and mad" then he may as well not give any at all. For it will do more harm than good.

If, in a particular case, the use of any of the following punishments results in a decided improvement, I would favor their use.

1. The old fashioned spanking or better still, the flipping of the hand or other part with the end of your index finger after contact with your thumb as is done in flipping a disc on a crokinole board. The advantage is that others do not easily see what you are doing.

2. Strapping upon the palm of the hands.

3. Dashing a teaspoonful of cold water into the face, or in older children, dipping the whole face into a basin of cold water. Some children will think this great fun, others will dread it more than spanking.

4. Leaving the child alone in a room for a reasonable period, provided the room is lighted and warm (but never in the dark).

5. Causing the child to sit or stand for a short period.

6. Depriving child of some part of a meal, especially when he takes more than his share of that particular thing between meals.

7. With older children reason the matter out until they understand they are wrong, then require an expression of regret if they feel it.

8. Deprive of some privilege.

9. Read to child, or better still, cause him to read scripture passages bearing upon his misconduct.

10. Give other people's feeling towards such acts and show the evil results to himself and to others.

11. Mention many good qualities in the child, then show what a shame it is for one so good to do this one evil thing. Praise before blame is good policy.

12. Always try and make the child suffer the natural result of his wrong doing, unless such will be positively injurious.

Always avoid the following:

1. Striking on head.
2. Pulling of ears or hair.
3. Pricking with pins.
4. Burning.
5. Imitation of child. By giving bite for bite, or slap for slap.
6. Locking in dark room. A nervous child might thus become mentally deranged.
7. Calling names, which is a sign of weakness and hardens the child.
8. Exaggeration of a fault. This discourages.
9. Do not dwell upon faults unless you also dwell upon good qualities.
10. Never punish while angry. It does no good—absolutely none—and does much harm. The punishment may be too severe; it may be out of proportion to the act. When angry, one puts forth more strength than one realizes. Some have actually killed their children thus. If angry, wait or ask the other parent to do the punishing. If you cannot punish unless angry your love for your child is a mighty weak affair; your selfishness and little sense of responsibility are thus manifest. The punishment may hurt you more than it does the child, but that is just when it will do most good.
10. Do not impose a task, such as writing words or sentences, thus making the child hate writing.
11. Do not scold. You may reason, argue, explain, promise punishment if you will, but do not scold.
12. Never suggest that the child is stupid or foolish. If he is not, this will discourage him. If he is, it will do him no good. It may be the stupidity is with you instead of the child, even though you are a certified school-teacher.
13. Do not make public the child's punishment, even in the family or school. Preserve his self-respect.
14. Never talk or act as if you do not love a child because he has done wrong.
15. Never do anything which tends to injure the body, to weaken the nervous system or affect the mind. And do no violence to the child's sense of justice or consciousness of right or wrong.

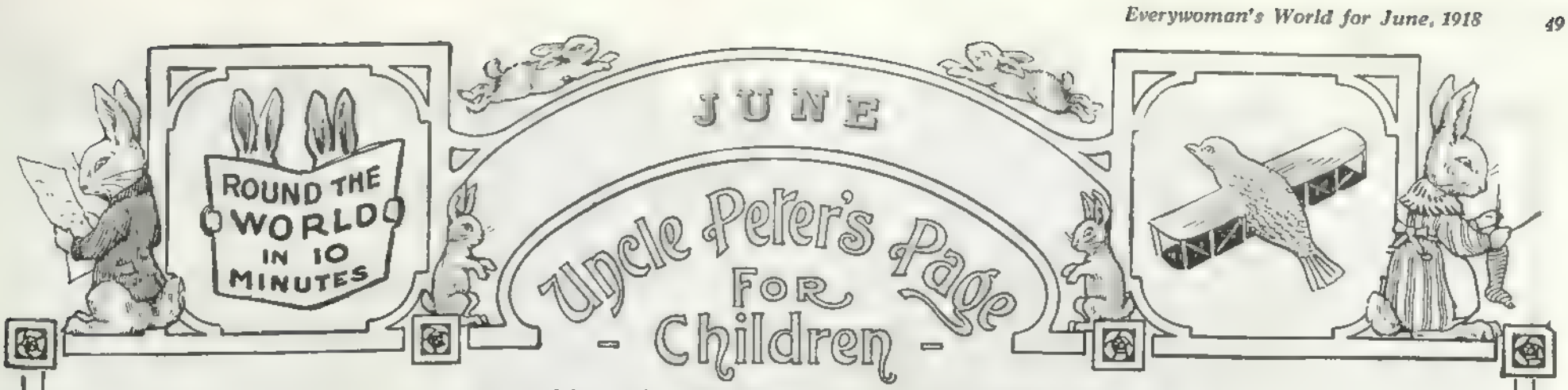
ELSIE FERGUSON

(*Continued from page 12*)

lips are easily detected; the imitation blush never deceived anyone but the wearer. To have red lips and rosy cheeks we must have health, real health, do healthy things and go to healthful places."

Behind all the camouflage with which publicity men disguise the real facts about stars, these facts will sometimes stick out. The one of greatest importance, concerning Miss Ferguson is that she actually does love her art, because she doesn't need to work if she doesn't want to. Her marriage a year ago to Thos. B. Clark, Jr., Vice-President of the Harriman National Bank, was one of the social events of the New York season.

Miss Ferguson is always superb, always the aristocrat, almost—may I say it in the complimentary sense?—always on display.



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Two Bunnies and a Bird

Here is a tale that once I heard
Of two young Bunnies and a Bird.
I do not know that it is true
But as I heard it I'll tell you!

Benjamin was the name of one,
Not fond of work but full of fun;
Archibald Bunny was the other,
Not a bit better than his brother.

Said Bunny A. to Bunny B.—
"The day is warm and here's a tree.
We'll both sit down and have a rest"—
Now—Did they dream? Well, you know best!

Things are not always as they seem—
These Bunnies MAY have had a dream.
I do not know this tale is true
But as I heard it I tell you!

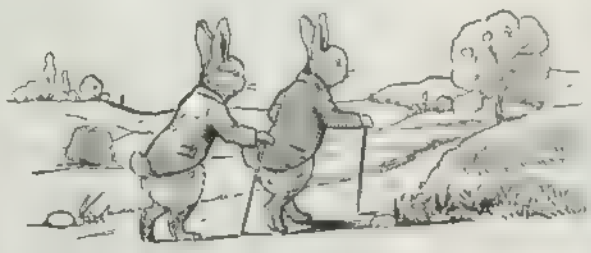
It seemed to them they left their home
Determined round the world to roam;
They walked all day and then they found
They were not even half way round.

"Oh my," said Ben, "I never knew
The world was half as big, did you?"
And Archibald replied, "Oh no,
For no one ever told me so!"

And day by day these Bunnies Bold
Travelled along, so I've been told,
Until one day they both did reach
The sea, and stood upon the beach.

"Oh say," said Ben, "it seems to me
There's lots of water in the sea."
And Archie said, "I'm at a loss
To know how we shall get across."

"I only wish we had a boat
For then we'd quickly be afloat"—
Said Ben, "I would not venture far;
I think we're safer where we are."



Now as the Bunnies waited there
They saw a bird high in the air.
It nearer came, with rushing sound
And soon alighted on the ground.

Said Benjamin, "In vain, 'tis true
We wish that we might fly with you,"
The Bird replied, "No. Not in vain,
For I'm the Sea Gull Aeroplane."

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

My Dear Bunnies,—

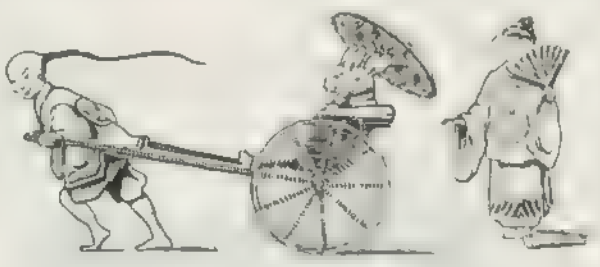
Here is a secret for you. Schools are kept up so that Bunnies may learn. Yet some Bunnies never seem to find this out. They seem to think that schools are just places where they can meet their friends.

Many young Bunnies nowadays are realizing that a great deal depends upon them, and upon how they grow up. Bunnies of fifteen are thinking the thoughts of twenty-five, planning for the good of others, and learning fast the importance of growing into sensible, straight-living Canadian men and women. In a very few years the children of to-day will have grown into the men and women who are the strength of Canada. It is a great thought for all of you, Bunnies, and a great future to live up to!

The Great War is being fought for the children. It is being fought to preserve Justice and truth for the future of Canada, and the future of Canada means just one thing—"The Children." I want all you Bunnies to remember just how much this means, and to live with this great thought before you. If you do, you will grow right, think right, and act right, and become worthy of the sacrifices that the world of to-day is making for the sake of the world of to-morrow.

Home Discoveries

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the history book tells us, discovered America. Uncle Peter does not think this is just quite true. I think he FOUND



it. Even to-day, hundreds of years later, we are only beginning to discover it. Christopher never discovered how big America is, we hardly realize ourselves the great size of this continent, or the immense size of our own Canada. We are all a little like Christopher Columbus in this. We hardly discover the place we live in. How much do YOU, my Bunny, know of the place YOU live in? Are you acquainted with its possibilities for good? Do you know its life and the life of its people, and realize the influences which are working upon us all—so many mirrors, reflecting the sunshine and the shadows of everyday life?

Have you discovered your own home? Do all the people in it reflect like the mirror, YOUR smile, YOUR cheerfulness and good temper, from day to day? Do you study them, see their difficulties, sympathize with their sorrows, and search for the means to make HOME continually a fresh field for "discoveries in happiness"? If you do these things, you are more than the equal of Christopher Columbus!

Life is all Light and Shadow, and this page of Uncle Peter's is a little of nonsense, mixed with things more serious, like a little slice of Life.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.
Uncle Peter.

"Be seated on my back, and we
Will take a trip across the sea,
And when I next shall set you down
You'll find yourselves in China-Town."

Between his wings they quickly sat—
His back was broad and soft and flat,
(The picture shows them sitting there
They'd lots of room and some to spare.)

The Sea Gull flew so very fast
Not very long that trip did last,
He set them down at half-past ten
Among the little China-Men.

The Bunnies both were very glad
That such adventures they had had,
Said Benjamin, "'twould be a treat
If we had something nice to eat."

The China-men were very kind
And Bunny tastes they kept in mind,
And served them lettuce-leaves in state
Upon a willow-pattern plate.

To China-Girls it was a treat
To see them pass along the street,
Two Bunnies driving, was, I'm sure,
A sight they'd never seen before.

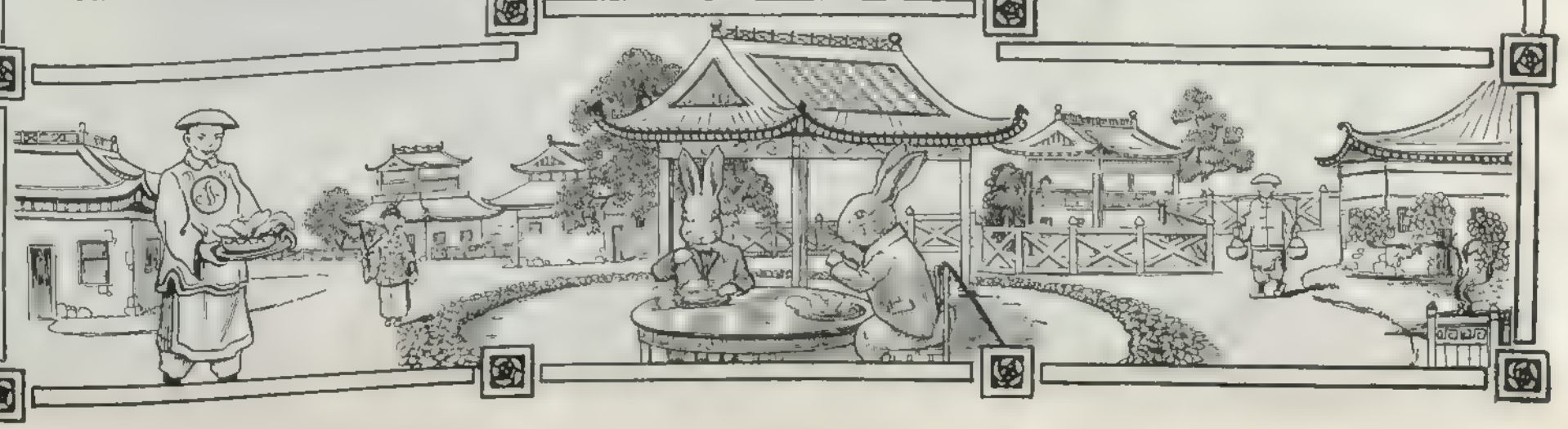
Now late that night the Sea Gull said:
"It's time you Bunnies were in bed,
For long before the break of day
We must be starting on our way."

Early next morning off they went,
The thoughts of each on pleasure bent,
They said, "Please take us, if you can,
To see the sights of Old Japan."

From there they journeyed to and fro,
And over all the world did go;
Until when many days had passed
They found themselves at home at last.

Said Bunny B to Bunny A.
"We've had a splendid time to-day,"
Said Bunny A to Bunny B.
"*We're back beneath the same old tree!*"

Things are not always as they seem,
Those Bunnies MAY have had a dream.
I do not say this tale is true—
But as I heard it I've told you!



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BAKER'S
COCOA

"Is Itself a Food"

A pure, delicious drink; should also be considered a valuable adjunct to a meal as it contains a large amount of nutritive matter in an easily digested form.

Its use permits the saving of other and more expensive foods.

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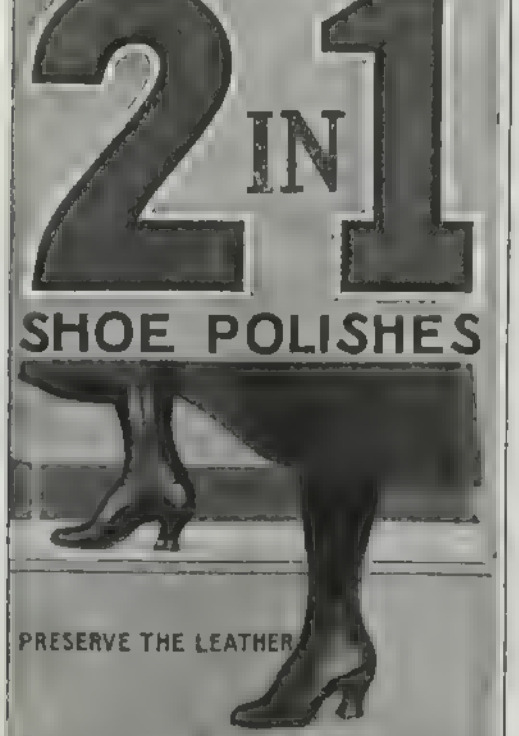
SHOE POLISHES



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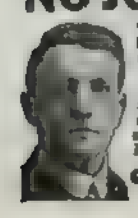
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

–Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. None sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Unidentified Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1903

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Physical Restoration of Our War Heroes

Methods Employed by the Invalided Soldiers' Commission, Whereby Patients are Led to Cure Themselves

THE nation will ultimately win in this great struggle which is best able to use her men again. Authorities throughout the fighting world have concurred in this prediction, and in preparation for the reconstruction period with its fight for trade and industrial supremacy. The belligerent countries are already engaged in the great work of rehabilitation.

Rehabilitation is a many-sided problem, but the phase which dwarfs all others and demands primary consideration is the physical restoration of the war cripples. Disabilities must be reduced to minimum. Surgery and medical skill have done their best for many soldiers and left them still sadly incapacitated, facing a lifelong dependence upon relatives or the uncertain lot of a public charge. To meet the needs of these men, medical experts and psychologists have evolved a new science, functional re-education, which even in its infancy has achieved results which have aroused the "doubting Thomases" to controversy.

Hart House, turned over to Dr. Edward A. Bott of University of Toronto by the Massey estate for the development of this work, has become the "House of Hope" to scores of war-wrecked soldiers suffering from paralysis and other functional difficulties attendant upon wounds which destroyed muscles or nerves. Here lethargy and despair are routed and the elixir of new life injected. From the discards upon whom surgeons have exhausted their skill and other practitioners puzzled in vain, the Hart House workers are raising new men.

Some men come from the hospitals in Toronto to be given special treatment prescribed by the Medical Officer in charge, others are sent to see what one of these new phases of post-operative treatment may be able to do for them. It is a recognized fact that many men who under the usual course of treatment would be invalids for many months following operations, and in some cases might never fully recover, are being restored in a few weeks.

Departments of mechano-therapy, electro-therapy, hydro-therapy, remedial gymnastics, games and massage have been organized, each contributing to the success of the institution in treating the multitude of injuries peculiar to war wounds. Every man is a problem in himself. He may have received a gunshot wound which did exactly the same damage as in a previous case, but affecting him nervously in such a different way, that a whole new process must be evolved to restore him.

The work at Hart House, inaugurated last year to invent and perfect mechanical devices which would give the proper movement to particular muscles, has reached the point where the devices answer the needs of most cases; but to supplement the curative effect of the machines, men usually must be mentally renovated as well. This becomes an individual problem.

All the mechano-therapy apparatus at Hart House by which exercise is directly applied to any muscle or set of muscles in the body, is fitted with metrical devices which record the daily improvement and stimulate the patient to greater endeavor and continued interest. The most simple devices, such as finger treadmills, rolling-pins and pulley weights have been employed in the arm room, and in the department for leg treatments, bicycles, bed springs, and little hurdles are just as effective as the complicated Zandar machines.

The ability of a firmly established belief in the impotence of an arm to cause complete paralysis of the member when there is no physical reason why it should not function properly is proven in several cases, and the work of the Hart House experts in such instances is to discover the basis of the belief and convince the patient of his error. Long months of convalescence from bad wounds have imbedded the idea in the minds of some patients that they cannot use the members properly, and to meet this need games have been found very efficacious. In the heat of competition a man filled with a great desire to make a certain play does exactly what he believed he could not do, and from that time on he recovers rapidly. Games are also curative in that they supply needed exercise in an interesting form. They are carefully supervised, and come under the direction of Capt. H. R. Smith, the medical officer who examines every man who comes to Hart House for treatment.

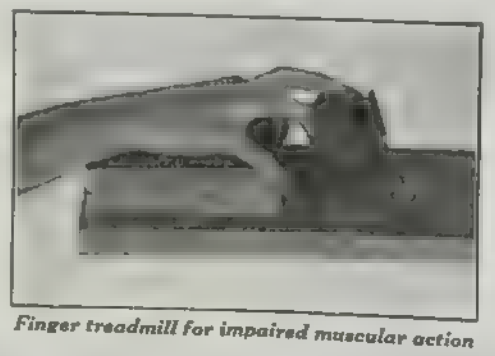
Top—(left) one armed typist with great speed record. (centre) Testing a mechano-therapy apparatus. (right) Bed spring promenade whereon stiffened joints, shell shock and even locomotor ataxia are overcome.

Below—Sliding pedals, whereby a good leg forces movements of weaker one.

Apparatus for wrist flexion.

THE games have all been adapted for remedial use and are played under the supervision of physical training sergeants who have been trained in remedial gymnastics for just this sort of treatment. The remedial gymnasium is one of the most interesting departments of the institution, and one which appeals particularly to the men.

Here, the old parallel bars, horizontals, the punching bag, the "horses" and other familiar gymnasium apparatus, are sharing the honors with newly invented pieces of equipment in the work of restoration. The wands, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs are swung to gramaphone music, and the patients are given folk dancing—all to a purpose, even though the gay good humor of the men under treatment might belie the altogether scientific basis for every movement. This treatment, as simple as health itself, is working miracles.



Finger treadmill for impaired muscular action

There are a series of game rooms in which shuttle-cock, badminton, squash racquets, basket ball, hand ball, and tether tennis provide the proper natural exercise demanded for various cases, and stimulate the interest of the men in their treatment. Here they use the added strength gained day by day, and lost initiative is restored by the competition. Men of similar disability are pitted against each other, and each is stimulated by the accomplishments of the other.

A special department under Capt. Smith is devoted to the treatment of amputation cases and games the like of which the beautiful quarters designed to house the 'Varsity sports and student activities will never see again, are played by men minus arms and legs.

Men who lose arms or legs overseas are fitted with artificial limbs by the Invalided Soldiers' Commission, free of cost, and supplied with new limbs as they are needed for the duration of their lives, but to wear any artificial limb successfully requires preparation. One big difficulty is the problem of retaining "the stump," or remaining portion of the amputated limb, in its natural strength until it is ready to be fitted with an artificial limb. Inaction causes the stump to waste and lose its strength, and so the muscles are unable to control the artificial member when it is attached. Special appliances have been devised at Hart House by which a man may play tennis, billiards, squash racquets, and tether tennis by means of a harness arrangement and clamp, which fastens the tennis racquet or specially constructed billiard cue to the patient's stump. Leg amputations play ten pins by another device with which the patient swings the ball. Through such treatment a man is ready to master his new leg in a fraction of the time usually required, and with no discomfort.

Extensions of the work of Hart House are to be made this spring, and the big sun-lighted swimming-pool which has just been completed will be the centre of the hydro-therapy department. Electro-therapy and massage, which are important agents in the treatment of orthopaedic cases, will also be extended.

That the work carried on at Hart House under Dr. Bott may be introduced into all the hospitals for military convalescents, apparatus is being manufactured at the industries, run by the Invalided Soldiers' Commission at Guelph, sufficient to supply the equipment necessary.

A corps of young women volunteer workers, under the direction of a matron specially trained in the work, has been a big factor in the success of the treatment. It is their duty to work with the patient in his treatment, watch his development, and keep his courage up. Much of the work is tedious for the men, and a second person's interest is often the turning point between success and failure. Functional education is primarily a method by which a patient is led to cure himself.

Spirit of the Maimed

THE sight of so many missing arms and legs and the early efforts at manipulating the substitute ones, is distressing, to say the least. The cheerfulness of these men is simply unbelievable. Sympathy is the unkindest thing you have to offer them.

"Aw, we don't want sympathy," one young chap struggling bravely with the job of "breaking in" his new leg, remarked to a visitor recently – "My Peggy" (the nickname given their artificial legs) "is coming along fine, and she'll soon be as good as the one I left overseas."

"Why, I might have been blinded or shell-shocked, or got tuberculosis. Bill, here," pointing to his Highland companion with an empty sleeve which he was twirling and an upturned trouser leg, "he tried to hog the whole bloomin' shell."

"Come on over and look at our 'crocks.'" (another pet name for the artificial legs) one hollered across the hall to a chum.

A suggestion of humor hangs with the sign at the entrance to each ward: "Ladies will kindly arrange to stay out after 9 p.m."

Keeping the Mouth Clean

The Nearer We Come to Perfect Cleanliness the Better off We Are for Saving Teeth

(By a Prominent Specialist)

THE belief that when natural teeth are lost, artificial ones will be just as good is all wrong, because plates only have one-tenth the power of natural teeth to chew food and prepare it for digestion. Do not wait for the condition of the mouth to become so bad that you must wear a plate, because broken down teeth and roots and the deposits all around them, which lodge millions of disease germs, are multiplying, making every swallow going down the stomach from such a mouth a source of poison to the system, instead of being healthful food.

The only safe way is to always keep a clean mouth, and the nearer we come to perfect cleanliness, the better off we are both for our health and for saving our teeth

Very few people keep their mouths clean enough, because very few people know the value of it, and how to do it. Every time a person with a full mouth of germs talks, coughs or sneezes, they are throwing out poison to harm other people, and it is only those who have clean, well polished and healthy gums that have a good chance of escaping it. Of course, even after the germs enter the mouth they do not always develop throughout the body, because the conditions of the blood may not be favorable to them, but it is certainly wrong to run such dreadful chances when the danger can be so easily lessened by keeping a clean mouth. Those who have learned by experience the value of a pure, clean mouth, both for comfort and health, fully appreciate it, and when that knowledge and experience spreads throughout the world, diseases will be lessened in proportion.

The mouth which seldom gets cleaned will usually be full of decayed teeth with disease germs in them, will have pieces of roots in, and quantities of deposits about the teeth, the germs from all of which make more and more damage in the mouth itself besides poisoning its owner and his neighbors. The mouth which gets an occasional cleansing escapes a condition quite as bad, but it is a close second to it. It is only the mouth which gets cleaned often enough, and which is cleansed in an intelligent way, which becomes a pure, healthful mouth, capable of preserving the teeth of its owner, protecting his health, and not threatening that of his neighbors.

OF all the factors which contribute to the uncleanliness of the mouth, the most common and probably the most disastrous in its influence upon the hygiene of the mouth, is decay of the teeth. This is a disease brought about through the agency of germs which possess the property of converting starchy foods, sugar, etc., into acids. It is these acids which slowly dissolve out the inorganic portion of the enamel, after which it is only a question of time, unless cared for, when the pulp or nerve of the tooth becomes involved, followed by pain, death of the pulp and ultimate loss of the tooth. The rapidity with which this is accomplished will depend largely upon the cleanliness or uncleanliness of the mouth, and the resistance which the teeth or body as a whole, offer to the agents of decay. As a rule, the process is a comparatively slow one. An aching tooth does not spring into being in a day, and means nothing less than negligence long continued.

While decay of the teeth is not limited to any age, it is, nevertheless, most common in childhood, its most active period being the ages of six and twenty. Because it makes its appearance so early in life, the temporary teeth are often involved, especially the molars, which are too often regarded by the parent as of little value because they are temporary teeth. Let it be said with all possible emphasis that no greater mistake could be made, for the decay of these teeth means not only an unclean and diseased mouth at a critical period in the life of the child, but it means inevitable irregularity of the permanent teeth. Every effort should therefore be made to preserve these teeth against decay, because more than half of them should remain in the mouth until the child is twelve years of age. This should be done not only to insure against pain and uncleanliness, but for the purpose of providing the developing child with an efficient masticating apparatus. Decaying teeth render thorough mastication impossible and establish early in life the habit of bolting the food. Moreover, the filth which is inseparable from decaying teeth is mixed with the food and carried into the stomach as a further tax upon the digestive apparatus. In a word, decaying teeth, especially in the mouth of a child, mean poor nutrition, which in turn means poor health and a low order of efficiency

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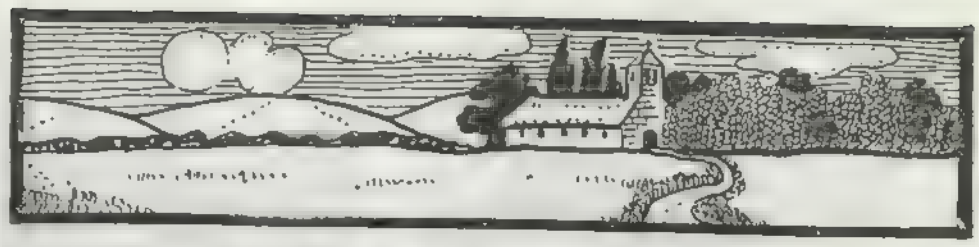

My Lady Caprice

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Many a time," I answered: "and generally with a chuckle."

"Oh, I should like to read about him!" said the Imp with a deep sigh; "will you lend me your book about him, Uncle Dick?"

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, that, together with many other valued possessions, has been ravaged from me by the ruthless maw of Time," I replied sadly.

The Imp sat plunged in deep thought, trailing his fingers pensively in the water.

"And so your Auntie Lisbeth is going for a row with Mr. Selwyn, is she?" I said.

"Yes, an' I told her she could come an' be a pirate with me if she liked—but she wouldn't."

"Strange!" I murmured.

"Uncle Dick, do you think Auntie Lisbeth is in love with Mr. Selwyn?"

"What?" I exclaimed, and stopped rowing.

"I mean, do you think Mr. Selwyn is in love with Auntie Lisbeth?"

"My Imp, I'm afraid he is. Why?"

"'Cause Cook says he is, an' so does Jane, an' they know all about love, you know. I've heard them read it out of a book lots an' lots of times. But I think love is awfull' silly, don't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Occasionally I greatly fear so," I sighed.

"You wouldn't go loving anybody, would you, Uncle Dick?"

"Not if I could help it," I answered, shaking my head; "but I do love some one, and that's the worst of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Imp, but in a tone more of sorrow than anger.

"Don't be too hard on me, Imp," I said; "your turn may come when you are older; you may love somebody one of these days."

The Imp frowned and shook his head. "No," he answered sternly: "when I grow up big I shall keep ferrets. Ben, the gardener's boy, has one with the littlest, teeniest pink nose you ever saw."

"Certainly a ferret has its advantages," I mused. "A ferret will not frown upon one one minute and flash a dimple at one the next. And then, again, a ferret cannot be reasonably supposed to possess an aunt. There is something to be said for your idea after all, Imp."

"Why, then, let's be pirates, Uncle Dick," he said with an air of finality. "I think I'll be Scarlet Sam, 'cause I know all about him, an' you can be Timothy Bone, the boatswain."

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded promptly; "only I say, Imp, don't roll your eyes so frightfully, or you may roll yourself overboard."

Scorning reply, he drew his cutlass, and setting it between his teeth in most approved pirate fashion, sat, pistol in hand, frowning terrifically at creation in general.

"Starboard your helm—starboard," he cried, removing his weapon for the purpose.

"Starboard it is!" I answered.

"Clear away for action!" growled the Imp. "Double-shot the cannonades, and bo'sun, pipe all hands to quarters."

Hereupon I executed a lively imitation of a boatswain's whistle.

MOST children are blessed with imagination, but the Imp in this respect is gifted beyond his years. For him there is no such thing as "pretence"; he has but to close his eyes a moment to open them upon a new and a very real world of his own—the golden world of Romance, wherein so few of us are privileged to walk in these cold days of common sense. And yet it is a very fair world, peopled with giants and fairies; where castles lift their grim, embattled towers; where magic woods and forests cast their shade, full of strange beasts; where knights ride forth with lance in rest and their armor shining in the sun. And right well we know them. There is Roland, Sir William Wallace, and Hereward the Wake; Ivanhoe, the Black Knight, and bold Robin Hood. There is Amyas Leigh, old Salvation Yeo, and that lovely rascal Long John Silver. And there, too, is King Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table—but the throng is very great, and who could name them all?

So the Imp and I sailed away into this wonderful world of romance aboard our gallant vessel, which, like any other pirate ship that ever existed—in books or out of them—"luffed, and filling upon another tack, stood away in pursuit of the Spanish treasure galleon in the offing."

What pen could justly describe the fight which followed—how guns roared and pistols flashed, while the air was full of shouts and cries and the thundering din of battle; how Scarlet Sam foamed and stamped and flourished his cutlass; how Timothy Bone piped his whistle as a bo'sun should? We had already sunk five great galleons and were hard at work with a sixth, which was evidently in a bad way, when Scarlet Sam ceased foaming and pointed over my shoulder with his dripping blade.

"Sail ho!" he cried.

"Where away?" I called back.

"Three points on the weather bow."

As he spoke came the sound of oars, and turning my head, I saw a skiff approaching, sculled by a man in irreproachable flannels and straw hat.

"Why, it's—it's him!" cried the Imp suddenly. "Heave to, there!" he bellowed in the voice of Scarlet Sam. "Heave to, or I'll sink you with a 'murderous broadside!'" Almost with the words, and before I could prevent him, he gave a sharp tug to the rudder lines; there was an angry exclamation behind me, a shock, a splintering of wood, and I found myself face to face with Mr. Selwyn, flushed and hatless.

"Damn!" said Mr. Selwyn, and proceeded to fish for his hat with the shaft of his broken oar.

The Imp sat for a moment half frightened at his handiwork, then rose to his feet, cutlass in hand, but I punted him gently back into his seat with my foot

"Really," I began, "I'm awfully sorry, you know—er –"

"May I inquire," said Mr. Selwyn cuttingly, as he surveyed his dripping hat —"may I inquire how it all happened?"

"A most deplorable accident, I assure you. If I can tow you back I shall be delighted, and as for the damage—"

"The damage is trifling, thanks," he returned icily; "It is the delay that I find annoying."

"You have my very humblest apologies," I said meekly. "If I can be of any service—" Mr. Selwyn stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, I think I can manage," he said; "but I should rather like to know how it happened. You are unused to rowing, I presume?"

"Sir," I answered, "it was chiefly owing to the hot-headedness of Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Selwyn with raised brows.

"Sir," I went on, "at this moment you probably believe yourself to be Mr. Selwyn of Selwyn Park. Allow me to dispel that illusion; you are, on the contrary, Don Pedro Vasquez da Silva, commanding the Esmeralda galleasse, bound out of Santa Cruz. In us you behold Scarlet Sam and Timothy Bone, of the good ship Black Death, with the 'skull and crossbones' fluttering at our peak. If you don't see it, that is not our fault."

Mr. Selwyn stared at me in wide-eyed astonishment, then shrugging his shoulders, turned his back upon me and paddled away as best he might.

"Well, Imp," I said, "you've done it this time!"

"'Fraid I have," he returned; "but oh! wasn't it grand—and all that about Don Pedro an' the treasure galleon! I do wish I knew as much as you do, Uncle Dick. I'd be a real pirate then."

"Heaven forfend!" I exclaimed.

(*To be continued*)

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Why We Should Bathe Internally

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systemati internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "The WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 442 ,163 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in Everywoman's World, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but **send for the book now,** while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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Home Library Association of Canada, Toronto, Ontario

FORSOOTH and welladay, as my prototype, Anne Page, of The Merry Wives of Windsor would say, we women will e'en show the lords of creation how wise we are by the way we talk. Come you to this Council, this petticoat parlor, my women, and bring your best thoughts with you. Being commonplace ourselves, we are fain to hope you are not too clever to be companionable, and being poor, we would rather you were not too rich. To quote Anne's very words: "Our wit may wilt and our wisdom fail betimes, but our welcome will do neither."

We invite our women—mark the pride in that possessive pronoun! I attended a Methodist Conference once (oh, I am not frivolous like that other Anne Page, a sober person rather) and saw a man who was at one and the same time the meekest and proudest of his sex it has ever been my privilege to set eyes upon. The stationing committee hadn't much of an opinion of his eloquence and in its high-handed way was on the point of lifting him—transferring is the proper word—and his wife and his six children and his few belongings out of a nice, cozy country appointment and putting him down in a city suburb. The committee didn't do it though. Because why? The delegates, two strong-armed, stout-hearted, handsome old farmers, stood up and said: "You can't do that—he is our man."

Some of the love and pride in their hearts and faces must have communicated itself to the little minister, for of a sudden his head went lower as if in prayer, then up straight and strong as though that "our man" had given him a new vision of service.

And we want *our women*, Canadian women born and bred, Canadian women in the making, to feel they belong here, and that they and their views, discussions and debates belong right here.

Faithfully yours,

ANNE PAGE.

"DEAR EVERYWOMAN—

I suppose you are laughing in your sleeve all the time you are answering the fool letters we fool women send you. But I'm going to ask a question just the same. Do you think a husband has any business throwing it up to his wife that she isn't A B C with his mother in making a meal? What should a woman do in a case of this kind? I detest his mother.—LOIS."

Well, a very good thing for her to do is to keep right on trying till she beats his mother all to pieces. And while she is thus worthily employed she might try broadening her mind by telling herself that jealousy is not proof of love, even when the jealousy is over a son's pride in his mother, the woman who went down into the valley to get him, who loved him and cared for him a score of years, at least, before she lost him, in a way. A man married to a wife as exacting as your letter would indicate that you are, gives up the idea of happiness after a while as a rule, and as he lets old friendship, old love, go by the board, sighs to himself: "Peace at any price! Born a man and died a husband, nothing but a husband, the Lord forgive us!"

No, I am not laughing, there is nothing about your letter to make me laugh—cry, rather. You poor, selfish person.

ALFRED DEANES:

The Principal, or President, of the University is the head of the teaching staff, and the administrator of the affairs of the University. The address you ask for is: "Sir Robert Falconer, Toronto University, Toronto, Ont."

We cannot answer query No. 2 on this page.

DEAR "PESSIMIST,"—

Thanks for the "welcoming note." But how can you affirm that the world has not progressed an atom in the last decade? Why, ten years ago we were only beginning to believe wireless telegraphy possible. Ten years ago which of us would have been heroic enough to pay eight cents apiece for eggs, as we did in December and January of this year?

Ten years ago the great Peace Tribunal was in session at The Hague. To-day we have the bloodiest war of history on our hands. Ten years ago bread was five cents per loaf, milk six cents per quart, and bacon fourteen cents per pound. To-day bread is twelve cents, milk fifteen cents, and bacon fifty-four cents a pound. Some progress, eh?

Ten years ago good solid people untroubled with imaginations called the airship a pipe dream, the submarine an impossibility. Ten years ago we looked on every man who flew past in an automobile as a regular dare-devil. To-day it takes a hero to do without an automobile. Progress, of course we progress. Own up, now.

DEAR "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,—

In your magazine I saw an article, "Questions Mothers Must Answer." It was a reply to an Out West Woman's query. If that "Out West" mother's boys are anywhere near as inquisitive as my own no wonder she asks for help. But I felt so glad that she did ask. There is so much promise in a mother like that. She must have felt the stimulus of those young enquiring minds, and straightway rose to the call. I would like to know how many mothers are so busy with what they consider—wrongly—more important duties, that the little ones' questionings are met with: "Run away and don't bother me"; or, "Never mind that now, you'll know all about it bye and bye." Poor children! And poor mothers, too! They do not know what they are shutting themselves out from. To live their childhood and youth over again in their own children! To call back some of the wonder atmosphere in which they lived in those far-off halcyon days when every day was a new adventure and the most wonderful things waited over the top of the hill and around the next bend of the road.

Those mothers who have been deprived of a broad education themselves are being given their second chance, did they but know it, when their children come and ask, "Mother, why is this? What is that? and where is something else?" What an incentive to digging and delving for what they perhaps thought could never be theirs. And the thrill that comes with discovery and the lure of a new road will wonderfully lighten many days otherwise dreary and monotonous.

I have experienced inspiration and enjoyment since my little ones reached the "Questioning" age. How often have I been obliged to answer: "Mother doesn't know much about that, dear, but she'll find out." And then, don't I do some humping that I may be prepared for the fusilade of interrogations awaiting me. But I love it. I may wear out, but I'll never be allowed to rust out.

And now, dear Everywoman's, I come to the crux of which all this is the preamble. Wouldn't it be splendid if those mothers who wished could bring their queries to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. What a really helpful thing such a department could become. I have visions of its development. There is no limit to its possibilities. Tell me what you think about it.

With congratulations on the splendid pages EVERYWOMAN'S is bringing out. Sincerely yours.—GRACE E., Ottawa.

DEAR GRACE, —

The latch-string is out to you and to all mothers. We are no encyclopedia, but we can help sometimes—and sympathize always!

MAVOURNEEN, ESSEX, ONT,—

Oh you Irish girl with your blarney! You "laid it on so thick" as they say in the country, that we daren't print your witty epistle. However, we are doing something for you that we do not make a habit of (owing to lack of space), and that is, giving you the poem asked for—at least we think it is the poem. It is by Marguerite Wilkinson.

THE WIFE

This is the song of the wife who is strong in the clan:
I, who have joy in his lips, I would be to my man
Shelter and warmth and food and a place of rest,
And a home for the hope of his heart and a mother's breast.

Though he must ask by day that I toil and tire,
Fire I shall be to his flesh and flesh to his fire,
Though he must go by night while I wait alone
My love shall rise and follow and guard my own.

Think you I ask release from the load I bear?
Think you I care to please as a slave must care?
Not though the seven walled seas were thrice as wide
Could I give my love as I give if I lost my pride.

Laughter we know and the wild young song of the heart,
Poverty's pain, and the spite and scorn that smart,

(*Continued on page 55*)

Everywoman's Forum

(*Continued from page 54*)

And not though the seven walled seas
were thrice as deep
Would I change my place at his side for a
softer sleep.

Shelter and warmth and food and a place
of rest,
Haven of dreams and a mother's holy
breast,
Bounty and beauty and breath I would
be to my man!
Such is the song of the wife who is strong
in the clan.

DEAR EVERYWOMAN'S,—

My only daughter, against my wishes, is determined to attend Toronto University. I do not believe in a University career for a woman, and have pointed out to her that if she desires to continue her studies (she has matriculated) a few terms at a domestic science school will be the most useful. University women are, as a rule, conceited and impractical. I would rather a girl were a good housekeeper than a good Greek scholar any time, and am sure you will agree with me. But she is bent on having her own way. Am I not within my rights in objecting to a course of which I cannot approve and which means four of the best years of her life? During my thirty years in the ministry I have seen enough of life to know its real successes from the make-believe kind, and am thus qualified to advise a wayward—though lovable—young girl.—A. H. B.

DEAR DADDY,—

Forgive the familiarity, but this is what you are—just a dear, loving and jealous daddy, with an "only" daughter who is evidently a chip of the old block, "bent on having her own way." You are certainly within your rights in objecting, and she is within hers in refusing to be talked out of her life purpose. To get the view point of youth we must look at things with youth's clear eyes. As for the conceit and the lack of practical accomplishment in University women, we do not agree with you at all. Wait, don't get cross. I want you to listen to a few things University girls are doing to help in war-work.

Miss Marjory King, is assistant dietician at Queen's Military Hospital. Miss Ruth Ross is at Whitby. Dr. Ruby Cole, M.B., 1916, is doing fine work for so recent a graduate. She is in charge of the military patients in the Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Hamilton. Dr. Evelyn Windsor, who recently married a soldier brother of Stephen Leacock, of McGill, is one of the few women to obtain a commission with the British Army. She is a Lieutenant in the R. A. M. C., and is at present stationed in London. Miss Ruddy, after two arduous years in the field as a nurse, is home recuperating. E. B. Ridley, of the Grandville Canadian Specialists' Hospital, has been decorated by King George.

Miss Marion Leach is another who has done something worth while; taking up V.A.D. work after completing a brilliant college course last year. While driving a motor truck in old London, her lover came over from France, and the two were married in historic St. George's Church, Hanover Square. She is now driving an ambulance in Paris.

Miss Ianthe Constantinides and Miss Jean Harferlane, Trinity graduates, have "been in it from the first." Another, Mrs. Douglass Spohn, is engaged in Red Cross work in England. Felicia Cook, B.A., 1914, is a nurse in Bermondsey Hospital. Miss Smilie, B.A., has her nurse's degree, and is doing valiant work on a hospital ship in the Mediterranean. Muriel Sparks, B.A., now the wife of Captain Harold Ball is assistant quartermaster at Maidenhead Hospital, England.

Many more of our graduates are overseas; besides there is a small army of them busy in Canada. Miss Edith Creighton, B.A., instructs in military massage at Hart House. Under her are Miss Hanna, who last winter organized a St. John's Ambulance course of university women, Miss Smith, B.A., and Miss Steele, a 1916 graduate.

Miss Klinch and Miss Trapp are at the Vancouver Military Hospital, while other graduates, Miss Elsie Keith, and Miss Stupart, are V.A.D.'s. Miss Kennedy, Miss Parks, Miss Lobb, Miss Holt, Miss Ewan (1917) are working at munitions. The undergraduates are knitting like nice old ladies and "getting up" things to raise money for patriotic work.

We could tell you a lot more, but feel sure you do not need it. Why, we expect our graduates to harvest most of the fruit up in your district this summer and autumn. Better be careful.

Sincerely yours,

ANNE PAGE.

The Burden of Anxiety falls on the Women

ALMOST everybody is living under a tense nervous strain during these trying times, but the burden rests particularly heavy on the women in the home. Whatever their employment about the house, the mind has much time to dwell on the dreadful things that might happen.

There is nothing so wearing on the nerves as worry and anxiety. Nerve force is consumed at an enormous rate, and as the nerve cells become starved and depleted you find yourself unable to rest or sleep. You soon get so you can only see the dark side, and become down-hearted and discouraged.

Headaches, neuralgic pains, indigestion and failure of the vital organs to properly perform their functions are among the symptoms which tell of exhausted nerves and low vitality.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you if you will only give it a chance. We know this from long experience with this great food cure. We have proven it by evidence published in this paper from time to time. It only remains for you to put it to the test.

You may wonder why people are so enthusiastic in recommending this treatment for the nerves. But you will understand after you have experienced the benefits that are to be obtained by its use.

You will find yourself resting and sleeping better, appetite and digestion will improve and you will know again the joy of good health.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

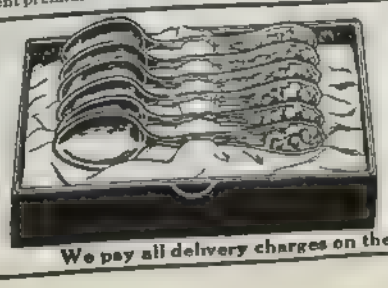
50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author. 8

97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



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Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

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Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In all run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to-day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00, and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to-day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life-time. Address X26

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Without spending a single penny you can easily obtain this beautiful Pendant and Chain, a sparkling gold filled Brilliant Ring and a handsome imported Bracelet Watch, just like the finest jewellery stores sell at $5.00 to $10.00 each. This handsome gold finished Pendant is the very latest design, and has a sparkling manufactured Ruby or Sapphire setting, with lovely Pearled drop. Its chain has fine close links and is full 15 inches long. The beautiful ring is warranted gold filled and is set with three beautiful brilliants that sparkle like diamonds. Each girl can also win the beautiful little Wrist Watch with its reliable imported movement and porcelain dial—just the prettiest and neatest watch you have ever seen.

Girls, write to-day and we will send you just 25 big handsome bottles of our delightful "Princess Royale" perfumes, which we want you to introduce among your friends at only 10c per bottle. We send six lovely odors, White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Wood Violet, Carnation, etc., and they are so sweet that everybody buys a bottle or two at once.

Return our money, only $2.50, when the perfume is sold, and we will at once send, all postage paid, the beautiful Pendant and Chain, and the gold filled Ring, just as represented, and the lovely Watch, as well, you can also receive without selling any more goods for just showing your fine prizes to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn fine prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day. Address

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A nourishing food-drink for All Ages. Anywhere at anytime. Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

The Flower of Happiness and Sorrow

By FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY
Author of "Songs of Ukrainia"

THE Easter lily was beginning to fade as Marinka contemplated it one night on her way to bed. "Polish people not so crazee like Anglish 'bout flower," she announced suddenly. "In my countree day have lots—everyone haf all dey want, so dey don't care so mooch when dey pass by window where all flowers are, and dey never pick for house. You should see my modder's house mit all garden of lilies and all flower! She not trouble mooch—dey yust grow. We won' eat some vegetable in my countree, parsnips, turnip and radish we give to cow. We grew tomatoes for odder people, but my modder tell me it's bad for yeat till I come to Vinnipeg." (Many a time and oft have I regretted that Marinka acquired the taste, since we could never keep any fresh ones in the house. As for our first asparagus, which she had never tasted, we peppered the dish stealthily, knowing her dislike for anything "hot in the mouth.")

"In old countree," Marinka continued, "we have lots land and five apple trees and such plum tree and cows and hens and turkey. Oy, it is such nice countree! I cry so hard when I leave, and my modder tell me to kees wall in all the room and it is so sad to go. If I live dere now I vould not vork. No, for odder girls vork for us! My modder cry on me when I go to vork in Winnipeg, but my aunt say 'It is noding. Here all girls vork and make mooch money. You need dat Marinka should help vile you take roomers.' So I go to vork mit Jew lady when I eleven year old. Now I am sixteen and I know Angleesh and I get eighteen dollars a mont'. But I want to go back to my old contree."

She fingered the fading lily tenderly. "I weesh Angleesh people have flower Polish like so mooch. It grow in a pot and over here you pay lots money for it. One girl at vedding last week have pot cost $7. My fellow gif me one cost t'irteen. No, it's not got flower it's all green, tiny, tiny leaves like lily, only so small, falls off and leaves stick behind. Sometime it grow so beeg it like spreading vine in vindow, and you plant small twig. It grows like dat for some people an I if odder one yust touch it, it won't grow no more, but die." (She must have meant the myrtle.)

"All bride wear small branch of dat flower t'rown on veil and 'cross front of dress and 'osband wear beeg bunch. Two girls mit bride have some too, and ven dey sew bunch on 'osband's two men (Best Men) dey gif girls one toller each. I don't know Angleesh for dat flower, but in Polish it's 'Meert.' After vedding dey put wreat' round picture Marry and Jesus. And ven people die dey use it in wreat' too. For boys, dey pin bunch on handkerchief vich all people vear ven dey die or get married. After little girl is five years old dey bury mit veil over face, just same bride, and put Meert in little bunch all over veil. Two time I have been bearer for little children in my countree. First come lofely band and den mourners walking and crying. Vonce I walk mit girl who cry so hard for brudder you never see. Ven she get to de grave she t'row herself in ven she see coffin go down.

ALL bearers veer long silk handkerchiefs pinned on breast and so catch hold of coffin handle. On top of handkerchief you pin same as your tollar bill. Sometim' if you vant you t'row money into grave. But I don't do dat, and nudder girl she don't eider!"

Marinka broke off the faded blossom and regarded it wistfully. "When flower die seem like people, don't it?" she said. And then her practical self slipped off its moment of sentiment.

"You spend awful lots money on flower! If I marry I make my 'osban' gif me all money. But he wouldn't never buy flower like dat anyvays."

"I would'nt be Angleesh for tousan' dollar," said she after a pause, her thoughts still dwelling on the engrossing subject of matrimony and husband. "You people go to church and den have yust leetle party at house and man and vife go 'vay on train. In my old contree everyvun make such fun mit vedding. Day before make flowers and cakes; den next day, p'raps at two o'clock go to church and after haf beeg dinner and tanz all afternoon and evening. Den man comes mit carriage and four horses to take bride to his

(Continued on page 57)

Beautiful Pictures Given to You FREE!

"It's a long way to Tipperary"

This great picture, reproduced from the famous painting, in full colors, on high art paper with deep Mat Border, size 15x12, all ready for framing, is yours for the asking.

To secure this picture, send me the names and addresses of 10 boys or girls in your town—boys and girls who want to fill their pockets with money, as well as win many handsome prizes. I have an exceptional opportunity for them, an opportunity that every father and mother will encourage them to take advantage of.

I want to get the names of these boys and girls, so that I can tell them all about this big money proposition. I am willing to pay you at the rate of 10 cents for each name. The picture I am offering you is valued at $1.00.

Remember, this is no mail order proposition. I have no task for the boys and girls. What I have to offer them is something that will pay them well and will be a big factor in training them to become useful citizens.

Send the names and addresses of 10 boys or girls to-day, and this beautiful picture will be mailed to you immediately. Remember, it is costing you only a 3 cent stamp to get a dollar's worth of value. This is easy for you. The proposition for the boys and girls is just as easy. Send your names to-day, to

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Everywoman's World
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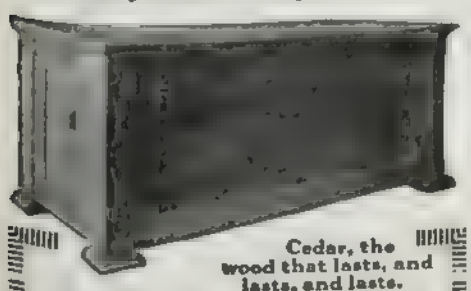

Cedar, the wood that lasts, and lasts, and lasts.

OUR CEDAR CHESTS furnish a permanent and handsome utility for the home, made to provide storage for furs and woolen clothing and to protect them against moths and dampness. Why buy valuable furs and clothing, now more costly than ever before, without providing protection for them?

LINDSAY CHESTS are made of beautifully figured Red Cedar bearing the pungent aroma of the Cedar Woodlands.

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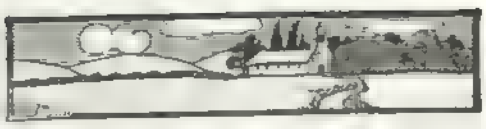

Be Prepared!

That Has Been the Motto of the Boy Scouts in All Things

"BE PREPARED" is a motto that has become very familiar to us these days. In all branches of patriotic endeavor preparedness stands for half the battle. Because it *does* represent half so large a percentage of achievement is the reason why it has been emblazoned upon the minds and hearts of the Boy Scouts since the formation of the society.

In the present national crisis they have shouldered a burden of more than ordinary magnitude and are carrying it bravely. The patriotic moment is need of the food production. The Boy Scouts have commandeered hoes and rakes, spades and seeds and have gone forth with enthusiasm. Last year they accomplished marvellous results. This season tend to eclipse even that enviable record. They are gathering unto themselves their summer attire. Their spick-and-span appearance, with their new, or renovated suits, is decidedly secondary to the methodical and clean-cut ideas that have been instilled into them relative to the part they must continue playing in the nation's cause.

When Victory Loans are to be floated, the Boy Scouts are there, bending every energy towards securing a big return. When special patriotic campaigns are planned by various societies, they know the value of soliciting the Boy Scouts' aid if they aim at success.

Now that the summer vacation is almost here, these young patriots are formulating plans whereby, even in the pleasure they take during the summer, they may help towards the common good of all.

It rests with parents—especially with mothers—to encourage in their young hearts the principles for which they stand. Boys will always be boys. They may *want* to appear spotless—but they may often *become* "mussed." When the boy is going to church, to school, a mother will be painstaking that his personal appearance be irreproachable. But how many take the same pride in his play-clothes; how may inspect him when he dons his Scout uniform? Yet, if mothers would show enthusiaam in a thing so dear to the lads' hearts, that interest would go a long way toward achieving the very principles the Boy Scouts Association are striving so hard to make the boys attain.

If the Scouts are expected to serve their country, surely mothers can be depended upon to help them serve!

The Flower of Happiness and Sorrow

(Continued from page 50)

'ouse and she cry and say "Not yet. Vait till I say good-bye to fader and modder." Den after she cry long tam and hide, people take out all her t'ings; her looking glass and old piece cloth, and needle mit string and beeg poker for de 'ouse. And ven she get home 'osban' show her face in glass and say "dat's not so pretty face," and he say "You sew awful bad, ain't it?" and she vash dishes and he laugh at her, and sveep floor and he and her friends t'row paper everywhere.

"After vedding 'osban' take hold of bride's old coat which she put on over dress, and bridesmaid take hold of his coat and best man take hold of her dress and all people follow bride like dat. She go t'ree time round table and den sit down mit 'osban'. Her girl pour out beer and his man pour beer, and people at vedding gif tollar for each. Den tanz all afternoon and evening and bride must wash dishes.

"But never on table or sink! Glory, no! She and bridesmaid sit on floor and wash, and everyone laugh and say: "See how funny she wash dishes; she don't know how!" Afterwards she try to sveep floor and everyvun t'row paper and stuff in corners after she sveep. Once I see bride who sveep floor seven tam and she so tired she cry—she only t'irteen—and man what make fun say: "So! We t'row no more, little one. 'Osban' will not make you vork like dat!"

You Don't Need as Many Eggs When You Use

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Use a small additional quantity of Royal, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try it with your favorite recipes and remember you must use Royal, a cream of tartar baking powder, to obtain the best results.

Thousands of women are saving in this way with great success and have expressed their satisfaction in letters. One writes:—

> "It has proved a very satisfactory way of economizing. I've saved about three dollars this month and the things I've made don't seem to miss the eggs either. They taste just the same."

The following recipes show how Royal saves eggs. They also save wheat flour as urged by the Government.

Rice or Potato Bread

1⅔ cups scalded milk
1½ cups corn meal
1 tablespoon shortening
1 egg
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup boiled rice or fresh mashed potatoes

Pour scalded milk over corn meal and add shortening. Beat egg until very light and add slowly. Cool and add baking powder and salt. Mix well and add the rice or potatoes. Bake in greased shallow pan in hot oven 30 minutes.

Barley or Oat Muffins

2 cups barley or oat flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted shortening
2 tablespoons sugar or corn syrup
¾ cup milk **1 egg**

Sift dry ingredients; add melted shortening, corn syrup, and milk; add well beaten egg; and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Send for our new booklet, "55 Ways to Save Eggs"

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It is hard to believe that anything so good to eat can be so economical.

Use it in your kitchen, as well as on your table. Those housewives who have tried it for cooking cannot help telling their friends of the good results.

H.A. Brand Oleomargarine costs at least one-third less than butter. Think what you can save by using it.

H·A BRAND

OLEOMARGARINE

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR COMPANY
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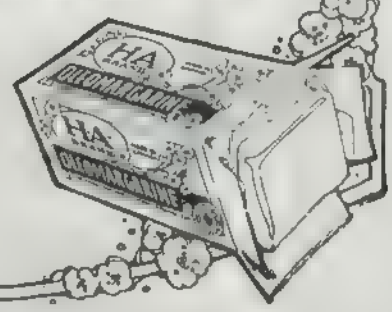

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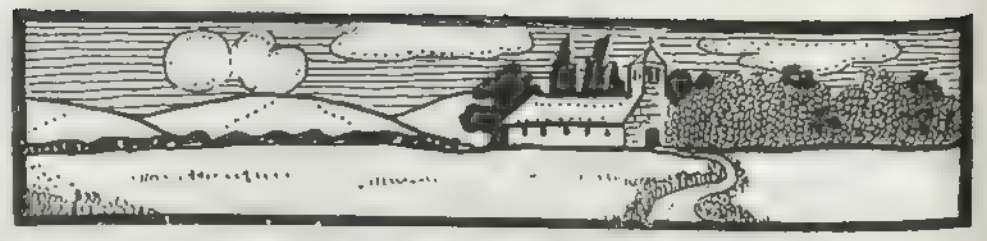


Rules For The Wedding Day

"Lest We Forget"

By MARION DALLAS

THIS is the season for Weddings. There is an old adage which runs something like this:—"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." That may or may not be true. We do know however, that though it rain or shine, she is a happy bride who knows that all the details that pertain to the wedding are properly arranged. The wedding may be an elaborate Church affair, or a simple home ceremony. The wife-to-be is just as anxious to have everything run smoothly in the one case as in the other. Either is all important to her.

Knotty Problems Which Perplex

THE wedding stationery should be pure white and absolutely plain. No decorations are used, with the exception of the family crest. The Invitation is enclosed in an envelope to match, it in turn being enclosed in a second envelope for mailing. Both envelopes should be addressed in the same hand-writing. In no case should the typewriter be used.

One invitation is sufficient for husband and wife. Each of the other adult members of the family receives a separate one. The Invitations are usually issued two weeks in advance of the event. In case the wedding is especially fashionable the Invitations should be sent three weeks ahead.

The groom arranges for the clergyman who has been selected to perform the ceremony and is also responsible for the fee. The ring, the flowers and gifts for the bride are all provided by the groom. He also arranges for the flowers for the bridesmaids and the gifts for them and for the ushers and the best man. He provides for his own carriage. All other expenses connected with the wedding are borne by the family of the bride.

A Church Ceremony

IF the ceremony is to be in the church, the ushers must be there before the guests. Pews are reserved in the middle aisle for the relatives and the intimate friends. The ushers should be provided with a list of the guests who are to be given special seats. The bride's mother and other members of the families interested, are escorted to the front pews. Pews on the left are for the relatives of the bride; those on the right for the relatives of the bridegroom.

Hail the Bride

THE bride goes to the church in a carriage with her father. If there is only one bridesmaid she comes with the bride; if several bridesmaids they come in a carriage provided by the bride's father, and they await the bride in the porch of the church.

The groom and his best man arrive shortly before the bridal party. They follow the minister from the vestry, and stand looking towards the door waiting the bride.

When there are two or three bridesmaids, the ushers lead the procession two by two, followed by the bridesmaids two and two. The Maid of Honor walks alone in advance of the bride, who comes up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father or her nearest relative. At the altar steps the ushers separate to right and left; the bridesmaids walk forward going to each side the maid of honor taking the place at the left of where the bride will stand. The bridegroom receives the bride from her father, who then retires and stands behind the bridal party.

When the clergyman asks, "Who gives this woman to this man?" the father steps forward and places the right hand of the bride in the hand of the clergyman, who places it in the hand of the groom. Having finished his part, the father retires to the seat left for him beside the bride's mother, and he escorts her from the church.

When leaving the church the newly married couple lead the way, followed by the bridesmaids and relatives. At the house the bridal party stand and receive congratulations until all the guests have arrived from the church.

Bridal Music

"O PROMISE Me" by DeKoven, "All Mine Alone" by Philips, "Love's Coronation" and "Beloved it is Morn" by Aylward, "O Perfect Love" by Ham—these are all songs appropriate for either a house or a church wedding. The popularity of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and the "Wedding March" from Wagner's Lohengrin never seems to wane.

House Weddings

AT a house wedding the order of entering the room is just the same as in a church. The guests are received by the bride's mother. The father does not appear until he brings in the bride. An aisle may be formed by having two white ribbons fastened at the doorway, and carried by the ushers to the place of the ceremony. Through this aisle the bridal party may advance

Simplicity is the aim at a house wedding. If cushions are to be used for the bride and groom to kneel upon during the service, they should be put in place before the guests arrive and quietly removed afterwards. During the service the minister faces the guests as in the church and the bridal party stand with their backs to their friends. After the service the minister congratulates the couple and then gives place to the friends and relatives.

Simple Menu for a Home Wedding

A SUITABLE menu for a home wedding would consist of a variety of sandwiches, salads, sweets, ices, little cakes, tea and coffee and of course wedding cake.

The Wedding Cake

IT is becoming more fashionable to arrange the wedding cake in little boxes. These are put in a basket at the front door. The boxes may vary in size and shape; sometimes they are ornamented with the initials of the bride and groom in white and gold. They are tied with white satin ribbon.

The Toasts

THE matter of the Toasts is often a serious problem, especially when there are many relatives present. The outline indicated is the order often followed:

The oldest friend of the family or the officiating clergyman proposes the toast of the bride and groom.

The groom returns thanks for himself and his wife, and proposes the toast to the bridesmaids.

The best man speaks for them.

The same friend or another proposes the toast to the parents of the bride.

The father of the bride returns thanks and proposes a toast to the parents of the bridegroom.

The father of the groom answers that toast.

Other toasts are optional but the officiating Clergyman should not be forgotten.

When the repast is ended the bride usually retires and changes her wedding gown for her travelling suit. The bride throws her bouquet from the top of the stairs to the waiting guests below, and the girl to catch it, will be the next bride.

How Shall I Tell My Children

(*Continued from page 41*)

win them back to that state after the mire of sin has stained them and the fire of sin scorched them.

In the hand of the clean youth of our country lies the hope of our country; and in the homes lies our hope of a clean youth. How shall we best serve the state, we women who love patriotism? By doing the duty of the hour.

How shall we find our way to that duty?

On our knees. There is One who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not. And does it not ring hopefully in our hearts—that "upbraideth not" when we remember our past failures, and selfish shrinking.

He gives to us with grace untold,
The glad new day with its dawn of gold
Gives us the fresh beginning.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

The Spirit of Our Nursing Sisters

SOMEDAY, SOMEWHERE, sometime the war story is going to be written by some one of our Red Cross nurses. These women are the centre of the universal heart-throb of the world in this day of heroism and sacrifice, when the throb is mightier than it has ever been. "We are the last to leave this place, and are taking only ourselves—our effects must be abandoned," ran the scrawl received last week from "Girl" who used to hide her eyes if a little sister or brother cut a finger or had a nose bleed. "No, we're not shaking in our shoes. We've outgrown nervousness—we couldn't be in constant touch with the spirit of the great fighting army to which we belong without catching some of its inconquerable fearlessness. We aren't afraid and we know Britain's banners of victory will wave all along the line." Heart-throb! We catch the vibration clear across the shining seas.

Then, in the hospital wards after the end of the day, when shadows gather and wounds pain afresh, and the jests and songs die out on the lips of sufferers. They are only boys, and boys in trouble. They want the nurse. This air is foreign and they want a breath from home. Here she comes, the red symbol on her arm, here she comes, stealing their pain, their loneliness—their secrets. A bandage for this aching head, a pillow for that fracture, help with a letter to mother, or wife, or sweetheart, a prayer here, a promise there, and all the while her face sweet with sympathy, wan with ceaseless watching. God bless her!

"I.H.N." Stands for a Circle of Heroines

FROM WINDSOR, ONTARIO, comes a beautiful story of service. A circle of loyal Canadian girls banded together under the three letters at the top of this paragraph, I. H. N., signifying "In His Name," has among its members one whose limbs have become so twisted and distorted by rheumatism that it is impossible for her to engage in the ordinary work of the circle. She cannot use knitting needles or sewing needles, she cannot make bandages, visiting and collecting are out of the question. Instead of wasting her time bewailing the fact that to her had fallen the harder task of standing still, what do you think she has done? Before her illness she was a teacher in an institute for voice culture and expression, the treatment for stammering being a special feature. And she has gathered into a class twenty-odd children of defective speech, and is teaching them to talk without stammering. To some friends who of late protested against the drudgery and nervous strain incident to the task, she replied gaily: "I love my country so well that to help remove a handicap from her coming citizens is such joy I never feel the weariness. It is the one thing I do and surely I can do it with all my heart."

There is inspiration in such patriotism.

June and Its War-Time Weddings

"JUNE IS AT ITS OLD TRICKS," growled the bachelor caller, displaying what was evidently a wedding invitation. "Wouldn't you think a girl of sense would know better than insist on putting a wedding over on her friends right when they're too busy to be bothered? A long-suffering public should put its foot down in airy—"

So far he got and no farther. Our country cousin, a mite of a thing, rose in her wrath. "Let the precious public try it, that's all," with a ripple of laughter. "June belongs to the brides, and war-time or no war-time, there comes a sound of wedding bells, thank heaven! Too busy to be bothered! Isn't that like a man? Economy has put frills and furbelows out of fashion, curtailed honeymoons or cancelled them outright, drawn a line straight through wedding presents. Let the brides have June, their claim to it is still valid. What with motors and pavements and hothouse flowers, it doesn't matter much what time of year the city girl marries, but with us," here she caught her opponent's eye and blushed, "Every bride wants wedding weather. And if she chooses to marry the man she loves in the month she loves, with the roses, honeysuckle, sweet briar she loves forever marking the day in her memory she will do it without asking anybody's consent."

"Even the groom's?" he enquired banteringly. "Your country girl is a high-handed person, eh, what?"

"High-hearted," she corrected. Right here I stole away. When a nice couple gets to the arguing stage the match-making instinct which we all possess, more or less, stirs in my breast. Prof. King, of biological fame in the much-talked of address at Ann Arbor on "War Problems" advises the passing of a law, copied from the Spartans, that every identical bachelor under the age limit be conscripted for war, and those over the limit, for matrimony. Rather arbitrary—besides, one volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men they say, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if a certain bachelor of our acquaintance did his duty of his own free will and accord—or nearly so.

Planning Saves Time, Work and Temper

THE BEST WORK SAVER in the world is a clever brain. The woman who plans her daily round with care saves her steps, her time, her strength, and yes, her temper.

"There, I've forgotten to close those upstairs windows! All those steps to climb again! No wonder my back aches," said a young housekeeper to an older one.

"Why be so careless?" asked the last named.

"I never think," protested the other.

"Then learn to think—never mind how hard the lesson, keep at it till you have it by heart. How? First of all by keeping cool. Don't let things flurry you. Memory is merely keeping tab on your thoughts. The woman who runs her house gets ever so much more out of life than the woman whose house runs her."

Montreal
From Mount Royal

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

* * *

See the city there below,
Watch the people come and go,
Tiny dots upon the street,
I can see them from my seat.
Here a tower and there a spire,
Some are low and some are higher;
Glint of sun on window-panes;
Whirling of the weather-vanes;
Echoes, like a city's sighs,
Reach me, up on high.

See McGill peep through its trees
Waving in the summer breeze.
Watch the river curve and flow,
See the boats go to and fro.
Everything—so clear the day—
Seems a mere stone's throw away.
See the smoke from chimneys there
Curling upwards through the air;
Up above in summer skies,
Watch a cloud sail by.

The Gossip—A Monkey or Parrot—Which?

"GIVE ME," said Ruth earnestly, "the woman or man who knows how to hold her or his tongue!" And the man of the house ceases reading the war news long enough to assure her that he would gladly accede to her modest request if he knew just where to find the paragon. Ruth refuses to smile, her lips are set, her face sorrowful. "People who are forever chattering and gossipping somebody's character to pieces," she goes on, "are despicable beyond words. They weren't intended for human beings, nature meant them for monkeys and parrots, I'm sure. They ought to be in the jungle swinging from branches with their—"

"What have you been reading of late?" interrupts the man suspiciously.

"The heart-throb and bitterness in the faces of a few victims, that's all. There's the pretty motherless girl down street. You know her story. Such a frivolous, innocent bit of happy girlhood with her fun and her beaux, until a man—no, a male monkey, started chattering. The mischief was done—the lightest word can spoil a life, yet people go right on throwing them."

"And find plenty of good people to pass the missiles along," growled the man. Ruth shook her head.

"Not good people," she said, "good people are slow to believe an evil story, slower still to spread it. They know that most lives hold enough of hurt and pain without adding to these out of pure wantonness."

The Canker at the Heart of Things

THIS IS WHAT GOSSIP IS, just as debasing as the drink habit, the drug habit or the thieving habit—in truth it is a near connection of the last-named. "Who steals my purse, etc.," and the individual with the serpent's tongue is a sort of moral kleptomaniac who purloins something which beggars another without enriching himself. The country neighborhood or village is said to afford a more congenial atmosphere for the habit than do larger places, and one often wonders why the earnest ministers who fill the rural pulpits preach so many sermons against ball-room temptations, dance-halls, gambling, heresy, sins which touch only the fringe of the community life and so few against the mischief-making, tale-bearing, evil-speaking which form a canker at the very heart of things.

Envy is the prolific cause of scandal, littleness of nature which seeks to pull down what it cannot hope to compete with. One of last century's poets has set forth the gossip's creed:

"My neighbor is better than I by the blessing of God,
And I hate what is better than I by the blessing of God!"

Face Value in Its Truest Sense

I ASKED A SWEDISH SCHOOLGIRL in Manitoba if she liked her teacher. She nodded vigorously. "She ban grow a good face," she said with conviction. A significant reply that—Teacher was being taken at her face-value. After all, it is the way most of us measure up the people we meet and by which we are in turn measured. The face is not only the index to the heart, but an illustration of life's volume. It is the only face we have, the one we came into this world with, and will go out of it with, the one we are judged by for time—and for eternity, who knows? It behooves us to let faith and love get in their perfect work, courage too, and the patience which spells strength. "She ban grow a good face," which means we mustn't harden it with worldliness, crease and line it with worry, scar it with passion, spoil it with selfishness and the droop-mouth habit. "She ban grow a good face"—that "good" means beauty and more than beauty.

"The benediction of your face,
Your lifted face, doth make a road
For white-robed Peace and golden Grace
To reach my heart and take its load."

Shrine to the Heroes Who Have Gone

THE CITY FOLK used to go down to Bobcaygeon for the week end and come home declaring it was an ideal spot for a holiday. Nothing to do but fish—and the fishing good; nothing to do but eat—and the eating good; nothing to look at but scenery.

But times have altered. Bobcaygeon has something besides scenery to show its visitors, something unique, in that it is, so far, the only one of its kind in Canada; something that makes its appeal to our sentiment, patriotism and love of valor. It is a shrine erected, not to a saint, but to the heroes who have gone from that quaint old town and surrounding country to uphold its honor overseas. It stands a staunch memorial to keep the names of these men fresh in the minds of this generation and of generations yet to come. In older lands the wayside memorial shrine is a common sight, but with us the one at Bobcaygeon stands alone as yet.

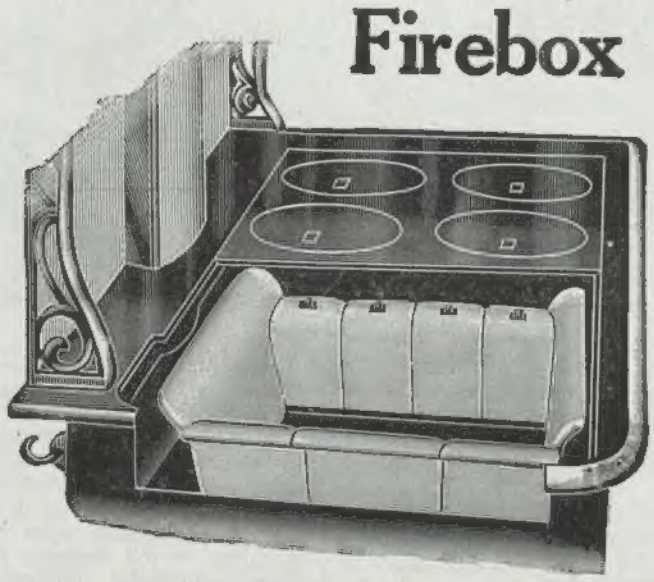
Study Too Little Talk Too Much

A FAMOUS PRELATE from overseas told our cousins across the line some home truths during his visit among them. He said, for one thing: "American women have much natural cleverness, but they study too little and talk too much." American women often pass the same judgment on themselves, but they do not like any old prelate harping on the same string. Also, he declared that English parents disliked the idea of their sons marrying American girls because the latter knew so little of real home life and were mother-spoiled.

"It is usually the mother's fault when the daughter's ideals are faulty," he said. "Proper teaching by the mother is worth a great deal more than school teaching. You mothers must keep in mind that you bear a great responsibility towards your daughters."

If the same criticism applies to our girls—and we fear it does—what about our responsibility? And who is doing the mother-spoiling? Every day seems to press home the fact that, for good or ill, it is the mother who is the real teacher, the home the hall of learning where daughters really take their degree. To spoil a girl is poor kindness, don't you think?

The Stretchable Firebox



Durability in a firebox depends mostly upon its ability to expand when hot and to contract when cold, without cracking.

Ever notice that steel rails are laid with a space at the ends—it is wider in winter than in summer. That space allows for stretching in the warm summer weather.

Kootenay fireboxes are made of nine pieces of pure semi-steel. They can expand without cracking. That is why Kootenay fireboxes last so long. If you do have to change a piece it comes out with a tap of a hammer—no bolts, no rivets or other fastenings—just good accurate fitting.

"Service in the Kitchen."—Booklet Free

This is only one of the many features of the Kootenay Range described in a beautiful little booklet, "Service in the Kitchen," which will be mailed free on request. It tells all a woman wants to know about a range before she buys it.

McClary's Kootenay Range

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Edmonton Saskatoon 72

E-B-EDDY TALKS

THE great war has made many changes in our daily work, and not the least important of these is the change in Household Supplies.

Zinc, iron and tin are in great demand for war purposes—consequently, the price has been soaring for years. Tubs, pails and washboards are consequently much dearer than before.

To meet this condition, we have increased our output of INDURATED WARE—known to you as fibreware. We are now making more than a thousand tubs, washboards and pails daily of this material in our great mills at Hull.

INDURATED WARE is vastly superior to the old-fashioned "patent" pails and tubs. It is durable, light in weight, smooth, easily cleaned and sanitary. Housewives find that it actually lasts five or six times as long as Iron and Tin, and costs no more.

The tub pictured here is equally as good for Baby's bath as for the family washing, and it will not rust, warp or break.

Ask your dealer to show it to you. We guarantee you complete satisfaction and actual saving.

E. B. EDDY COMPANY, LIMITED

HULL 1851 - 1918 CANADA

The Honey Habit

Practical Recipes

WITH gardens everywhere, blossoms everywhere—and plenty more to follow them—was there ever such fat forage for a bee?—such inviting promise of stores of nectar just waiting to be gathered?

And with sugar and butter on the list for very special saving—was there ever such appreciation ready for the product of the hive?

And lastly, with the urgent encouragement of governments and production experts reaching us on all sides— won't we see to it that there will be many, many more bees to reap this rich part of our harvest, that will otherwise be wasted—the wonderful sweetness hidden in the many-times multiplied blossoms of our fruit and vegetable gardens, in our fields of buckwheat clover and every flowering plant?

Of course, there will be more bees and more honey. And we women, to be abreast of these quickly moving times, must multiply our uses of the Queen Sweet.

As a sugar saver, honey has won our respect; as a giver of new richness, an exquisite flavor, it has charmed our palates. Its further claims on our regard are that it retains moisture an amazing length of time, keeping cakes or breads made with it extraordinarily fresh; that it is very easily digested, and lastly, that it has a rare gift of agreeability in combination with its fellows—it will bring out the best of the flavor in fresh or cooked fruits, in all that goes to make a cake, a dessert, a sweetmeat, as well as add its own peculiarly delicious taste.

Simple to Substitute

LITTLE experiment serves to encourage one to substitute honey in baking, in preserving or in making sauces or sweets. For all practical purposes, it is safe to use a cupful of honey in place of a cupful of sugar, remembering only that with about an equal amount of sweetener, one has added some water, so that the liquid allowed in the recipe should be cut down by about a quarter of a cup.

If honey is to be used as a syrup or as sauce for a pudding, or with dry cereals, it may be diluted with hot water; this will make it less sweet, more "pourable" and it will go farther. Either in its original or dilute form, honey is a delicious substitute for butter, served with bran or corn breads or pancakes, and helps tide over that period between the finishing of last year's fruit supply and the advent of the new one.

Here are a few "honeyed ways"—you will be able to adapt many of your pet recipes to them and will be delighted with the subtle new deliciousness that honey will give even to old and well-liked dishes.

Nut and Honey Muffins

HALF a cup of honey, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking soda; ¼ teaspoon salt; 2 cups bran, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1½ cups milk, ¾ cup walnuts, chopped fine. Sift flour, soda and salt together and mix them with the bran. Add other ingredients, mix well and drop into gem tins. They will require about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Quantity for about twenty muffins.

Honey Fruit Cake

HALF a cup shortening, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup honey, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup raisins, chopped peel, currants or dates cut and mixed and dusted lightly with a little of the flour. Cream shortening and sugar together, add honey and the egg well-beaten. Mix and sift together all the dry ingredients and add them, alternately with the milk, to the first mixture. Beat well, add the fruit and bake in a well-greased, floured pan that is rather deep.

Have the oven at moderate heat.

Honey Nuts

THE following quantities will make about a hundred little cakes of the "emergency" variety, that can be kept in a cannister against the time of sudden need. They are good, too, for the soldier's box.

One cup shortening, 1 cup honey, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 1 egg, 2 scant teaspoons baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 cups flour. Sift dry ingredients, beat the egg light, and mix in order given. This will make a stiff batter and should be dropped by teaspoons on a greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

—have you received your copy of Mrs. Knox's war-time book on "Food Economy?"

THIS little book contains 138 practical recipes for delicious foods like the one given below, most of them made from "left-overs" of meat, vegetables and fruits that are ordinarily wasted—all of them approved by the leaders of the food conservation movement.

It will help you to meet your patriotic duty in saving the foods needed by our Soldiers and our Allies. Send for a free copy. A post card will bring it if you mention your dealer's name and address.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
Dept F 180 St. Paul St. W. Montreal, Que.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Fruit Jelly

A cup of fruit juice left over from fresh fruit (or canned) may be used for a jelly dessert. Heat fruit juices, add a tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine first softened in one-half cup cold water, juice of one-half lemon, and sweeten to taste. For a dessert serve with a little top cream or sweetened milk, or for a salad serve on lettuce leaves with or without mayonnaise dressing. A sliced banana or any fruit may be added when it begins to thicken, or at serving time, jelly may be surrounded with some seasonable fruit.

Matching Tastiness with Economy!

Economy is certainly a virtue these days, and a pleasant one if taste is considered.

Try Mapleine, the golden flavour, the flavour that is different, in your dainty summer desserts—puddings, sherbets, ices, whipped cream. Makes a fine spread for the morning hot cakes.

2 oz. Bottle 50c.

Send 4c in stamps and carton top for our new Mapleine Cook Book.

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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 5 years. Gold Filled.

Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 6 Battle Creek, Mich.

Save Wheat & Flour

for Those who are Saving YOU

MILLIONS are fighting and dying—that you may live. Millions are starving—*that you may eat!* And you are asked merely to save an occasional pound of flour, an extra handful of wheat in the serving of your meals.

You are requested not to deprive your folks of essentials, not even to do without flour or wheat foods entirely—you are asked merely to SHARE these foods with our famine-menaced Allies overseas.

You are urged to share your flour with the pitiable waifs of Belgium and Northern France fighting in the gutters there for the stray crusts that keep alive the vital spark. Share it with the Boys in Khaki and Horizon Blue who are fighting YOUR fight. Save them from the shortened rations that weaken the avenging arm.

Every cupful of flour, every handful of wheat you save is another stone added to that living wall holding back the Hun from you and yours. Your help is needed to build it strong—it is YOUR wall. With every pound you waste or eat unnecessarily, you are undermining the safety of all you hold most dear and sacred. So build it Hun-proof by building up the strength of our fighting force.

Nor is it enough that you are using FIVE ROSES "Government Grade" flour. You must eat LESS flour, irrespective of grade or quality. Eliminate every minute waste, then serve less bread, less cake, less puddings, less pastries, less of anything made wholly or in part from wheat or flour. So that the war may be won in the kitchens, learn to use the ordinary wheat-savers whenever available, such as cornmeal and flour, oats, buckwheat, rye, barley, potato, rice and tapioca flours.

Listen to what they say in Germany, if you think THIS Sacrifice. They say in Germany that that nation will win whose nerves are strongest, whose will to win shrinks at no sacrifice. Are Canadians weaker than—HUNS? Are Canadians less deserving of Victory? Does Sacrifice daunt us?

Is there in all Canada a single housewife indifferent to this call for conservation? Surely not one of the hundreds of thousands of FIVE ROSES flour users, though to them the sacrifice may seem the greater because of their almost personal regard for this old household companion.

Help us save the great essential to victory. Help us save wheat by reducing your consumption of flour. Help us save Canada!

We ask YOU to use LESS FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

LIMITED

Makers of FIVE ROSES FLOUR

CANADA

Canada Food Board License Nos. 11–14.

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The NEW PERFECTION Way Saves Coal

SAVE COAL AND MONEY. It's a pleasant economy to cook with the New Perfection—the stove that has made kerosene the ideal fuel. Banish the drudgery of the coal hod and ash pan.

3,000,000 homes use the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove.

3,000,000 housewives have found the secret of its success—the Long Blue Chimney—the feature that secures perfect draft and perfect combustion. The result is a clean, intense and instantaneous heat—right where you want it—without odor, without smoke. The flame is easily adjustable. Set high or low it stays "put". In summer—no cooking in an over-heated kitchen. In winter—no waiting for the fire to come up. All cooking comforts at the low cost of *Royalite Coal Oil.*

With the New Perfection Oven the stove is always at your service—for roasting and baking the year around.

The cabinet makes the New Perfection complete. It is a convenience in many ways.

Look for the Long Blue Chimney—the sign of the best.

The Long Blue Chimney gives clear intense heat

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